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1920s

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SECRETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

A 1920s Sourcebook for the City by the Bay

CODY GOODFELLOW

WITH CONYERS, SAMMONS, WOLCOTT, AYER, SELLERS, MCINNES, CARRICK, GEIER, SULLIVAN

CHAOSIUM INC.

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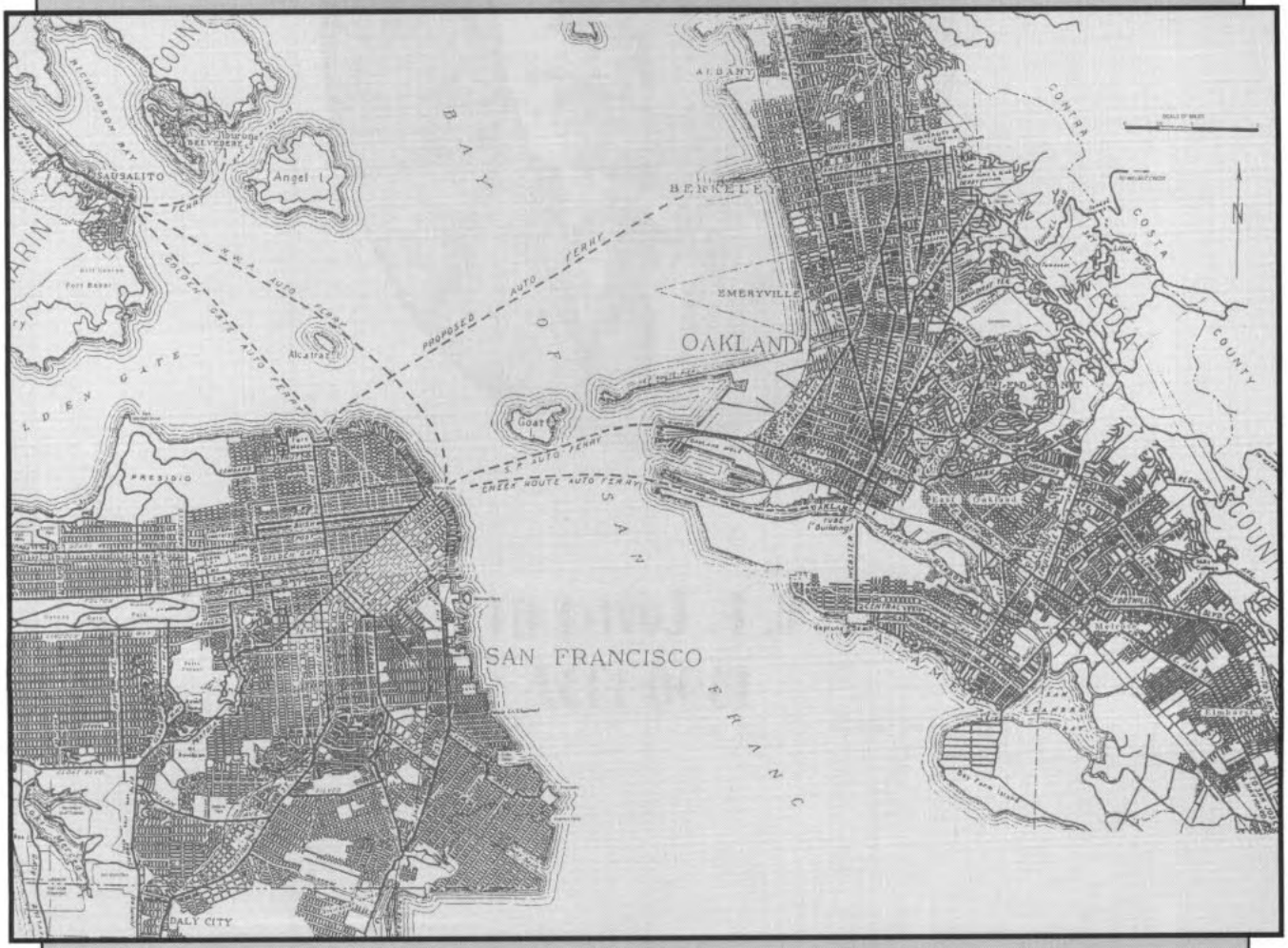

H. P. LOVECRAFT
1890-1937

SECRETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

A 1920s Sourcebook for the City by the Bay

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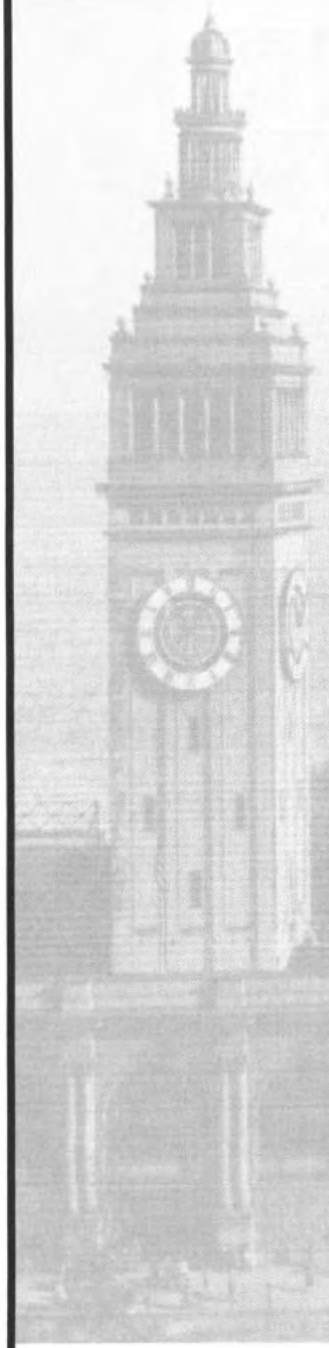

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Introduction

The City by the Bay

In all of North America, there is no more perfect intersection of climate, culture, and colorful history than San Francisco: the culmination of Manifest Destiny, the Golden Gate to the Pacific Ocean, and the treasure house of the wealth of the great California Gold Rush. Purged of her wild, anarchic past by a devastating earthquake at the opening of the twentieth century, San Francisco emerged as the most cosmopolitan city on the West Coast, and perhaps the most sophisticated metropolis west of Paris. If any city could be taken as the antithesis of Lovecraftian eldritch horror, it is San Francisco . . . but look again.

San Francisco is deceptively ancient, and its history is likewise shrouded behind a veil of false domesticity. The Bay Area has changed hands many times, and each caretaker has left a distinctive mark upon the land. It was home to several tribes of Indians for thousands of years, and the founding of the first European settlement coincided with the signing of the Declaration of American Independence. As San Francisco blossomed into an American boom town, it attracted fugitives and practitioners of unorthodox faiths from all across America. Tales of nineteenth-century San Francisco assumed mythic proportions as it became the most ethnically diverse city in America and the most lawless. To compare it to Sodom might not be so far from appropriate, as judgment came in the form of the most destructive earthquake and fire yet observed in the West in 1906. The colorful figures of San Francisco faded into the past—or into the shadows, where they linger still.

To those who live and work in San Francisco, it is more than a metropolis—it is the City, a living entity whose unique character and changeable nature shape its atmosphere, its institutions, and its leading citizens. The San Francisco Bay Area is an excellent location from which to launch campaigns focusing on the Orient, and it possesses abundant research resources and outré locales for scenarios within its extensive boundaries, including the largest, oldest American enclave of Chinese settlers, the world's most famous haunted house, and two of the most infamous prisons ever erected. We have endeavored to provide as complete a portrait of San Francisco in the 1920's as is possible, with careful attention to the vast body of local folklore and unique opportunities for Mythos investigation. We think you will find after perusing this book's contents that the Golden Gate rivals anything to be found in New England and truly deserves to be granted that dubious distinction that is Lovecraft Country.

This resource guide will provide the background for a campaign setting in the San Francisco Bay area of the 1920's, including urban geography, civic history, and research venues; where San Franciscans go when they break the law, go insane, or die; and the sights, sounds, and secrets of the city that make it unique among all the cities of the Earth.

In assembling this book, we have tried to separate fact from folklore, designating items not proven as historically true in scenario hooks, speculations upon the City's darker features from which the keeper might create a scenario. Still, much of what you will find in this guide will seem stranger than those fictional hooks. The City has its own Mythos, and where the truth parts way with legends like Emperor Norton, Mammy Pleasant, or Sara Winchester, San Franciscans can always be counted on to take the legend. For this reason, the tall tales and hearsay legendry of San Francisco are placed alongside the truth to evoke the romanticized image of the City's past that is as much a part of it as its true history.

I give special thanks to Scott Elsesser, J. Adam Barnes, Chris Bush, Todd Mullin, and Hailey Goodfellow.

— Cody Goodfellow

Dedicated to Ambrose Bierce
(1842-1914)

CLEAR CREDIT

The material on New World Incorporated, the Marsden Residence, the Carnby Mansion, the Zebulon Pharr Collection, Lang Fu's Deep One Cult, the Rhon-Paku Temple and the Nestarian Cult of Cthugha were written by David Conyers, incorporating and expanding upon the works of the original authors. The Marsden Residence and the Carnby Mansion are based on Clark Ashton Smith's stories "The Venus of Azombeii" and "The Return of the Sorcerer" respectively. New World Incorporated, Lang-Fu's Deep One Cult, the Rhon-Paku Temple and associated locations are the creation of Keith Herber, all of which first appeared in Chaosium's campaign *The Fungi from Yuggoth* and later reprinted as *Day of the Beast*.

The Zebulon Pharr collection originally appeared in the *Call of Cthulhu* Third Edition rulebook and was later expanded upon by Chris Elliott and Richard Edwards in their scenario "The Statue of the Sorcerer" published by Games Workshop in *The Statue of the Sorcerer and the Vanishing Conjurer*, another San Francisco-based *Call of Cthulhu* adventure. The Nestarian Cult of Cthugha first appeared in "This Fire Shall Kill" by Andre Bishop appearing in Chaosium's *The Stars Are Right!*. Mr. Shiny, resident shoggoth in human clothing, is a creation of Lynn Willis and first appeared in Chaosium's campaign "At Your Door". Mr. Shiny was inspired by Michael Shea's short tale "Fat Face" appearing in *Cthulhu 2000*, Jim Turner Editor.

The Scenario "The Colour of His Eyes" was written by Brian M. Sammons.

Background text on the Pinkerton National Detective Agency was written by David Conyers, while the article on opium, morphine and heroin was written by David Conyers and Richard Watts.

Various bits and pieces, which really aren't large enough to bother mentioning, were written by Badger McInnes.

The scenario "Beyond the Edges" is based on the short story "Vanishing Curves" by David Conyers appearing in the *Book of Dark Wisdom* issue #3 published by Elder Sign Press and edited by William Jones. Thanks to Paul Maclean of Yog-Sothoth.com and Marcus Bone of *The Unbound Book* for their assistance and for organizing play-tests for this scenario.

History of San Francisco

THE PASTORAL HOME OF COASTAL INDIANS BECOMES A LAND OF GOLD

The first human inhabitants of the area that would become San Francisco were two tribes of Indians whose ancestors arrived there between five and ten thousand years ago. The Ohlone lived on the peninsula and in the East Bay, while the Miwok claimed the north coast. The Bay Indians were as peaceful as the climate and lived a pastoral existence that was irrevocably shattered on November 4, 1769, when an overland expedition led by Captain Gaspar de Portolá discovered the bay. The region the Spaniards came to call Yerba Buena was annexed to Alta California and Spain.

In 1775, Lt. Juan Manuel de Ayala sailed the packet ship *San Carlos* into the bay through the Golden Gate, mapping the bay and naming many of its features. Within the year, another overland expedition left México to establish a military garrison and a Franciscan mission. The first mass on the site of Misión San Francisco de Asís was held on June 29, 1776, five days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia. Thus was San Francisco itself christened.

The Franciscans set to bending the natives to Catholicism, with limited success. While many accepted the new religion and strict lifestyle in return for food and clothing, others often fled, and the monks found themselves becoming slave drivers. Legends abounded of the hidden denizens of the Golden Gate, and it was only through force of arms that the Spaniards were able to erase them.

Meanwhile, the soldiers erected an earthwork compound near the tip of the peninsula, calling it the Presidio, and prepared for an invasion which never came. Russian and British vessels visited the settlement, contributing jettisoned crewmen and runaways from every nation of Europe. México claimed Alta California in its declaration of independence from Spain in 1821, although news of this shift in power did not reach San Francisco until 1822. The new government secularized the missions in 1834, ejecting the Franciscans and parceling out the Church's holdings to incoming colonists. Immigrants from the eastern United States began to arrive from overland in 1840 and were welcomed to Alta California. A few motley dwellings sprouted up around the mission, multiplied, and became the town of Yerba Buena.

The tranquil scene was again torn asunder in 1846, when sailors from the USS *Portsmouth* landed and raised the American flag over Yerba Buena. The residents again went unresisting into the fold of a new conqueror; this time it was the United States. In 1847, Yerba Buena officially became San Francisco.

del Puerto de S. Francisco
la Costa Septentrional de California, por
Puerto de S. Francisco
Laguna del Presidio
Laguna de Dolores
Laguna de Merced

Map of 1775 San Francisco

Less than three years later, gold was discovered on the American River. Within weeks of the announcement, 80% of San Francisco's male population had lit out for the Sierra Nevada, and within a year the town became a booming city as it flooded with would-be prospectors from all over the globe. Nearly everyone who came looking for gold, whether around perilous Cape Horn or over the Rocky Mountains, passed through San Francisco, and everyone who found gold returned to San Francisco to squander it. The city erupted with countless gambling houses, saloons, and cribs of prostitution. The law, when enforced at all, as often as not was

Historical Events of Fame & Notoriety

< 7000 B.C. Indians migrating across the Bering ice bridge settle in northern California.

12,000–7000 B.C. Costanoans arrive in San Francisco, establish peaceful hunter-gatherer societies.

2000 B.C.–A.D. 1000. Rumsen bands arrive in Bay Area, commence worship of god of the whirlpool; ongoing internecine warfare results; Rumsen retreat or vanish, but are never wiped out.

A.D. 1542. Cabrillo maps California coastline for Spain, fails to spot Golden Gate.

1579

June 17: Sir Francis Drake lands at Drake's Bay (named for him in 1792 by George Vancouver), claims "New Albion" for England.

1776-1821 MISSION PERIOD

Small detachment of Franciscan missionaries and Spanish soldiers establish themselves at San Francisco, San Rafael, and San José and set about the conversion of the Costanoan Indians. Indians are driven from tribal to plantation lifestyle and forcibly converted to Christianity. Soldiers pastured out on sizable land grants.

1775

August 5: Lt. Juan Manuel de Ayala sails into San Francisco Bay.

1776

San Francisco is born as an inadequately defended Catholic concentration camp.

March 29 (Friday of Sorrows): De Anza expedition makes camp on San Francisco peninsula.

June 29 (Feast Day of Saints Peter & Paul): Father Palou celebrates first mass at Laguna de Nuestra Señora de Los Dolores; official founding of San Francisco.

September 17: Founding of the Presidio.

October 9: Founding of Misión San Francisco de Asís (Mission Dolores).

(continued in columns throughout this chapter)

of the vigilante variety, as prominent businessmen banded together into "Vigilance Committees" to deport and lynch arsonists, thugs, and cut-throats who threatened, robbed, or offended the wrong people. The vast influx of new wealth drove inflation in San Francisco to staggering heights, then into a depression in 1854 when property values collapsed, halting the booming development. It had been engineered by newly made millionaires such as William C. Ralston, who spent his fortune building the Palace Hotel only to die shortly before it opened, and Samuel Brannan, the rogue Mormon leader who turned his flock away from Brigham Young's sect and fled the United States for California. He landed in San Francisco a few days after the Bay Area was claimed by the United States.

The depression lasted until 1859, when the Comstock Silver Lode was discovered in Nevada. A second, smaller, boom swept through San Francisco, creating more millionaires and perpetuating the climate of lawless excess. The Big Four, a consortium of tycoons who built the Southern Pacific Railroad and gained a stranglehold over all of the western United States, made their homes in San Francisco, as did tens of thousands of Chinese who came to America to build the railroad and make their own meager fortunes. After the silver rush cooled down, San Francisco settled down and civilized itself, building San Quentin Prison to house its reprobates and recruiting fairly incorruptible police to guard the rest. The city had become the crown of California when, in 1906, San Francisco shook and burned to the ground.

San Francisco quickly rebuilt itself and in 1915 hosted the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, celebrating its own rebirth as much as the opening of the Panama Canal. By the 1920's, San Francisco was a thriving metropolis. Even with the Crash of 1929 come due, it went into the 1930's intent on bridging the bay with two monumental structures, the Golden Gate and Bay bridges.

The Bay's Formation

San Francisco Bay began as a valley among the Coast Range mountains. For several million years the valley was shielded from the ocean by the prominent knob of the San Francisco peninsula, and the hills of Oakland to the east blocked any runoff from the Sierra mountain range. The waters eventually forced a path into the valley via the Carquinez Strait, flowing into the Raccoon Strait between Angel Island and Tiburon in present-day Marin County, into the basin of the Golden Gate, and finally to the Pacific coast, seventeen miles from the present coastline, at the time marked by the Farallone Islands. The Ice Age drove the tide in to fill the bay about 100,000 years ago, then retreated, only to return with the last Ice Age, about 10,000 B.C., forming the bay's present geography.

Few regions in the bay are deeper than twenty feet, with the notable exception of the Golden Gate itself, which lies about 350 feet deep. The bay runs as far south as Palo Alto, as far east as Fremont, and as far north as Suisun Bay, where it meets the mouth of the Sacramento River. The shores are lined with chains of steep hills against which the bay's omnipresent fogbanks surmount and enfold the coastline, blotting out visibility but conducting sounds over great distances. The bay itself thrives with hundreds of species of fish, birds, and marine mammals. Sharks, ranging from soupfins to eight-foot threshers, hunt in the treacherous currents of the Golden Gate, and whales are sometimes stranded on the beaches at low tide. The shellfish beds of the north and south ends of the bay have been largely played out after decades of exploitation.

The Pacific disgorges all manner of strange detritus on the shores of northern California, but in 1925 the strangest discovery of all washed up on the beach two miles north of Santa Cruz (sixty miles south of San Francisco). The

carcass of a serpentine creature, forty feet long with a tapered, toothless snout and several pairs of vestigial elephantine legs, was photographed and examined by experts from the Hopkins Marine Laboratory at Monterey (see Stanford University, page 63), who debated its origin. While some maintained that the creature was a specimen of *Berardius bairdi*, an extremely rare whale, others insisted that the remains were prehistoric in origin, thawed from a migrating glacier from the north Pacific. The press linked the carcass with sea serpent sightings that have plagued the coast from Monterey to Marin's Stinson Beach for decades, and seasoned mariners claimed that it was only one of a population of throwbacks.

Santa Cruz Sea Serpent

Gertrude Atherton's Theory

The origin of San Francisco Bay has long been a matter for heated speculation. A Costanoan Indian legend maintains that the bay was formed by a catastrophic crash when a god stumbled with the body of a mortal whom he thought to marry. The god's arm crushed the ridge connecting the peninsula with the Marin headlands, and the water of the ocean rushed in to fill the valley, forming the bay. San Francisco novelist and historian Gertrude Atherton also believes that the bay was formed in a single geological event and that it occurred within the last 500 years. She writes, "Why had Drake and the Spanish explorers sailed along the coast in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and anchored as close as Point Reyes and the Farallones without ever seeing this auspicious portal to the Bay?" (See "Drake's Treasure", page 99.) The logical answer to her question could have been simple fog, which often totally obscures the mile-wide passage today. But Atherton insists that where the gate now provides a break through the Coast Range, there was only a solid wall of mountains in Drake's time. If this is correct, an earthquake must have occurred between 1609, when Sebastian Vizcaino failed to spot the Golden Gate, and 1769, when Gaspar de Portolá stumbled across it after having overshot his goal of Monterey. There is no support for the Atherton theory except for Indian legends and the suspicions of nineteenth-century geologists that the Gate did indeed form in recent history.

In an 1853 survey, geologist W. P. Blake wrote a description of the shoreline of the bay: "It is a curious fact that the sand beach between Fort Point and Point San Jose has been thrown up by the surf upon an extensive alluvial deposit, which has the characteristics of a peat bog or swamp. The sand and loose boulders rest on a foundation of peat which can easily be examined at low tide. A continuation of the peat layer is found in the flat meadowland inside the belt of sand. Traces of the bog can also be found between the sand belt and the sandstone hills nearby. It is difficult to account for the swamp under conditions like those at present. The constant action of the surf is destructive and the swamp could not possibly have formed while the Golden Gate was open as we now find it."

Geologists since feel they have disproved Atherton's theory many times over, with vast amounts of evidence that the Gate was indeed formed by millions of years of water rushing to the sea.

Natives

When the Spanish discovered the bay, they discovered living around it what they thought was a sizable tribe of natives, whom they called the Costanos ("People of the Coast"). In truth, the Costanoans were made up of two distinct yet similar tribes. The Miwok inhabited what is now Marin County and the North Bay region; the Ohlone controlled the East and South Bay areas as well as the San Francisco peninsula. The two tribes lived similar lifestyles but had

1784

August 28: Founder of mission system Father Junípero Serra, 71, dies at Misión San Carlos.

1792

November 14: Capt. George Vancouver sails into San Francisco Bay, and surveys defenses.

1821-1846 RANCHO PERIOD

México wins independence from Spain. Independent México neglects Californian holdings. Huge ranch nation-states prosper; civilian colonists arrive from U.S. and México. Harbor defenses decay. Mexican government shuts down missions; surviving Indians fade away.

1821

Don Augustín de Iturbide proclaims himself Emperor Augustín I of México.

1834

August 9: California missions secularized; Franciscans, and Indians expelled.

1835

Richard Henry Dana visits on the brig *Pilgrim*.

1838

June–July. Series of earthquakes virtually destroys Presidio and Monterey.

(continued in column on next page.)

1840

Monterey capital of Alta California under Gov. Alvarado.

1846-1880 BONANZA AGE

California joins the U.S.; San Francisco becomes the hub of the Gold Rush and immigration from Asia and Europe; cycle of boom and bust economy spawns millionaires, laissez-faire culture. During frequent brief depressive periods, workers rail against Chinese immigration.

1846

California joins U.S. after brief conflict with México.

May 23: United States declares war on México.

June 14–July 19: William B. Ide leads Republic of California's short-lived Bear Flag Rebellion for an autonomous California.

July 9: Capt. J. B. Montgomery (USS *Portsmouth*) bloodlessly takes San Francisco, raises Stars & Stripes over Portsmouth Square.

July 31: Sam Brannan's Mormon colony of 230 arrives aboard *Brooklyn* from Sandwich Islands.

1847

January 9: First issue of *California Star*, San Francisco's first newspaper.

January 13: Mexican-American War ends.

January 30: Yerba Buena changes name to San Francisco.

1848

January 24: Gold discovered at Sutter's millrace in Coloma.

February 2: First boatload of Chinese immigrants in San Francisco.

April 3: First U.S. public school opens in San Francisco.

November 9: First post office at Clay and Pike.

(continued in column on next page.)

different cultures. One major difference between them lay in the languages they spoke. An estimated 300,000 Costanoans lived in the Bay Area when the Spanish arrived, though the true number will never be known because of the structure of the tribes. The Miwok and Ohlone were semi-nomadic bands that moved in small clan groups or families. These groups were as large as thirty or as small as five, with each one led by a chief or shaman. The leaders served only as counsel in the rare disputes that might occur between bands.

As a people, the Costanoans were kindly to a fault; disputes between tribes and families were resolved by shouting matches in which the combatants exchanged the most devastating insults they could imagine (as in the Eskimo song-duel). If that failed, the opponents resorted to sticks and stones, but physical conflicts were typically short-lived and resulted only in minor injuries.

The Costanoans were firmly lodged in the Stone Age; because of the richness of the land, they never developed pottery nor knowledge of metals. Their most noteworthy skill was superb basket weaving. The Costanoans made baskets for every function, and made even their fishing boats and lodge houses from tule reeds. The only lasting monuments to their way of life are the gigantic shell mounds that mark their village sites. The Costanoans piled the debris of their meals on the edge of their lodgings, forming mounds ten feet high and hundreds of feet long.

Religious Practices

Another difference between the two tribes was religious. The primary deity of the Miwok was *Wuyoki* ("Old Man Coyote"), the god of the dead. The Miwok believed that the souls of the dead leapt from a cliff into the waters of the bay and followed a path west along the "Golden Road", which led to a place called *Ute-yomigo* ("Dead-Home") at the heart of the setting sun. There the spirits would face the test of fire. If the soul was true to Wuyoki it would pass within and live in peace with Old Man Coyote forever. Power was given to the traveling souls through offerings of bread, shells, and acorn mash. Rituals were also held for the dead to give them strength through their trials.

The Ohlone also worshiped Old Man Coyote and other Miwok gods, but their primary belief was in the spirits of nature. They filled the wind with prayers and offerings of pipe smoke and seeds to the sun. Offerings to the sky spirits—dried meat, furs, and seeds—were placed in baskets atop high poles. Offerings to the sea spirits were cast into the seething waters of the Golden Gate. The Ohlone also paid heed to dreams and omens. To them, dreams served as guides to the future, and many common occurrences were seen as powerful omens. A bird entering the house foretold evil fortune. The twitching of a leg muscle meant the person must soon travel. The call of an owl meant death. Omens were deciphered by the tribal shaman, who was the final authority on any matter regarding omens or dreams. The shamans lived solitary lives apart from the tribe and had to be sought out when a dream required interpretation or an unexplained omen presented itself. The shamans communicated with the spirits through complex rituals which involved fasting, song-incantations, and prolonged spells of dancing.

The Costanoan population plummeted to 20,000 within a century of first contact with the Spaniards, due to infection and violence. Most survivors were assimilated into the Mexican population after the missions were closed down, their heritage forgotten. Mexican ranchers scattered the last tribes in their search for slave labor. Indians who were caught were worked to death and killed when they tried to escape. By the time California came under the dominion of the United States, there were not enough Indians in the Bay Area to merit official recognition as a tribe.

SCENARIO HOOK

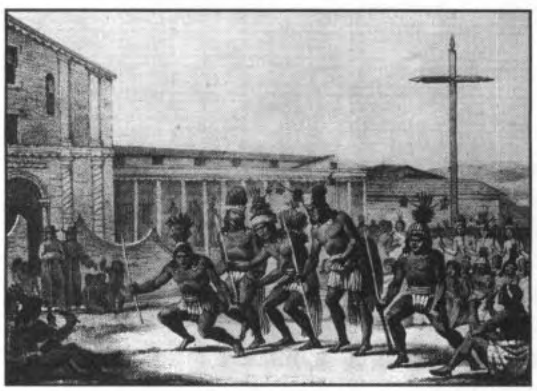
What if Atherton's theory is correct? One may easily presume that human or supernatural forces were responsible for the breach of the Golden Gate. From this point there are many paths to take. The Rumsen Grizzly Bear shamans (see below) might have summoned the chthonians to breach the Gate to unearth their sleeping god, or the Miwok might have done it themselves in a vain attempt to drown Him.

If the Grizzly Bear shamans still do exist in this century, could the earthquake of 1906 have been an attempt on their part to revive their god in the whirlpool using the power of the chthonians? What price was paid to the chthonians the second time?

The last Indian "wild man" of California was captured on a ranch near Oroville in 1911 while trying to steal a chicken. Starving and naked, he was called Ishi and was immediately remanded to the care of a team of anthropologists who "taught him the ways of civilized behavior." Ishi died in 1916 of tuberculosis in San Francisco.

Grizzly Bear Shamans

The annals of Mission Dolores are laced with mention of a third tribe in the Golden Gate region before the Spaniards came. The tribe called themselves the Rumsen; their shamans were the Grizzly Bear shamans.



Local Indians During the Time of the Spanish

The Costanoans believed the Grizzly Bear shamans were the source of all black magic. They wore bear skins with the teeth and claws intact and daubed with venom for the slaying of their victims. The Rumsen shamans killed their mothers, fathers, and siblings as sacrifice to a loathsome being who dwelt in a whirlpool at the heart of the Golden Gate. The Grizzly Bear shamans made offerings of blood and meat to this dark god in exchange for magical power. They also believed that their god sat in the path of hapless Miwok souls on their way to Ute-yomigo, where it devoured them whole. The god of the whirlpool exerted an overwhelming pressure on the emotionally weak and distressed among the living, as well as among the dead, so that those who could not uphold the effort of existence and became a burden to the tribe were sacrificed to feed their god's hunger.

It was because of this outrageous heresy that the peaceful Costanoans were moved to make war on the Rumsen. Grizzly Bear shamans were attacked on sight and were killed by stoning or buried alive in burning shell mounds. The Grizzly Bear shamans retaliated by stealing away Costanoan children to sacrifice to their god of the whirlpool. When the Spanish missionaries arrived, those few Costanoans who learned to speak Spanish said little about the Rumsen or the Grizzly Bear shamans, only that they were evil and had to be destroyed. None could say whether any of the fearful beings still survived, and all seemed to fear that merely mentioning them might call them out of the wilds.

1849

July 15: 230 volunteer policemen deputized.

July 28: First clipper ship, *Memnon*, 120 days out of New York, arrives in San Francisco.

December 24: Fire destroys downtown.

1850

San Francisco becomes a bit more civilized, with government, a new city hall, and seven newspapers.

January 22: *Alta California*, California's first daily newspaper.

February 18: Bay Area counties defined.

April 1: San Francisco County government established.

April 15: City Charter enacted.

May 4: Fire levels site of future Chinatown.

June 14: Fire ravages Union Square district; volunteer fire companies respond.

September: First city directory published.

September 9: California becomes 31st state in the Union.

September 17: Fire in Chinatown area again.

November 6: Alcatraz, Angel, Goat Islands and Pt. San Jose reserved for military use.

1851

First Committee of Vigilance organizes, clashes with the Hounds and Sydney Ducks.

May 4: Fire wipes out entire city.

1852

April 19: Incorporation of California Historical Society.

July 23: First interment at National Cemetery, Presidio.

December 10: Murderer José Forner hanged on Russian Hill, San Francisco's first legal execution.

(continued in column on next page.)

1853

California Academy of Sciences established.

1854

October 1: Telegraph line opens between San Francisco and San Jose.

November 22: Earth tremor; waterline of Lake Merced sinks 30 feet.

1856

Second Committee of Vigilance organizes, tries and lynches James P. Casey and Charles Cora.

1857

First Mechanics Pavilion at Montgomery and Post.

1859

Richest silver deposits in history discovered in western Nevada, starts renewed rush of prospectors and vice.

1860

April 14: First Pony Express rider arrives in San Francisco from St. Joseph, Missouri.

August 16: 60 acres of Lone Mountain purchased by Archbishop Alemany for Calvary Cemetery.

1861

Mechanic's League forms to eradicate convict labor. Completion of overland telegraph.

1862

California sides with Union in Civil War, pledges units, invades Texas.

1863

Central Pacific Railroad begun.

(continued in column on next page.)

The Grizzly Bear shamans' magic is much like Voodoo in that it uses the victim's own fear to work his undoing. The Rumsen sent nightmares to those they could not kill outright, driving them to such deep despair that they willingly threw themselves into the whirlpool to make it stop. Shipwrecks in the Golden Gate occur with the regularity of sacrificial offerings, with shocking loss of life and sometimes, as in the case of the *Rio de Janeiro* (see page 82), total disappearance.

SCENARIO HOOK

Excavating shell mounds sometimes reveals caches of "charm stones" — carved talismans that the Ohlone wore to ward off evil spirits (Elder Signs). Some shell mounds in the Half Moon Bay area (see pg. 82) may contain crude stone figurines depicting fishlike humanoid figures locked in combat with sharks and something resembling a classic sea serpent.

Weather

The climate is mild and abundantly green throughout the year; the average temperature is 59° in the summer, 51° in the winter. Rain is an ever-present threat; San Francisco gets an average of 20.52 inches of rain, with almost constant winter storms dumping an average of 3.6 inches monthly. The terrain is markedly different all around the bay: the rolling hills of the South and East Bay and the thickly forested valleys of the north stand in marked contrast to the tip of the San Francisco peninsula, which was a desolate lunar landscape of towering sand dunes and scrub brush.

San Francisco, however, is a city of microclimates, pockets between the hills and along the coves and beaches where the weather can vary dramatically. It is possible for there to be a drizzling rain west of Twin Peaks while the downtown is sunny. A "pocket", particularly along the ocean side or along Chinatown-North Beach, may be filled with a dense, cottony fog while the rest of the city is clear. Potrero Hill is enjoyed by the Bohemian set, artists and the like, as being the sunniest part of the city. Half of it has yet to be built up, and rents are cheap.

An urban legend has it that time loses focus in the fog. There are innumerable stories about people going for solitary walks and wandering into minor historical events, such as one of the famous duels, or being buttonholed for a chat by someone during a dawn walk who vanishes when sunlight hits him.

Geography

The peninsula is a chain of hills (47 in the city itself) breaking in steep sand dunes along the bay shore. As the city grew with the influx of the Gold Rush, the hills were mined and leveled off and the excess soil dumped into the bay. Ships abandoned by gold-digging deserters were used as temporary shelters,

saloons, and jails, then built over as the city expanded into Yerba Buena Cove and the bay. Bay Street marks the original waterline to the north. As San Francisco became more refined, Golden Gate Park was coaxed into being on the shifting sand dunes with imported soil and well water.

Getting There

The various modes of transportation to and from San Francisco are as numerous as they are varied. Trains, automobiles, ships, airplanes, and other means are all available to anyone desiring to travel in and around the City by the Bay.

Ports

The port of San Francisco receives ocean liners and freighters from every port on the Pacific, from Auckland to Alaska, as well as most of the Atlantic; about 40% are of foreign registry. 49 steamship lines service the Bay, 30 of which engage in foreign service; the remainder ply the coastal trade. The Panama Canal has shortened the distance a ship must travel from New Orleans by 7,800 miles, and from New York by 8,800 miles. Millions of tons of cargo and hundreds of thousands of passengers pass across the Embarcadero each year from every corner of the globe. San Francisco boasts 41 modern piers, 15 miles of berthing space, and 135 acres of cargo space. Because connecting ferries to all other Bay Area cities are available at the Embarcadero, nearly all ocean liners stop in San Francisco.

Major ports are also located in the East Bay, but the bulk of their traffic is lumber, grain, sugar, oil, and other staples. The Navy has an ordnance plant and storage dump at Pt. Richmond to the east of Marin County, and its western shipworks are at Mare Island near Benicia in the North Bay.

Two local companies dominate the Pacific trade in both freight and passengers. Matson Navigation ferries luxury-class liners and freightloads of sugar to and from Hawaii. Dollar Navigation became a force in trade with Asia with the collapse of the Pacific Mail Steamship Line in 1901. In 1924, Dollar christens an entire fleet of passenger liners offering round-the-world service, each named for a U.S. president.

Railroad

The transcontinental railroad terminus is located in Oakland, with stops in Sacramento (from the northeast) and Stockton (from the southeast). From the Oakland Mole, it is only a brief walk to the ferry terminal at the Key Route's Long Wharf. San Francisco may be reached directly only by train from the south, stopping at San Jose.

Headquartered in the Flood Building at 65 Market Street in San Francisco, the Southern Pacific Railroad surrounded itself with an extensive but poorly maintained network. Accidents resulting from negligent engineers and substandard materials are not uncommon enough. Southern Pacific, once the "Four-Armed Octopus" that monopolized all rail travel within California, began to lose its grip as municipal joint-ventures built electric rail lines and highways running between cities along the bay shortly after World War I. The Oakland, Antioch & Eastern line runs to Sacramento, 90 miles east.

Highways

After 1919, intermunicipal roads designed for safe and fast automobile traffic encircle the bay. Two oiled highways run down the peninsula: the Skyline Highway parallels the Pacific coastline, passing through Half Moon Bay and

1865

California ratifies 13th Amendment.

April 24: Fire alarm system implemented.

October 8: Earthquake incurs moderate damages.

1867

Anti-Chinese hysteria reaches new heights. Coolie laborers driven away from work; rioters destroy Chinatown businesses, agitate for exclusionary immigration laws.

1868

Opening of Young Men's Christian Association Building.

1869

May 10: Central and Union Pacific Railroads linked at Promontory Point, Utah. Overland immigration soars.

1870

Golden Gate Park established.

1872

Telegraph lines connecting San Francisco with Europe, Asia, and Australia open. First Chinese Exclusion Act passed (renewed every ten years until 1924); forbids men from becoming citizens; forbids immigration of laborers.

1873

May 28: Six Companies send word to Hong Kong to stop Chinese emigration to U.S.

Aug. 2: Trial run of first cable car.

1874

November 5: New U.S. Mint formally opens.

(continued in column on next page.)

1875

October 14: Grand opening of Palace Hotel celebrated with banquet for Gen. Phillip Sheridan.

1877

Communist "Working-men's Party of California" holds sandlot rallies, riots against Chinese workers.

1878

San Francisco's first telephone book, issued by the American Speaking Telephone Co. of San Francisco & Butchertown.

January 3: 500 unemployed laborers march on City Hall demanding work.

1879

June 7: Public library opens at Bush between Kearny and Dupont.

1880-1906 GILDED AGE

Fortified against fires by stone and brick buildings, San Francisco reaps benefits of railroad connection with Eastern states, consolidates law and order within city limits.

1880

January 8: Emperor Norton dies.

July 23: Engineers begin construction of Lick Observatory.

1883

Highwayman & failed poet "Black Bart" arrested in San Francisco.

1886

February 11: Plasterer, plumber, gas fitter, and painter unions unify to form Building Trades Council.

May 11: 10,000 union workers in city's largest labor parade.

(continued in column on next page.)

terminating at the sleepy village of Santa Cruz; the Bayshore Highway follows the western shore of the bay through San Mateo County to San Jose. In the North Bay, the Black Point cutoff rolls out of Marin and through Sonoma and Napa Counties, providing an alternative to going to Sacramento by train or riverboat. The East Bay has a comprehensive county highway system, connecting Oakland with San Jose and Stockton. In many relatively remote areas to the north and east of the bay, however, the roads have never been groomed for autos, and speeds in excess of 25 mph tempt disaster. The drive around the bay is still prohibitively long (100 miles) until the Dumbarton toll bridge opens on January 15, 1927. Linking San Mateo and Alameda Counties, it shortens the overland distance between San Francisco and Oakland by fifteen miles. It is followed by the first San Mateo bridge in 1929. These bridges were considered harbingers of the greater bridges planned for the Golden Gate and the strait between San Francisco and Oakland.

SCENARIO HOOK

The Rumsen Grizzly Bear shamans were not wiped out in 1776 with the arrival of the Spanish. The vile rites of the Rumsen have been passed down from generation to generation all the way into the 1920's. Rumsen shamans are solitary sorcerers, hermits of the woods of northern California who may come out of the woods to execute someone who has desecrated a sacred site or to make a pilgrimage to the Golden Gate.

The Grizzly Bear shamans must periodically make a glut of sacrifices to their god; the last feast may have culminated in the wreck of the *Rio de Janeiro*. A rash of disappearances and suicides by drowning in the Bay Area begin to crop up as the shamans once again sacrifice blood and flesh to the god in the whirlpool. Does a dark force rest in the deepest part of the Golden Gate some 350 feet beneath the surface, and for how much longer may it rest?

Airports

Until 1927, the only place to land a plane in San Francisco is Crissy Field at the Presidio, but non-emergency civilian landings of any kind are illegal. When the first transcontinental airmail plane lands at Crissy Field to much fanfare on July 2, 1926, San Francisco casts about for a permanent municipal field of its own. Of the myriad sites considered, the land of the Mills estate in San Bruno, 22 minutes south of the City along the Bayshore Highway, is selected provisionally on a three-year lease. From the day of its dedication on May 7, 1927, the airport is cursed with heavy ground fog and other defects which drive away Boeing Air Transport, Western Air Express, and Maddux Air Lines in a matter of months. Famous aviator Charles Lindbergh solidifies the airport's bad reputation by running into another plane while taxiing down its mist-shrouded runway. Mills Field becomes the permanent site for the San Francisco Municipal Airport in 1928.

Across the Bay, Oakland has considerably greater success with its own airport on Bay Farm Island. Opened in July 1927, the Oakland Aeroport hosts a race to the Hawaiian Islands (sponsored by James Dole, the pineapple king); only two of the thirty-five competitors survive the crossing. This is soon forgotten when Charles Lindbergh celebrates his historic transatlantic solo flight by landing at Oakland on September 17 of that same year. By 1930, the aeroport has solidified its superiority with 161,000 square feet of hangar space and a growing commercial area around the field, including a hotel and restaurant. Between 1929 and 1930, more than 50,000 passengers come through the Oakland Aeroport.

Ferry Boats

Ferries are the main mode of transport across the bay. Double-decker boats carry several hundred passengers daily from the Ferry Building downtown or Hyde Street Pier in North Beach to Key Route Pier or the Mole in Oakland. Boats ply the routes between San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Vallejo, Richmond, and Sausalito almost constantly during daylight hours, less frequently through the evening. More details about the ferry boats may be found on page 46.

Bridges

Although debates and proposals are exchanged on the subject of bridging the bay for several decades, construction on the Golden Gate and San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridges does not begin until 1933. The Bay Bridge, a double-deck span with automobile traffic on its upper level and electric streetcars running on the lower, opens November 12, 1936. The Golden Gate Bridge is dedicated May 27, 1937, only three months after a scaffold collapses, killing ten workmen involved in putting the finishing touches on the center span. The Golden Gate uses enough steel cable to circle the Earth three times. It holds six lanes of automobile traffic and two pedestrian walkways 220 feet above the roiling waters of the mouth of the bay. The bridge immediately becomes San Francisco's new symbol and one of the world's most popular tourism spots. Within three years, the bridges sound the death knell of the ferry system, although the San Francisco to Oakland ferry continues to run until 1957. The ferries are revived, mostly for nostalgia and tourism purposes, in 1980.

Since its opening, the Golden Gate Bridge has become the most popular place in the world to commit suicide. (At this time, more than a thousand distraught individuals have hurled themselves from the railing to their deaths; many more have faked their deaths on the bridge and assumed new identities.) See Rumsen Grizzly Bear shamans (page 11).

Distances in Miles to Ports of Call from San Francisco

Aden	11,500
Bombay	9,780
Buenos Aires	7,511
Calcutta	8,920
Cape Town	8,920
Congo	8,853
Hamburg	8,315
Le Havre	7,855
Hong Kong	6,086
Honolulu	2,097
London	8,038
Manila	6,289
Melbourne	7,040
Nome	2,705
Port Said	9,562
Rio de Janeiro	7,678
St. Petersburg	7,823
Shanghai	5,550
Singapore	7,502
Valparaiso	5,140
Vladivostok	4,706
Wellington	5,909
Yokohama	4,536

1887

February 5: Unprecedented snowfall blankets San Francisco.

May 16: Sara Bernhardt appears at Baldwin Theater.

1891

Hearst's yellow *Examiner* drives *Alta California* out of business; Stanford U. charter approved.

January 30: King Kalakaua of Hawaii dies at the Palace Hotel.

December 5: Local Salvation Army established in San Francisco.

1892

March 19: First "Big Game" sports contest between Stanford and the University of California.

May 1: U.S. Quarantine Station opens on Angel Island.

1893

Big Four railroad baron and former California governor Leland Stanford dies.

1894

January 27–July 4: Midwinter Fair in Golden Gate Park.

1895

January 4: Board of Supervisors moves to the new City Hall.

July 1: Alcatraz becomes Army Disciplinary Barracks.

1896

March 14: Sutro Baths opens.

July 9: Ferry Building construction begun.

1898

January 1: Lightship placed at entrance to bay, replaces whistling buoy.

(continued in column on next page.)

August 8: Former mining engineer, mayor, philanthropist Adolph Sutro dies.

1899

April 16: 1,000 soldiers riot at Presidio; 300 arrested.

December 15: Robert Duncan Milne, world's first full-time professional writer of science fiction, crushed by cable car at Market and Montgomery Streets.

1900

Chronic outbreaks of bubonic plague.

April 14: The design of John M. Gamble is adopted for a flag (pictured on the opening title page) for the City of San Francisco. The phoenix on the flag, originally intended to be an emblem of a new era of prosperity for the city, is now generally taken to symbolize the rebirth of the city after the earthquake and fire of 1906.

1901

Strikes in nearly all sectors of workforce cripple San Francisco.

February 22: *Rio de Janeiro* sinks outside Golden Gate; 129 lost.

August 1: Burials within city limits outlawed.

1902

July 31: First Pacific Coast-built submarine launched at Union Iron Works.

1903

July 4: President Theodore Roosevelt sends telephone message around the world from San Francisco.

July 25: Telegraph Hill's haunted castle burns down.

1904

September 4: First San Francisco Odd Fellows Conclave meets.

October 17: Bank of Italy (later Bank of America) founded.

December: End of first bubonic plague epidemic.

1906

April 18–20: Earthquake and fire destroy 500 city blocks, kill 700.

November 15: Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef indicted for bribery, extortion by Oliver Grand Jury.

1907

April 18: Fairmont Hotel opens.

May 29: Bubonic plague resurfaces in Chinatown.

July 8: Mayor Eugene Schmitz sentenced to five years at San Quentin for graft and corruption.

August 26: Harry Houdini performs underwater chain escape at Aquatic Park.

September 7: Sutro's third Cliff House burns to the ground in electrical fire.

December 7: Political boss Abe Ruef sentenced to fourteen years at San Quentin for corrupting city government.

1908

July 7: Roosevelt's Great White Fleet departs from San Francisco harbor.

July 9: Marin's Muir Woods becomes national monument.

November 13: Francis J. Heney assassinated in court by Morris Haas.

1909

Excavations for new Hall of Justice, General Hospital completed.

December 16: Palace Hotel officially reopens.

1910

Angel Island's immigration station opens. Luisa Tetrazinni sings to 250,000 at foot of Lotta's Fountain.

1911

January 31: Congress approves San Francisco's bid to host Panama Canal Exposition.

March 7: Abe Ruef begins 14-year sentence at San Quentin.

December 29: Inspection and licensing of prostitutes commences.

February 20: Police move into newly completed Hall of Justice.

March 12: Women vote for first time in San Francisco. $800,000 purchase of Civic Center land authorized.

1913

State Red Light Abatement Act goes into effect, effectively shutting down Barbary Coast dives. First anti-Japanese land ownership law passed. Abe Ruef released from prison after a civic campaign in his favor.

April 5: Mayor Rolph breaks ground for new city hall.

1914

Preparations for Panama-Pacific Exposition.

January 6: Supervisors pass exhumation order, beginning 25-year legal battle to clear all cemeteries out of San Francisco.

1915

January 25: Alexander Graham Bell in New York holds first transcontinental telephone conversation with Thomas Watson in San Francisco.

February 20–December 4: Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

August 27: Gen. Pershing's wife and three children die in fire at Presidio.

December 28: Mayor Rolph dedicates new City Hall.

1916

April 29: Artists' Ball held to raise funds to preserve Palace of Fine Arts.

July 10: Law & Order Committee forms to curtail labor violence.

July 22: Preparedness Day Parade bombing kills 16.

September 22: North American Hall at California Academy of Sciences dedicated.

1917

Presidio shifts to full wartime mobilization, processing thousands of recruits for service in Europe.

February 15: Dedication of rebuilt City Public Library.

July 14: Twin Peaks Tunnel completed.

1918

December 31: Ferry Building siren sounds for first time at 5:00 p.m.

1919

April 23: Army's 363rd Division (San Francisco's Own) returns to San Francisco from New York.

September 17: Pres. Woodrow Wilson visits.

November 3: Crissy Field dedicated at Presidio.

December 8–31: Ten planes of Army group flight return to San Francisco.

1920

Alien Land Law Act forbids purchase of land by Japanese immigrants in the name of their native-born children.

April 28: Asian Banking Corporation incorporated.

May 5: Captive Army balloon takes aerial photographs of San Francisco and waterfront for Chamber of Commerce.

May 19: Mass meeting held at Civic Auditorium to raise funds for war memorial.

June 28: Democratic National Convention opens at Civic Auditorium. Prohibition effectively repealed for duration of convention.

July 29: First transcontinental airmail flight from New York lands at San Francisco.

November: Fund drive for war memorial raises $2,012,000.

December 5: Police Detective Miles Jackson and Miles Dorman killed during arrest.

1921

January 2: Opening of De Young Museum in Golden Gate Park.

January 24: Asian Banking Corporation opens to customers.

February 22–23: Civilian mail pilots fly to San Francisco from New York in 33 hours, 20 minutes.

June 28: Joseph Strauss presents first plan for Golden Gate Bridge to City Engineer.

August 8: Bank of Italy opens day-and-night Liberty Bank of San Francisco on Market Street.

September 5: Roscoe Arbuckle's career ruined in scandalous death of actress Virginia Rappe.

December 31: Last horse-drawn fire wagon companies closed down.

1922

April 15: Legendary French restaurant Old Poodle Dog closes.

April 22: KPO radio station goes on the air.

November 8: Municipal Popular Symphony concerts begin.

1923

January 31: Merchants' National Bank of San Francisco purchased by the Sacramento-San Joaquin Bank.

July 29: Pres. Warren G. Harding arrives in San Francisco.

August 2: Harding dies at Palace Hotel.

September 17: Fire ravages Berkeley; San Francisco volunteers its fire department to put out the blaze.

September 26–October 8: San Francisco Grand Opera's first season at Civic Auditorium.

September 29: Opening of Steinhart Aquarium in Golden Gate Park.

December 30: Thousands of walnuts wash up on Ft. Point after dumping from ship by federal inspectors.

1924

War Dept. consents to building of Bay and Golden Gate Bridges. Japanese immigration forbidden until 1951.

June 23: First dawn-to-dusk transcontinental flight by Lt. Russell A. Maughan ends at Presidio.

July 2: First airmail delivery by Transcontinental Air Mail Service from New York to Crissy Field at the Presidio.

November 11: Dedication of Palace of the Legion of Honor.

1925

January 15: Southern Pacific ferry line between San Francisco and Richmond opens. Cornerstone of Temple Emanu-El laid at Lake and Arguello.

April 30: Fleishhacker Playground opens.

May 2: Embarcadero subway line opens.

September 6–12: Diamond jubilee anniversary of California's admission into the Union celebrated.

December 26: First East-West Football Game held at Ewing Field before crowd of 25,000.

1926

April 7: Golden Gate Ballroom opens at Eddy and Jones.

June 5: Ewing Field fire.

July 19: Chinese Canton Bank closes.

Sep.17: 150th birthday of Presidio celebrated.

1927

April 7: Dedication of Mills Field Municipal Airport.

September 7: Philo Farnsworth perfects televised imagery.

September 17: Charles Lindbergh visits San Francisco.

October 4: Model Airline begins passenger service to Los Angeles.

1928

February 6: North Beach paper *Telegraph Hill Alarm* prints first issue.

April 14: Daily passenger air service from San Francisco to Los Angeles by Maddux Airlines.

October 21: Duboce Tunnel opens to traffic.

November 19: De Young Museum's Egyptian Building at Golden Gate Park demolished by Symon Bros. Wrecking Co. Two sphinxes remain inside a tunnel next to museum.

1929

June 9: Completion of Ocean Beach seawall.

July 22: Socialite/firebug Lillie Hitchcock Coit, 83, dies at Dante Sanatorium.

August 4: Side-Car Motorcycle Corps officially presented to Mayor Rolph.

August 25: Graf Zeppelin passes over San Francisco en route to Los Angeles from Tokyo.

December 20: Mt. Davidson dedicated as a city park.

1930

Second Chinese Exclusion Act forbids all Chinese women legitimate entry to the country and makes permanent the exclusion of foreign-born Chinese from the right to apply for U.S. citizenship.

March 3: Communist Parade.

August 27: Final plans submitted for Golden Gate Bridge.

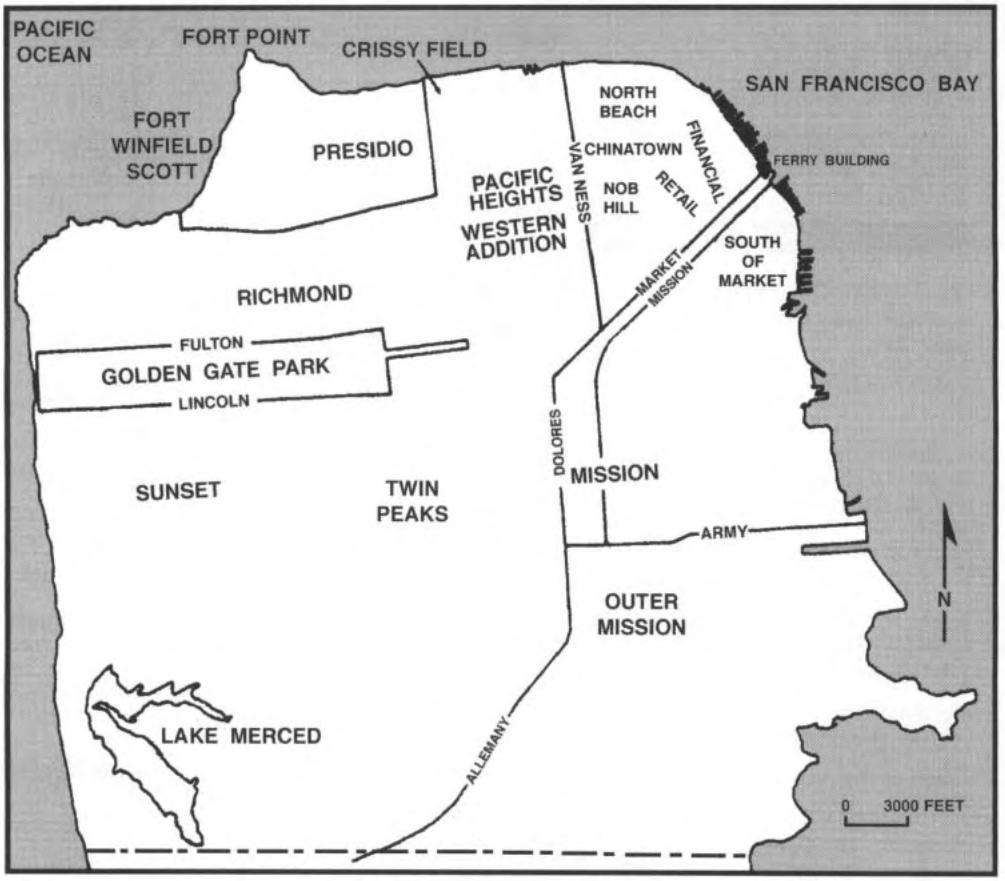
The City

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEIGHBORHOODS

THE CITY IS LOOSELY DIVIDED INTO SEVERAL DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOODS, EACH WITH ITS OWN DISTINCT PERSONALITY, CULTURE, AND IN SOME CASES, MYSTERIES.

Chinatown

At the foot of Nob Hill, this is a teeming, densely packed ghetto of eight blocks (between Bush and California Streets) by three blocks (from Kearny to Powell). The architecture stands in sharp contrast to all around it, with pagodas and lanterns adorning the drab brown facades of the original buildings. Originally driven together as much by historical fear of their fellow San Franciscans as a need to preserve cultural identity, Chinatown survives even in the 1920's as a popular exotic sightseeing spot and as a portal to the City's lawless past. More details about Chinatown may be found on page 49.



San Francisco's Neighborhoods

Downtown/Financial

The financial district of the West Coast lies between Market ("the Slot") and Washington Streets, with Montgomery Street designated the "Wall Street of the West." All major banks, brokers, and corporations have offices within walking distance of the Stock Exchange at 353 Bush Street and the Merchant's Exchange at 465 California, while all the major department stores are strung out along Market Street. Major banks include Wells Fargo, Nevada National Bank, Crocker Bank, and First National, all of which are headquartered at the intersection of Market, Post, and Montgomery, directly opposite the Palace Hotel (see page 31).

New World Incorporated

Making the Future Today
Proud to be Your Neighbor

— NWI slogan

New World Incorporated, while not the largest international corporation, certainly has diverse holdings in some of the decade's most imaginative new industries. Major interests include mining, petroleum, and the manufacturing of aircraft. In 1925, NWI acquires several shipyards on the East and West Coasts, particularly San Francisco, and in the United Kingdom, where the construction of new vessels is already underway. These

ships are new in design and are being fitted with special electronic navigational gear developed by the NWI Research Station in Oakland (see page 68). Lesser known interests include vast holdings of stocks and bonds, interests in international banking, and a controlling interest in a munitions firm in Mexico.

NWI is owned by Chicago businessman Edward Chandler, a highly respected citizen of the United States. However, few know that Chandler is one of the three highest ranking members of the global Brotherhood of the Beast, along with Lang-Fu (see page 92) and Baron Hauptmann of Transylvania, together nefariously planning the downfall of humanity. To learn more about what Chandler is really up to, see Chaosium's campaign *Day of the Beast* or *The Keeper Companion Volume 1.*

NWI is a growing business well respected in San Francisco. The downtown office is situated on the top five floors of a skyscraper in the Financial District, and is NWI's largest office on the West Coast. Under the direction of General Manager Curtis Webb, this office is responsible for East Coast shipping and petroleum (including numerous wells in Los Angeles), and the NWI Research Station in Oakland. Webb is a hard-working, honest but tough businessman who reports directly to Chandler. He has absolutely no idea abut NWI connections to the Brotherhood of the Beast, but is aware that the company ships illegal arms with fake bills of laden to various militant groups across the world. Similarly, Webb doesn't trust Doctor Hans Dieter, who manages the Research Station, and despite his various protests to Chandler regarding Dieter's disturbing behavior, Chandler refuses to do anything about the man. There is nothing incriminating to be found in these offices.

Mission District

South of the Slot, townhouses and mansions give way to rows of working-class frame houses, with groups of Chilean, Brazilian, Argentinian, Italian, Irish, and German families living side by side. Mission Dolores, the wellspring of the city, lies in a rundown immigrant neighborhood (see page 36). To the south, the Mission District is hemmed in by the stockyards of Butchertown and the rail yards and warehouses of the port screen off the bay.

Nob Hill/Pacific Heights

The eyre of the City's rich and powerful, Nob Hill resembles an island above the clouds on foggy mornings with its ranks of forbidding Victorian mansions and towering apartments. The giants of the Gold Rush and railroad boom built castles here, each trying to outdo the others in extravagance. Only the stone skeleton of the James C. Flood mansion (now owned by the private Pacific-Union Club) survived the Great Fire in 1906. A few lots are still strangely barren (see Grace Cathedral, page 36), but by and large the neighborhood has already re-acquired the air of dignified age that vast reserves of money can impose on any space. Just to the south of Pacific Heights, the less ostentatious Western Addition has middle-class residential areas constructed after the earthquake.

North Beach

An Italian neighborhood of narrow streets meandering between the sentinel hills overlooking Fisherman's Wharf. Neapolitan felucca boats with red lateen sails still fish for tuna, salmon, and crab out of the harbor, and countless authentic bistros offer six-course meals with wine for fifty cents. The steep

Curtis Webb

From San Francisco family stock, Curtis Webb is a respected and admired citizen of this town, so much so that the Mayor awards him the key to the city in 1923. Now in his late middle age, Webb has lost most of his hair and his rounding features have sagged. Suits always look too tight on him, and he looks unwell, mostly from lack of rest and worry about the business. Although rarely out of the office, when Curtis goes home he lives in a Victorian mansion on Nob Hill with his wife, daughter, and son. While Webb has knowledge of NWI's illegal sales of weapons, particularly in Latin America where his work often takes him, he has no inkling of the company's cult connections. He has never met nor heard of Lang-Fu or Baron Hauptmann. Webb keeps a .38 automatic locked in the bottom drawer of his desk at the NWI office, which he takes with him whenever he travels overseas. He does not own a rifle, but is proficient in their use. He would hesitate to use either weapon, except in self-defense.

CURTIS WEBB, West Coast Manager NWI, age 52

STR 10 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 12
INT 15 **POW** 08 **DEX** 11
APP 09 **EDU** 18 **SAN** 40
HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .38 Automatic 40%, damage 1D10

.30-06 Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+3

Skills: Accounting 80%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Auto 40%, History 30%, Law 40%, Persuade 35%.

Languages: English 90%.

Julius Marsden

Once very tall and wiry, with a sallow complexion, black hair, and eyes of clear azure blue, Marsden's illness brought on by his poisoning in Africa has made him far thinner, stooped, and giving the impression that he has actually lost height. His features are shrunken and wrinkled, his skin corpse-like in its pallor, his hair is heavily sprinkled with gray, and his eyes have darkened in an unaccountable manner. Marsden, of course, is a victim of the Wasting Poison of Mergawe (see New Spell on page 22). Since arriving home, he has become depressed and melancholy, waiting for the day when death finally takes him.

JULIUS MARSDEN, Wasting Explorer, age 37

STR 04 **CON** 06 **SIZ** 09
INT 13 **POW** 05 **DEX** 05
APP 07 **EDU** 15 **SAN** 32
HP 08

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Skills: Archaeology 50%, Anthropology 40%, Biology 40%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Library Use 45%, Listen 60%, Natural History 80%, Occult 55%, Persuade 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 70%. Languages: Quechua 60%, Spanish 45%, Mayan 30%.

Languages: Azombeii 55%, Arabic 25%, Berber 15%, English 90%, French 40%, Fulani 20%, Hausa 30%, Swahili 30%.

slopes of Telegraph Hill are dotted with the garrets of bohemian artists' colonies, intellectual radicals with Bolshevist leanings and odd customs.

The Marsden Residence

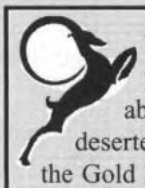
The statuette was not more than twelve inches in height, and represented a female figure that somehow reminded me of the Medicean Venus, despite many differences of feature and proportion. It was wrought of a black wood, almost as heavy as marble; and the unknown artist had certainly made the most of his material to suggest the admixture of a Negroid strain with a type of beauty well-nigh classic in its perfection of line. It stood on a pedestal formed in imitation of a half-moon, with the cloven side of the hemisphere constituting the base . . . I found that the resemblance to the Venus de Medici was largely in the pose and in the curves of the hips and shoulders; but the right hand was more elevated than hers in its position, and seemed to caress the polished abdomen; and the face was fuller, with a smile of enigmatic voluptuousness about the heavy lips, and a sensuous droop to the deep eyelids, which were like the petals of some exotic flower when they fold beneath a sultry velvet evening. The workmanship was quite amazing and would not have been unworthy of the more archaic and primitive periods of Roman art.

— Clark Ashton Smith, "The Venus of Azombeii".

This unremarkable but large house situated on Russian Hill is home to a renowned African explorer Julius Marsden. Marsden had a lifelong love of Africa, and it was his dream to explore and discover this continent for himself. Fulfilling his dream, several years ago Marsden completed a twenty-two month expedition in Morocco, Tunis, Egypt, Zanzibar, Senegal, Dahomey and Nigeria. But it was in Nigeria that Marsden headed in-land where he discovered then lived with a tribe called the Azombeii. They worshiped the goddess Wanaôs, and were ruled by the beautiful queen Mybaloë, who was Wanaôs reincarnated. During his stay in Azombeii, Marsden and Mybaloë fell in love. Jealous of this union, the Azombeii witch doctor, Mergawe, poisoned both lovers, but he was captured and executed as punishment for his treachery. However, since it was inevitable that both Marsden and Mybaloë were doomed to die, instead of spending their end together watching each other's deterioration, Marsden opted to return home to San Francisco, waiting idly in his house until death takes him.

Before his unfortunate encounter in Nigeria, Julius Marsden inherited a considerable fortune from his parents, now long dead, and used that money to fund his expedition to Africa, and to purchase numerous artifacts during his travels. During his adult years, he has also collected numerous books on the African continent, including a rare copy of *Africa's Dark Sects* by Nigel Blackwell. In addition, he has purchased the Chaos Drum from an auction that took place at the House of Ausperg in Vienna, Austria. Marsden has also been granted access to the Zebulon Pharr Collection, and his will stipulates that upon his death, his collection of artifacts and books will be donated to that estate.

SCENARIO HOOK



Beneath the streets of North Beach lies a graveyard of hundreds of ships, abandoned by sailors who deserted to seek their fortune in the Gold Rush. The hulks served as jails, hotels, and thieves' hideouts until the city, expanding and filling in the lagoon where they lay, simply built over them. Two of these ships, the *Niantic* and the *Euphemia*, were excavated in 1978 and turned up a wealth of artifacts, from bolts of fabric and firearms to cases of French champagne. Countless ships are yet undiscovered, their holds perhaps filled with historical knickknacks, forgotten gold, or occult or Mythos secrets.

Julius Marsden's African Collection

The Venus of Azombeii – This small statue is a representation of the goddess Wanaôs of a little-known tribe called the Azombeii on the upper Benuwe River, in Adamawa, Nigeria. Wanaôs is the goddess of love and procreation, resembling somewhat in character both the Roman goddess Venus and the Carthaginian Tanit. Marsden keeps the statue on his library table, where it offers him comfort and reminds him of his lost Mybaloë. The statue is enchanted and stores magic points. Anyone who holds the statue and makes some form of pronouncement of their devotion or worship to Wanaôs is awarded 1D10 magic points once per week. Anyone who spends a considerable period of time in the presence of the statue feels its calming, soothing essence. After a month, if that person's player succeeds in a critical **Luck** roll he or she recovers 1D3 sanity points.

Africa's Dark Sects – This book is based on the experiences of American explorer Nigel Blackwell. Compiled from notes taken during his travels in Africa in 1916, it was written and published in 1924. Subject matter covers the Cult of the Bloody Tongue in East Africa, the Cult of the Screaming Crawler in the Congo Basin, and the Cult of the Floating Horror in Nigeria, but does not connect these three cults as worshipping the same god, nor does Blackwell seem to realize that all these gods are aspects of Nyarlathotep. Written in English, only thirteen copies of the book survived their first six months in print, as authorities managed to burn the rest. This tome provides a skill check to Occult and contains the spell Create Zombie. *Sanity Loss 1D5/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 1 week to study and comprehend/12 hours to skim.*

Statue of the Screaming Crawler – A small six-inch-high statue depicts a horrific, elongated limbed monster with a single large eye and a mouth of needle-like teeth. Hammered into the Screaming Crawler's body are numerous nails. Just looking at this horrific carving is disturbing, costing 1D3 sanity points when viewed for the first time. Marsden hated it so much, regretting its purchase in a market in Lagos, he has it stored in a box of junk in his attic. If examined, an Anthropology skill roll identifies it as a Congo design, while an **Occult** skill roll confirms that the nails are an African custom, driven into the representation and pulled out again to release the spirit's power. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies the creature as a servitor of Ahtu, an aspect of Nyarlathotep. If all the nails are pulled out, 1D3 points of POW are drained from the person doing so, adding to the statue's current storage of 30 POW. Only powerful spells known by witch doctors of the Spiraling Worm cult can access this source of magical energy.

The Chaos Drum – The Chaos Drum is believed to have originated from Kenya, found there by British explorers of the Imperial British East Africa Company in the 1880's. In the midst of claiming territory for the British Empire, the drum was discovered in what was left of the Kimbi tribe's settlement, located in the Rift Valley. Rumors from neighboring tribes hinted that the drum was instrumental in helping the Kimbi to wipe out the Luyjin tribe, who had been fighting the Kimbi for decades. Stories also told of the shaman of the Kimbi making a pact with the evil gods to assist in the decimation of the Luyjin. Such help came in the help of a black, winged demon that was killed by the Kimbi, its skin made into a drum. This drum was used to drive the Luyjin insane, and thus easy pickings for the warriors of the Kimbi.

Unfortunately for the Luyjin, the rumors surrounding the Kimbi tribe and their drum were true. The Kimbi were in fact an offshoot of the Cult of the Bloody Tongue, their shaman a worshiper of Nyarlathotep. It was Nyarlathotep who sent the winged demon (a shantak) to the Kimbi tribe after hearing their shaman's prayers.

Appearing as a regular Ngoma drum, only those individuals who are well versed in drum instruments will note that the skin of the Chaos Drum is made of an unusual material. It is in fact made from the skin of a shantak- only a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll will reveal this. When played, the Chaos Drum projects and amplifies the feeling of the person playing the Drum. Any person within earshot of the sound emanating from the Chaos Drum will suffer the effects. If the performer feels happiness or jubilance, for instance, the listeners will become incapacitated with an overwhelming feeling of joy. Similarly, a person using the Chaos Drum who harbors hate and anger can cause an audience to suddenly turn into a murderous riot. The Chaos Drum does not differentiate between conscious and unconscious emotion projection. In other words, if a person ignorant of the properties of the Drum were to play it, his/her emotions would still be amplified to listeners.

To activate the power of the Chaos Drum, a person must play the drum for at least 10 minutes and make a successful **Art (Drumming)** roll; after which time, two magic points are drawn from the player. To all of those people who can hear the Drum being played, the Chaos Drum forces a SAN check. Those who make their **SAN** roll lose 1D4 sanity points; such investigators feel a sharp elevation of whatever emotion the Chaos Drum player is casting out. Those failing their SAN roll lose 1D8 Sanity Points, and are immediately overwhelmed with whatever feeling the Drum player is experiencing (or wishes to project). If the investigator goes temporarily insane, then he/she finds themselves at the very extreme of the emotion- happiness to the point of crying, despair so heavy it induces suicide, or hate powerful enough to kill. This behavior will persist until the playing on the Chaos Drum stops.

Dr. Eric Lane

Lane had always dreamed of discovering the "true source" of life. He went to college and began with the study of medicine, but realized his dream was not as practical as making money first, so he switched to petroleum geology and became a mining engineer. Upon graduation he went to China and discovered the largest anthracite field ever found, to which he sold the rights for $10 million. After meeting and marrying an Englishwoman in Shanghai he returned to his study of medicine, finishing his degree in Vienna. Before returning to the U.S. to settle down, he participated in fossil-hunting in Patagonia and became interested again in evolution and how cell growth and mutation occurs. His research then turned to studying cancer and its development. In particular, he studies fish parasites for clues and is well known among the Japanese and Italian fishermen in San Francisco for his willingness to pay hard cash for diseased and strange fish specimens. Upon being presented with a monstrosity which was neither fish, reptile, nor bird, he took a trip to the Antarctic to search for life's source.

In 1930 Lane has been widowed for ten years. His daughter Edith lives with him in his Telegraph Hill home. She is 18 years old and is used to catering to her father's whims. She is being tutored in some of the more esoteric areas of biology so that she can understand her father's work. She supervises the running of the house, including the Chinese house servants. One of the servants, Wong, speaks perfect English.

(continued on page 23)

New Spell – Wasting Poison of Mergawe

This African tribal spell requires 1D3 sanity points and a variable number of magic points to cast, as well as the preparation of a poisonous brew which requires several natural components found only in Africa. When the poison is complete, its POT equals to magic points expended. The brew is good for 1D6+4 doses. The poison can be mixed with other liquids such as wine or beer. They must match their **CON against the POT**, and if failing, the victim loses 1 point of STR, DEX, CON and POW every week, and one point of SIZ every month until one characteristic reaches zero, and the victim dies. If the poison is successfully resisted, the wasting continues, but only for a period of 1D8 weeks. There is no cure for this poison. Victims appear thin, shriveled, and dwarfish as the poison takes them.

Richmond District

A relatively recent addition to the City, the Richmond runs between Golden Gate Park and the Presidio to the ocean. It boasts sedate, tree-shaded lanes with upper-middle-class Victorian and Mission-style homes. The Jesuit College of San Francisco adds to the neighborhood's refined nature, so far removed from the bustle of the inner city. Part of the peace and quiet derives from the five major cemeteries in the area, although these are slated for exhumation (see page 38).

Presidio

The Presidio is the headquarters of the Western Division of the Army, which includes California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington. It is also the home of the 30th Infantry Regiment ("San Francisco's Own"), the 19th Army Air Corps, and the barracks of the California National Guard, with a total of approximately 1,700 enlisted men. As the largest military base within any city in the U.S., the Presidio is dotted with posts, connected by roads winding through a thick redwood and eucalyptus forest, which often serves as a training ground and public park. Much of the Presidio is open to the public from 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., and spectators are welcome at the reservation's occasional mock battles.

National Cemetery

This cemetery was originally an Indian burial ground. The U.S. Army has transformed it into a solemn glade of remembrance lined with ranks of identical plain white headstones, broken up by more elaborate memorials to officers and their families. Among the dead here are Brigadier General Frederick Funston (1865–1917), the hero of the '06 Great Fire, and the wife and two children of General John "Black Jack" Pershing, killed in a lesser-known fire in 1915. A five-foot-high, eagle-capped marker dedicated "To The Unknown Soldier Dead" commemorates 408 anonymous bodies beneath the ground.

Fort Point

A brooding brick stronghold bristling with rusted cannons nestled in the hillside at the southern lip of the mouth of the Golden Gate, where soldiers have guarded the bay against invasion since 1863. Fog often blots out the view of the sea; the chilling ocean wind whips through the artillery boltholes, coating the walls with brine and sand. The draft poses risk of colds and pneumonia. Because the fort was recently refitted as a prison barracks (although it has

never been used as such), the rooms within all resemble prison cells. Sentries on night duty sometimes claim to have seen phantom ships such as the *Tennessee* and *Rio de Janeiro* gliding past in the fog, two of the many (see "Shipwrecks", page 82) which have gone down in the Golden Gate. In the 1930's, the Golden Gate Bridge is built over Ft. Point, casting it into shadow for most of each day.

Crissy Field

The only airfield within city limits is also the only Army Air Service base on the West Coast. Originally built up out of the marshy wetlands of the bay for the 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Crissy Field is where many of the Army's flying aces have earned their wings since 1919. Until Mills Field opens in 1927, civilian airmail planes are cleared to use Crissy. Any unauthorized pilot landing at Crissy in a non-emergency situation will have his license revoked and may be brought up on charges of reckless endangerment or trespassing.

Fort Winfield Scott

This Spanish Revival compound houses an artillery regiment in ten red-brick barracks arrayed in horseshoe formation around a parade ground. Fort Scott is a self-contained base, with its own officer's club and quarters, a gymnasium, powerhouses, and a maze of concrete ramparts overlooking the bay, designed for quick mobilization and ideal coastal defense.

Government

Some form of government, on behalf of Spain, Mexico, or of the United States, has existed in San Francisco for the past 150 years.

Civic Center

Modeled on the Roman Pantheon, the ornate four-story Civic Center at McAllister and Polk houses the City Council, bureaucratic offices, and Hall of Records under its grandly domed roof. The Mayor's office is located here, as are the City Council auditorium, the Planning Commission, and the Probate and Superior Courts (complete with the city's largest law library). The present City Hall was designed by local architects Bakewell and Brown and submitted in 1912. Despite frantic efforts to complete it in time for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the building was not dedicated until December 1915.

James R. "Sunny Jim" Rolph

The proverbial Western big-city mayor, "Sunny Jim" Rolph presided over the city from 1911 to 1931, when he went on to become Governor of California. Born south of the Slot in 1869, Rolph is a self-made man and a natural public creature, attending every public function in fancy suits and cowboy boots and hat, his legendary good nature transcending politics to make him as much a goodwill ambassador as a mayor. Originally a bank president and head of a conglomerate of shipping and shipbuilding firms, Rolph works tirelessly to promote the city, maintaining all of his other jobs, the mayor's office, and presidency of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Rolph made headlines by agreeing to meet with radical union laborers during a strike and almost single-handedly arranged the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915.

Dr. ERIC LANE, Eccentric Biologist, age 45

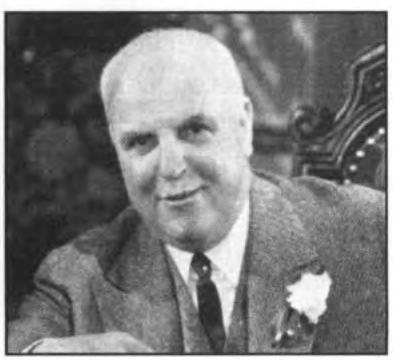
STR 14 **CON** 13 **SIZ** 12
INT 18 **POW** 15 **DEX** 13
APP 14 **EDU** 22 **SAN** 69
HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Archaeology 35%, Biology 90%, Chemistry 30%, Credit Rating 90%, Drive Auto 40%, Geology 80%, History 70%, Library Use 70%, Medicine 90%, Natural History 65%, Persuade 45%, Petroleum Engineering 60%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 60%

Languages: Mandarin 45%, Spanish 35%.

Equipment: Dissection instruments.



James R. "Sunny Jim" Rolph

John Drake

An associate of Eric Lane's, Drake has had success recently with deciphering Incan narrative poems and is now trying to translate some Mayan inscriptions that were found in Guatalama. Lean and lanky in appearance, he is prone to forgetfulness and seems cut out for the mold of an absent-minded professor. He is quietly in love with Lane's daughter Edith.

JOHN DRAKE, Linguistic Archaeologist, age 25

STR 12 **CON** 11 **SIZ** 15
INT 17 **POW** 13 **DEX** 10
APP 12 **EDU** 16 **SAN** 65
HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 55%, Credit Rating 25%, History 50%, Incan Narrative Poems 60%, Library Use 70%.

Languages: Quechua 60%, Spanish 45%, Mayan 30%.

Equipment: Dictionaries, typewriter.

Rolph always makes a point of offering a pedestrian a ride to work on his commute to the Civic Center from his home at 21st and Sanchez or his ranch in Palo Alto. The mayor is also prone to vanish for days at a time on solitary benders from which his aides must invariably rescue him. Eminent visitors to the city are entertained in grand style that blandly ignores the strictures of Prohibition. Rolph is particularly enamored of movie stars, especially young female ones, and keeps a string of mistresses chosen from among Hollywood's chorus lines. A tacit agreement with the local press keeps the lid on the mayor's private indiscretions.

As a governor, "Sunny Jim" was somewhat less successful; alcohol, high living, and prolonged fiscal stress apparently reduced him to a shade of his former amiable self. When two accused kidnappers were taken from a San Jose jail and lynched, Rolph commended the vigilantes as "arms of true American justice", ruining his political career. He died soon after in 1934 of heart failure.

Public Records

The enormous Langley City Directory is updated annually and lists all citizens of San Francisco with last known address, occupation, and telephone number. The directory also has indices with all registered businesses, societies, and institutions in the city. The telephone directory offers the same information sans addresses and occupations. The Blue Book lists all of the city's clubs and fraternal organizations and details their scheduled events, as well as lists of all members and officers.

Birth and Death Records

All birth records from before the Great Fire were destroyed, except for the book from July 1, 1905 through March 31, 1906; only an armload of death records from 1901 to 1904 and scattered files from the previous century survived. These are stored in the Hall of Records, an annex within City Hall.

Law and Order

The San Francisco Police Department can rightfully boast that it is the finest in the United States, for it introduces innovations which are adopted across the nation. San Francisco has uniformed officers and plainclothes detectives at eleven station houses. In 1921, San Francisco's intersections are controlled by "bird cage" timed electrical traffic lights, freeing up the Traffic Bureau to patrol the streets on foot. Police presence is visible all over the city—mounted police patrol Golden Gate Park on horseback, and after 1928 the Flying Squad takes to the streets in sidecar-mounted motorcycles (90 men, 14 motorcycles). Foot patrolmen often travel in pairs (especially in Chinatown, the Barbary Coast, and the Tenderloin) and carry clubs and service revolvers. In making an arrest, a beat cop will handcuff the offender to himself or to a pole near a call-box and telephone the nearest station house to send a wagon. The department even tried to begin cataloguing of detailed information about criminals, including such things as the measurement of the length of the head in arrest records.

San Francisco opens the first department police academy in the U.S. in 1923 and also opens its own Bureau of Identification, headquartered at the Hall of Justice on the corner of Kearney and Clay Streets. The Bureau's six officers search through a catalog of 200,000 photos, 100,000 fingerprints, and 40,000 criminal dossiers to identify suspects held at the Hall of Justice. The Bureau cooperates with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C.

Suspects of prior federal crimes may be held for at least a week until they can be checked against files there. The City Prison is located in the basement of the building. Prisoners are held here until trial, when a paddy wagon collects the day's arrests for hearings at the Civic Center.

Seal of the City and County of San Francisco. The city motto, which also appears on the flag, is Oro en paz, fierro en guerra*: "Gold in peace, iron in war."*

Vigilance Committees

The tradition of institutionalized vigilantism in San Francisco started in 1856. They were not a lynch mob but a league of businessmen and concerned citizens who seized, tried, and hanged arsonists, murderers, and (in later incarnations) Chinese immigrants who threatened the city but who had been let free by the corrupt, inept courts. Membership was hard to trace because the Committee dissolved itself after each crusade, only to reform under new leadership when it was needed. With cannons and axe handle brigades, the vigilantes enforced their will upon the city and were never arrested or prosecuted.

In the 1920's the modern Committee of Vigilance uses subtler means, but its influence is more far-reaching than ever. The group is the inner circle of the Law & Order Committee, a pro-capital group that lobbied to ban union strikes in 1916 and which becomes the Industrial Association under the Chamber of Commerce in 1921.

Governed by a star chamber of five of the city's captains of industry, the vigilantes exert pressure to keep labor unions and Socialist groups out of favor and to lock organized crime out of San Francisco. Their agents infiltrate the police, unions, and the underworld, and their loyalty to the Committee is unbreakable. The Committee still serves its own ideal of justice, that which perpetuates San Francisco and increases commerce, and still condemns the guilty to hang. The star chamber convenes regularly in a secret location somewhere in the city. Those selected for an audience with or trial by the star chamber are abducted, hooded, and conducted to their meeting place, a penthouse suite at the Palace Hotel. Investigators pursuing a well connected person in San Francisco may be approached to lay off, or they may be provided with assistance in targeting a dangerous or subversive individual. The Committee of Vigilance is not prepared to accept the existence of the occult, but if investigators can prove to the star chamber's satisfaction that a heinous crime has been committed, it may be counted on to act swiftly to punish the wrongdoer. Prolonged relationships with the Vigilance Committee are hazardous, however, as the Committee will be all too willing to try to execute investigators who themselves break the law or become an embarrassment.

Token of the Committee of Vigilance that was reorganized in 1856

Alcatraz Island

The most infamous prison in the United States was thought to be a lair for evil spirits by the Indians of the Bay Area. The Spaniards named the island Alcatraces, "The Pelicans", because only sea birds thrived on the barren, guano-splattered rock. The Americans built it up and erected a fortress and lighthouse on it in 1859, lining the outer walls with cannon that were never fired in anger and then were scuttled. In 1861, the defunct Alcatraz was used to house Confederate and Indian prisoners of war, as well as deserters and other criminals from the Union Army. It became the Pacific Branch of the United States Military Prison in 1907, holding long-term military offenders and, during World War I, suspected foreign nationals and spies. In the 1920's, Alcatraz is a model of penal efficiency: 89% of inmates returned to active duty are completely rehabilitated. Deemed no longer cost-effective in 1933, the Army relinquishes its title to Alcatraz and turns it over to the Department of Justice.

On New Year's Day of 1934, Alcatraz reopened its doors as a "maximum security, minimum privilege" federal penitentiary. It was filled with prisoners who had escaped from lesser jails or whom the justice system had no hope of redeeming. Al Capone, George "Machine Gun" Kelly, and Alvin "Creepy" Karpis were interred at Alcatraz. Within the prison's first seven years, six inmates were killed and 32 were transferred to mental institutions, driven insane by confinement on the Rock. Escape was considered impossible, for the waters around the state-of-the-art prison were tossed by lethal currents and infested with sharks. Only a handful of inmates ever escaped from the Rock, and all but three were recovered alive. Those who were not found were presumed drowned in the icy waters of the bay.

The prisoners were kept in a three-story, four-block cellhouse atop the rocky isle. Gun galleries and tear-gas outlets overlooked the cell blocks and mess hall, and metal detectors ("snitch boxes") were placed all over the prison so that an inmate would have to pass through them eight times daily. The cells were locked and unlocked from the

post of the armorer, a guard placed in a reinforced steel bunker accessible only from the outside. Convicts were each alone in their five foot by eight foot cells and were forced to observe complete silence; any unnecessary speech to another inmate or guard was forbidden.

A twisting, narrow road wound up precipitous cliffs to the cellhouse from the dock, passing beneath a bulletproof guntower and several fortified watchposts. A 200-yard boundary was maintained around Alcatraz, marked with orange tank buoys; vessels trespassing in the area were subject to boarding and arrest. Visitors to the isle had to arrive on the 1:00 p.m. ferry from Fort Mason and leave on the return trip at 3:20, unless specially authorized by the warden. Visitors were allowed to meet with inmates for only forty minutes once a month, speaking through a wire mesh screen while a guard eavesdropped nearby. To keep the inevitable notoriety of Alcatraz and its convicts in check, no members of the press were ever allowed on the island after opening day.

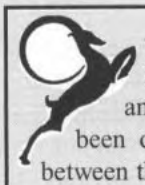
Alcatraz Island

The guards at Alcatraz were, like the prisoners, culled from among the toughest in the federal system. The ratio of guards to inmates in the average American prison was one to ten; at Alcatraz it was one to three. Guards were selected for their intelligence as well as strength, and were trained in martial arts. All guards lived on the island with their families in a four-acre compound near the administrative building. The children of prison staff took a special ferry to the city to go to school each morning, returning in the afternoon to their home on the Rock.

Warden Johnston didn't believe in corporal punishment and instead favored psychological deterrents. Order was maintained at Alcatraz with the mere threat of "the Dark Hole", solitary confinement in the damp and drafty catacombs beneath the prison proper. A convict could be sent to the Hole for fighting, speaking, or failing to finish his allotment of food. Despite federal laws prohibiting solitary confinement for more than nineteen days, inmates were routinely confined there for weeks at a time with only beatings for exercise. One prisoner, Henry Young, went into the Dark Hole in 1938, where he spent three years for his part in an escape attempt. Upon release into the general prison population, he promptly stabbed a fellow escape conspirator, Rufe McCain. His trial opened an investigation into abuses at the prison which led to broad reforms.

The prison was closed in 1963, when Attorney General Robert Kennedy proved that it would be more cost-effective to put up the inmates at New York's Waldorf Astoria than to continue to run the prison. This revelation was compounded by the successful escape of three convicts on rafts made from rain slickers. Although the cons were never found and were presumed drowned in the bay, the integrity of the prison was dealt a fatal blow by this final proof that, even with all its precautions, the Rock was not escape-proof.

SCENARIO HOOK



Legends say that the Rock is riddled with tunnels dug by the Spaniards to imprison and torture renegade colonists and Indians. These dungeons have never been discovered but are believed to connect between the solitary cells of D Block and the caverns which riddle the shoreline of the isle's windward side. At least one of that small group who escaped Alcatraz and was never found alive might have broken out of the prison only to find himself trapped there.

Notable Murders of the 1920's

The following are the more notable events to occur during the decade of the twenties.

The Flapjack Murder

The brazen kidnapping of a Catholic priest from his doorstep, in the sight of his housekeeper, set the city afire with indignation on August 2, 1921. The kidnapper, described as a dark-skinned foreigner in a long trenchcoat and motoring goggles, persuaded Father Patrick E. Heslin to leave with him from the rectory at Holy Angels Church in Colma. The Father never returned. A ransom note delivered the following day to the Archbishop's residence demanded $6,500 for the priest's life. The writer claimed to have Father Heslin bound in a bootleg cellar wired with an infernal device to gas the priest to death if anyone intruded. At the ransom delivery point, the kidnapper threatened to use hand grenades if the police appeared. "I had charge of a machine gun in the Argonne, and poured thousands of bullets into struggling men, and killing men is no novelty to me; besides it will be your own bunch that will kill him if you do not do just as you are told." Father Heslin's name was penned in after the rest of the letter had been typed, as if any priest would have suited the kidnapper's purposes. Two handwriting analysts concurred that the writer was clearly demented.

Despite an $11,000 reward, no further information or contact with the kidnapper(s) came to light. Nine days later, a Texan drifter and inventor of weaponry, William A. Hightower, came to Archbishop Hanna with news of a discovery among the hills of the South Bay. Under a billboard with a forty-niner flipping a flapjack in a skillet, police unearthed the body of Father Heslin. His skull had been crushed and torn open at the back and two bullets had been fired into his torso and right thigh. Hightower was arrested, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment at San Quentin for Heslin's murder. Hightower never protested his innocence, yet his side of the story was never told. Nor was the "dark-skinned foreigner" ever apprehended.

SCENARIO HOOK

Hightower claimed merely to have overheard the location of the priest's corpse from a Tenderloin prostitute. As a desperate opportunist with no record of violent crime, Hightower could well have cooked up the kidnapping angle himself to make some extra cash. If this is true, who (or what) was the foreigner that abducted the priest, and for what purpose was he actually taken? What if it were to happen again?

The Boss-Missy Murder

Mrs. Rosetta Baker, a wealthy, aging spinster, was found dead at the foot of her bed by Liu Fook, her 61-year-old Chinese houseboy, on the morning of December 8, 1930. Mrs. Baker had been strangled, eight ribs had been crushed, and the flesh was sheared off her ring finger. Police found a scrap of Liu Fook's blue tunic in the bedroom, a pair of his blood-soaked trousers soaking in a pail, and a cache of missing jewelry and cash in a nearby alley. Liu Fook was tried for the murder of Mrs. Baker. All the while protesting his undying loyalty to his "Boss-Missy", Liu Fook was seemingly being railroaded to the scaffold by police and press despite the best efforts of the Six Companies, when the public suddenly reversed its opinion. In the face of a wall of damning evidence, Liu Fook was found not guilty by a jury after twenty minutes of deliberation. The former houseboy returned to China unmolested, and the Boss-Missy Murder officially went unsolved.

SCENARIO HOOK

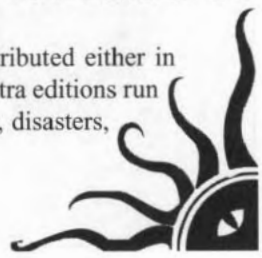
The murder of Rosetta Baker is a Kung Tow hit (see page 90), executed by the Children of Shugoran at the behest of Liu Fook. Whether because of public sympathy or the pressure of the Six Companies, Liu Fook himself has escaped the dragnet, but the tong is emboldened by its ability to kill whites with impunity and is gearing up to embark upon a new reign of terror outside the borders of Chinatown.

Newspapers

San Francisco's first newspaper, Mormon leader Sam Brannan's *California Star*, began weekly releases on January 9, 1847. It soon found competition in *The Californian*, a Monterey paper that relocated to the City in 1849. The two weekly papers merged on January 22, 1850 as the *Alta California*, the state's first daily newspaper. By 1854, the city had twenty-two different newspapers and journals in English, Spanish, German, Italian, and Chinese, including the *Argonaut*, a pioneer literary journal, and the de Young brothers' playbill, the *Dramatic Chronicle*. The standard format adopted by the *Alta California* was a four-page pamphlet with ads for patent medicines and dry goods stores on the front page and scathingly venomous editorials, local gossip, and a few stories from the outside world within. The editors of these papers instigated as many feuds and duels as they covered and as such never aspired to report the news objectively. Any information from these papers was to be taken with a grain of salt. Until the transcontinental telegraph line was completed in 1861, California news was weeks out of date and embellished several times over with hearsay and exaggeration. With the exception of the *Chronicle*, all of San Francisco's pioneer papers went out of business before 1900 or were wiped out by the earthquake of 1906. Complete files of the *Alta California* may be had almost anywhere but at San Francisco's Main Library, which offers mostly photostats of the original issues of pre-earthquake papers.

Through the 1920's, San Francisco has five major newspapers to choose from; competition among them is so fierce that a sixth paper run by magnate Cornelius Vanderbilt, the *Illustrated Daily Herald*, folds in only two and a half years (1923–1925) despite charging only a penny per copy. Newsboys touting rival papers band together into gangs to rumble for territories, and sabotage of printing presses and distribution is commonplace. Among reporters and editors alike, witnesses and evidence to newsworthy acts are sometimes suppressed until an exclusive is in the bag. All five papers are located between 3rd and 5th Streets, along Market and Mission. Alongside the big five, a brace of smaller, special-interest papers serve their own audiences; the *Elevator* targets blacks, while the community of North Beach has five Italian newspapers of its own.

Most papers are dailies, distributed either in the morning or afternoon, with extra editions run off for boxing matches, elections, disasters,



Local Newspapers

Chronicle (5 cents)
founded by M. H. de Young
Call & Post (3 cents)
owned by William R. Hearst
Daily News (2 cents)
Scripps-Howard chain paper
Examiner (5 cents)
Hearst's flagship paper
Bulletin (3 cents)
owned by default;
bought out by Hearst in 1929
Oakland Tribune
owned by Federal
Congressman Joe Knowland
Oakland Post-Enquirer
owned by Hearst,
merging *Post* and
Enquirer in 1922

and other late-breaking stories. The extras are often headlined with red, blue, or green ink to call attention to themselves.

As in any big city, the papers of San Francisco station reporters at City Hall and the Hall of Justice. Beat reporters patrol the ports and hotels, often tailing each other to cover the same stories.

Each paper has sought to carve out a niche for itself, and thus a class structure among papers was born. Hearst's flagship paper, the *Examiner*, is the most influential in the city, and its editorials are thought to be as good as a fix in municipal elections. The *Chronicle*, owned by M. H. de Young, represents the stolid moneyed Republican interests. The *Daily News*, a link in the Scripps-Howard chain that fuels United Press International, speaks for the Irish Catholic labor unions. Under crusading editor Fremont Older, Hearst's underdog paper *Call & Post* launches its vitriol against many whom the *Examiner* cheers. *Call* exposés saved the life of accused Wobbly Preparedness Day bomber Tom Mooney in 1916 (see page 39).

By 1929, the thriving competition of the San Francisco scene lost much of its spark when Hearst bought the ailing *Bulletin*, giving him ownership of a majority of the city's papers. The free-for-all of the five-paper town gave way to a battle between de Young and Hearst's monolithic morning editions for control of the press.

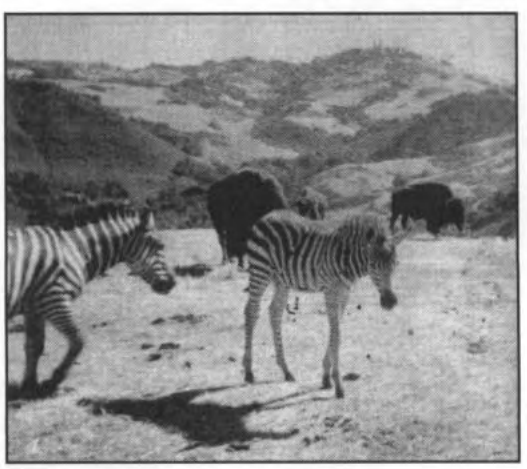
William Randolph Hearst

William Randolph Hearst invited guests to arrive on a given day, but no departure time was ever given. If a guest displeased him, he could be asked to leave, but there are records of freeloaders staying for a year at a time, especially if they amused Hearst's inamorata, Marion Davies. This could be a way for investigators to get an "in" with Hearst.

Marion Davies

William Randolph Hearst: The Yellow Kid

The spoiled only son of mining tycoon and Senator George Hearst, William Randolph Hearst's aggressive pranks earned him a dismissal from Harvard. He persuaded his father to turn over his political organ, the *Examiner,* in hopes of discouraging the younger Hearst from pursuing journalism. Hearst turned the paper into a sensation with his barnstorming tactics for creating news and launching bombastic, self-congratulatory crusades against injustices. With his *New York Journal,* he single-handedly pushed the United States into war with Spain to boost circulation in 1898, and seemed to cause William McKinley's assassination when he called for it only a month before his murder in 1903. Hearst virtually created the modern big-city newspaper with screaming headlines and inflammatory editorials, having plundered many of his best ideas (and staff members) from Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*. Where no news is to be found, Hearst reporters make it themselves, getting themselves committed to insane asylums to write exposés and staging massive parades complete with fireworks displays to celebrate their own popularity. Hearst owns nine newspapers and was elected to the House of Representatives in New York in 1903, after failing in bids for the Governor's and Mayor's offices.



Zebras and Bison Roaming the Grounds at San Simeon

For all the bluster of his press persona, Hearst himself is painfully shy, avoiding face-to-face confrontations wherever possible. A tall, stout, handsome figure with a high, reedy

voice, Hearst is commanding and self-absorbed but fiercely loyal to those who capture his imagination. Hearst will go to any lengths to secure a great story or pursue a wild fancy and is a notorious spendthrift. Hearst is the ideal silent benefactor for a cash-strapped group of investigators, as long as they humor his temperamental nature and grant exclusive rights to their stories to the Hearst chain.

San Simeon

Hearst frequently makes extended trips to Europe to buy art and artifacts but spends most of his time in seclusion at San Simeon, his Spanish Colonial castle retreat on a leveled mountaintop overlooking the Pacific, 150 miles north of Los Angeles (completed in 1925). Guests at San Simeon include the toast of Hollywood and Washington, D.C., who stay on for weeks at a time in the satellite "cottages" surrounding the Casa Grande. The grounds of the Hearst estate are stocked with enough rare and ancient objects to fill ten museums, the results of Hearst's lifelong obsession with buying; Hearst's hoard has the makings of any number of scenarios, and Hearst may send the investigators anywhere in the world to acquire any item that might strike his fancy. The alcove of Hearst's swimming pool is taken from an ancient Roman temple of Neptune; the shelves of a tower library are jammed with rare and priceless European manuscripts never opened since the day of their purchase; one of the world's largest private zoos, including bears, lions, monkeys, and a herd of elks, roams the grounds uncaged.

SCENARIO HOOK

Hearst and his resident architect Julia Morgan liked to include church architectural pieces in the houses. One day a set of crates arrives containing an ornately carved archway with faces of "imps" and "gargoyles." The arch is duly installed as the entrance to a new bedroom suite. The first guest to stay in the room is found drunk and insensible. The second refuses to repass the archway voluntarily, even to leave the room forever. The third is discovered outside in the middle of the night, chanting in strange tongues.

The arch is a Gate under the influence of the Maker of Gateways, Nyarlathotep. Until the last stone of the threshold is set in place and the mortar dries, the Gate does not come into being. As the Gate is permanent, the only way to dispel it now is to take it apart physically. Naturally, the unnatural creatures bound into the Gate will appear to fight to preserve it.

San Francisco Main Library

The San Francisco Public Library, like most of the City's institutions, has only just recovered from the Great Fire. Its new facilities, opened in 1917, are in an impressive Neo-Classical building facing the new Civic Center across a vast plaza. The main library is a closed-stack collection; requested books are brought to patrons from the cavernous maze of shelves occupying most of the ground floor.

In addition to the main library at Larkin and McAllister, San Francisco has eight smaller branches: Golden Gate Branch at Green and Octavia; McCreery Branch at 16th and Pond; Mission Branch at 24th and Bartlett; Noe Valley Branch at Jersey near Castro; North Beach Branch at Powell near Washington; Park Branch at Page and Cole; Presidio Branch at Sacramento near Baker; Richmond Branch at 9th Avenue and Geary; and Sunset Branch at 18th and Irving.

Sutro Collection

Adolph Sutro, the Prussian mining engineer and former mayor, amassed an enormous private collection of rare scholarly works, including many treatises on the occult and Mythos subjects. After his death in 1898, Sutro's private papers were donated to the Bancroft Library (page 66), while those of his rarer books that didn't disappear were taken into the San Francisco Main Library's Special Collections. These are closely guarded and may be perused only in the confines of the Sutro Room under the supervision of a librarian.

SCENARIO HOOK

It is rumored that the collection included complete manuscripts of *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*, *Ghorl Nigral*, and *De Vermis Mysteriis*, and that knowledge gained from these books contributed to Sutro's uncanny understanding of things subterranean. Whether these books are actually held in the San Francisco library or among the uncatalogued junk at Bancroft Library is unknown, but an inventory of the Sutro holdings or a recovery of several unaccounted-for items that have vanished from the original collection could form the basis of a nightmare-come-true for bookish investigators.

Mechanics' Institute

Located at 57 Post Street. Open 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. Members only.

Rutherford MacLean

As a retired lecturer from the University of California, Prof. MacLean relishes nothing more than an engaging game of chess at the Mechanics' Institute, where he spends each day from morning to late night challenging fellow members and discussing new developments in the sciences. Prof. MacLean lost his eyesight in a chemical accident and is a widow.

Lately, MacLean may confide to a fellow member over a game of chess, he has had a few very intriguing games with a player whose identity he does not know. His opponent has posed some very disturbing questions to him about the nature of the universe and about fate, and offered to show him proof of his wild ideas. MacLean is considering joining the stranger in a meeting he has regularly with a group in Colma, but he hasn't worked up the nerve to go alone. He has been told that his opponent is blind like himself but doesn't believe it, as he has heard the man refer on several occasions to having seen beyond something he calls the Infinite Tapestry (see page 90).

Rutherford MacLean, Retired Lecturer, age 63

Skills: Play Chess 85%, Give Lecture 65%, Physics 75%, Chemistry 50%, Natural History 32%, Bore Student 70%, Library Use 60%.

Equipment: Chess board, cane, various text books (in Braille).

The Mechanics' Institute is a private organization, "an aid in the advancement of the mechanical arts and sciences." Founded in 1855, the Institute offers a forum for the exchange of scientific knowledge to its members, among them the most prominent learned men in the state. For more than four decades until 1899, the Institute sponsored annual Mechanical Fairs in grand pavilions, presenting new and coming innovations to the general public. Since then, the Mechanics have kept their knowledge to themselves. The original Institute building was destroyed in the '06 earthquake and was replaced in 1910 with the present nine-story structure designed by Albert Pissis, also the architect for the Flood Building. The Institute is closed to non-members, but anyone can become a member by paying $3.00 half-yearly dues and $1.00 each time the library is used. A life membership is available for $100. The Institute is governed by a 14-member Board of Trustees, which manages the Institute's endowment fund fortunes and the use of its excellently appointed research laboratories, which occupy three of the upper floors.

The second and third floors hold the Institute's private library, a collection which runs to nearly 140,000 titles. (The original library had over 200,000 titles, all destroyed in the Great Fire along with the original building, but replaced by private donation.) While the collection includes works of classical literature and history, emphasis is placed on the applied sciences (engineering, architecture, physics, chemistry, metallurgy, etc.). The social sciences (*e.g.*, archaeology) are more spottily represented. The library prides itself on obtaining the most accurate and accessible books and replacing any obsolete volumes as necessary. Because the library is stocked largely through donations and bequests from retiring or deceased Institute members, the collection includes many extremely rare manuscripts. This includes first-person accounts of the founders and settlers of California which are unfindable elsewhere (most of which are duplicated in the larger Bancroft Library, but not all). It's a far better collection than the Public Library. A librarian and one assistant handle the library. Members may check out four books at a time from the stacks for two weeks, and members or their guests may use the reference library and special collections on the third floor.

SCENARIO HOOK

Dr. Canaris, a professor of physics, is scheduled to give a lecture at the Institute and demonstrate what he claims is a working perpetual motion engine. Shortly before the lecture, the model disappears; Canaris has also vanished, and the Institute's senior librarian is found dead at his desk. Spread out before him are the loose leafs of a folio of notes from a fifteenth century Flemish alchemist with sketches of the perpetual motion engine. The text describes the missing piece and claims it was discovered by the writer in the ruins of Pompeii.

The Institute Chess Club has acquired world renown among chess circles as a formidable arena and as a place where savants may meet to discuss their work. Lectures on a variety of scientific topics are given throughout the year free of charge to members.

George Davidson House

As a scientist, George Davidson's (1825–1911) legend hangs over the city long after his death. Davidson was President of the California Academy of Sciences and instilled the love of astronomy in James Lick (see Lick Observatory, page 72). Davidson led annual expeditions to collect specimens for the Academy, but assembled a museum of oddities for himself that surpassed any private collection in the United States. Every room of his four-story, twenty-room house at

2221 Washington Street, now occupied by his surviving son and daughter, contains a hoard of scholarly papers, books, and maps; plant, animal, bird, and fossil specimens; cultural artifacts from Australian aborigines to Zuñi; and a closetful of human skulls from the South Seas. Although Theodore and Elinor are extremely protective of their father's things, courteous and sincere investigators may gain access to the collection, which although scattered throughout the house is catalogued in Davidson's journals.

Universities

In addition to dozens of vocational and missionary colleges, San Francisco houses several small universities of excellent academic caliber and unique resources.

California School of Fine Arts

800 Chestnut Street. Founded in 1884 by the San Francisco Art Association, a collective of artists and writers, at the home of deceased railroad baron Mark Hopkins. After the mansion burned down in 1906, the school relocated to the top of Russian Hill, its present location. Classes offered in the visual and creative arts. Later renamed the San Francisco Art Institute.

Cogswell Polytechnical College

Folsom & 26th Streets. Founded by local Gold Rush dentist Henry D. Cogswell in 1887. The first technical college west of the Mississippi, and begun as a co-ed institution. Now located in Sunnyvale.

Golden Gate College

550 Mission Street. Originally founded as a night school by the YMCA in 1881. Now offers high school and college courses.

Hastings College of the Law

198 McAllister Street. Established in 1878 as the law department of the University of California.

Jesuit College

Fulton Street and Parker Avenue. The city's oldest institution of higher learning has relocated three times since its opening in 1855. A Catholic university, the college offers theological studies and features a breathtaking cathedral. In 1930 it changes its name to the University of San Francisco.

Lincoln University

2518 Jackson Street. Nonprofit, nondenominational private institution offering liberal arts, law, and graduate programs. Founded in 1919.

San Francisco Conservatory of Music

3435 Sacramento Street. Founded in 1917 by Ada Clement. Co-educational trade school trains conductors, composers, and performers.

Hotels

San Francisco can boast of both the finest and the most desperate accommodations within a thousand miles. The following three establishments are of particular note.

Palace Hotel

The original Palace Hotel was the jewel in the crown of old San Francisco, symbolic of the city's rise from nothing in a few short decades. Located on the corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets in the heart of downtown, the Palace opened in 1875 and was built at a cost of $5 million by William C. Ralston, Comstock silver tycoon and co-founder of the Bank of California. Ralston, besieged by the imminent collapse of his business empire, did not live to see it completed; he drowned in the ocean under mysterious circumstances while swimming, six weeks before the grand opening. The seven-story, 800-room hotel attracted the elite; politicians, artists, royalty, and the idle rich stayed there while in San Francisco. After 31 years of matchless extravagance, the Palace Hotel burned to the ground in the fire of 1906.

President Warren G. Harding

The second Palace Hotel went up on the same site at Market and Montgomery Streets in 1909, larger and more opulent than its predecessor. Unlike the first Palace, the new eight-story Palace has an indoor garden courtyard where the first boasted a turnaround for carriages. Evening band concerts in the Palm Court ballroom play host to national celebrity performers and are simulcast live on local radio. Offices in the cavernous lobby are let out to international organizations such as the Pinkerton Detective Agency and the Joseph Strauss Company (soon to be engineers of the Golden Gate Bridge).

At the Palace Hotel on August 2, 1923, President Warren G.

Harding checks into the Presidential Suite, taking a much-needed respite from the political beating of the Teapot Dome scandal, in which choice government-held land was found to have been sold in sweetheart deals with oil companies. He dies under circumstances that are considered to be unusual, of an "apoplectic fit." Foul play is never proven in the President's death, but speculation has been offered that Harding's co-conspirators in the Teapot Dome dealing had him assassinated or that his wife did him in to spare him the outcome of the scandal. (Harding's death was such as could have been accomplished by supernatural means.)

Harding is not the first head of state to die at the Palace. King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands was found dead in his suite at the original Palace while on a tour of America in 1891.

St. Francis Hotel

Located at Powell and Geary, overlooking Union Square. 450 rooms. Presidential three-room suites available for $60; regular rates from $15 a night. Open year-round.

Opened in 1904, the St. Francis was in the process of adding a third wing to its already massive 12-story structure when it survived the Great Fire with only superficial damage. The lobby of the St. Francis is one of the most popular places to meet in the City; its cafe and restaurant enjoy a long wait at the lunch and dinner hours, entertaining the crowds shuttling to and from the many theaters on Union Square.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle

If the Palace is where monarchs go to die, the St. Francis is where the young socialites of San Francisco and Hollywood come to live it up. The hotel offers unsurpassed amenities to its guests, such as private couriers who may be hired as personal guides and a private school on the mezzanine for the children of long-term guests. Jazz combos play in the Rose Room and the Colonial Ballroom, while the leading lights of local society gather in the Mural Room. A Viennese Magneta clock in the lobby synchronizes all other clocks in the hotel. Because of the hotel's close proximity to the theaters, nearly all the theater companies playing in the city stay there. Movie stars flock to the St. Francis on the weekends to get away from frantic shooting schedules.

One such Hollywood star is comedian Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, whose career is destroyed on Labor Day weekend of 1921 in a lurid sex scandal that rocks the motion-picture industry to its foundations. Arbuckle, star of two-reeler comedies for Mack Sennett and Paramount Studios, comes to San Francisco to celebrate a new contract with Paramount granting him a $1 million annual salary. Arbuckle slips away from the festivities to find Virginia Rappe, an actress infamous for her promiscuity, writhing in agony on his bathroom floor. Rappe later dies from unexplained internal injuries, seemingly crushed to death by the attentions of the hulking comic. Arbuckle is charged with first-degree murder on the basis of sworn testimony of Bambina Maude Delmont, a Hollywood blackmailer and entertainment correspondent who

Palace Hotel; Lotta's Fountain in foreground

brought the ailing Rappe to Arbuckle's suite, that the rotund comic raped the actress to death. The actress' demise is later found to be caused by a ruptured bladder brought on by peritonitis, but Arbuckle is held responsible and banned from the Hollywood screen. Even after his acquittal by a San Francisco judge, Arbuckle is blasted by the press and public as a sex-crazed beast. Evidence seems to indicate that Adolph Zukor, czar of Famous Players-Lasky, parent company of Paramount Pictures, orchestrated the scandal to bring his biggest star to heel and that it went wildly out of control with Miss Rappe's expiration. Although Arbuckle eventually returns to filming comedies as a director (mostly under the pseudonym of William Gooding), he remains a pariah and never returns to San Francisco.

Fairmont Hotel

The ten-story Fairmont at California and Mission stands atop elegant Nob Hill and guarantees that every one of its 550 rooms is an outside room. The Fairmont is the chosen haunt of San Francisco's staid society events and the preferred berth for those doing business in Chinatown and the Financial District. The Fairmont is owned by the Palace and competes with that hotel to offer the most luxury for its unarguably reasonable rates: Turkish and electric baths, masseuses, manicurists, and a chiropodist give the hotel the atmosphere of an exclusive sanatorium, while a public stenographer and specially reserved writing rooms lend themselves to business. A single room with a view of the courtyard or the street runs $6–$12, while suites run from $20 to $50. An extra charge of $2 is added per extra guest per day.

Fairmont Hotel

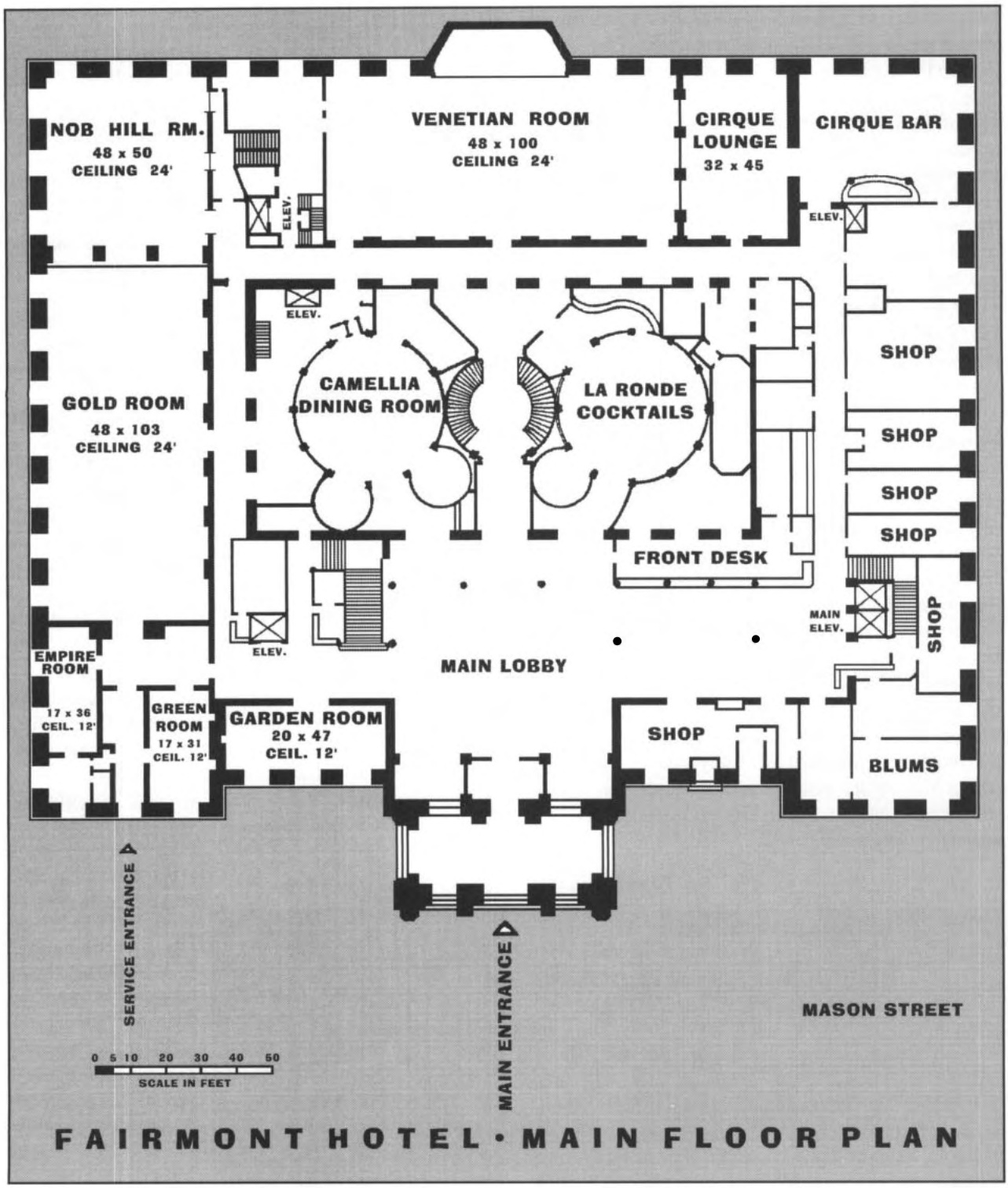
Insane Asylums

California offers state hospitals to handle those deemed insane; the city of San Francisco also offers several private asylums.

State Hospitals

California was often heard to boast that it offered the most progressive network of facilities for treating the mentally deficient, and with five hospitals stuffed to bursting with lunatics, much could be said to back up its commitment. The state's Committee in Lunacy opened its flagship ward at Stockton in 1852, followed by Norwalk (outside Los Angeles), Mendocino, Agnews (in San Jose), and Napa (35 miles north of San Francisco). By 1911 all five were desperately overcrowded, with more than 12% of the patients sleeping on the floor or in basements. Conditions deteriorated so thoroughly that a committee investigation observed that the wards were "enough to drive a normal person insane." The Committee improved the hospitals, achieving an annual budget of $3,000,000 in 1920. This enabled the asylums to handle the flood of "defectives" with greater efficiency, if not to stem their advance. By 1928, the four state asylums in the Bay Area had reached a combined population of 9,300.

Patients at the state hospitals stay for an average of three months; if overcrowding decrees, a destitute patient can be discharged without any comprehensive treatment whatsoever. Due to the sheer number of patients — most of them unskilled laborers or unemployable castoffs with no social standing to speak of — the primary goal is to subdue, not to cure. Management of a state hospital is a political plum, the staff appointees discharging or neglecting their duties with little expectation of reward or punishment. Patients' families pay an average of $15 per month for treatment, but for $40 a patient can be assured of superior treatment, much better meals, and private sessions with an alienist.



Sterilization

"The whole stream of human life is being constantly polluted by the admixture of the tainted blood of the extremely defective."

— State Committee in Lunacy, 1916

Because insanity was deemed hereditary by conventional theory, state hospitals opted for a long-term approach to combating serious mental illness. By 1928, 4,650 patients (60% males) had been neutered. Virtually every patient at Stockton and Norwalk asylums was sterilized before discharge; other hospitals exercised greater discretion, choosing only to operate on potentially dangerous cases and those with confirmed hereditary maladies.

San Francisco Psycho Wards

If the sanity of a citizen came into question, he was usually remanded to the custody of the urban psychopathic ward. These wards provided an alternative to state hospitals for those who wished to commit themselves voluntarily, as well as a means of expanding the legal influence of clinical psychiatry. "Peculiar" individuals could be kept in the ward for two weeks; if their behavior remained irrational, they could be committed to a state hospital without a court hearing. Treatment was more diagnostic than curative, and psychoanalysis was an exception rather than a rule.

The wards hoped to reduce the strain and expense on state hospitals and assuage some of the stigma attendant upon committing oneself to treatment. Despite its failure on every count, the ward program was introduced in Alameda, Fresno, San Diego, and Los Angeles. Only in San Francisco and San Diego were the psycho wards more than detention centers, and only in San Diego was actual curative work performed regularly.

Private Hospitals

Private asylums offer superior treatment and living conditions, to be sure, but the average charge for a month's care is upward of $100. Moreover, the five private asylums in the Bay Area have a combined bed capacity of only 435 in 1928. Four of the five are in the San Francisco area. Some, like Wakefield Sanitarium in the city, earn a reputation for discreet treatment of both physical and psychological conditions and attract many overwrought Hollywood stars and socialites. Security is often tighter against those coming in than those trying to leave. Wakefield's lucrative sideline traffic in illegal abortions is less well known but no less frequented by those who require the service. Indeed, at least a few of Wakefield's staff doctors are willing to hire out for still more questionable services (faking autopsy reports, failing to report gunshot wounds to police, etc.). Wakefield has had at least one notable "failure"—Harold Hadley Copeland, famed for the Copeland bequest, dies there in 1926. He is committed as a babbling maniac and is discovered in his room with his throat slit.

The Livermore Sanitarium (240 Stockton Street) resembles an upscale convalescent home more than an asylum but maintains an excellent cure rate with a full staff of psychotherapists.

"Guests" at **Park Sanatorium (Market Street and Masonic Avenue)** are recovering alcohol or drug addicts sent by families and Hollywood studio heads to dry out incognito.

Resthaven Sanitarium (1521 Madison Street) in Oakland treats convalescent and medical as well as nervous conditions, and offers advance hydrotherapy and electric treatments.

The Insane in California

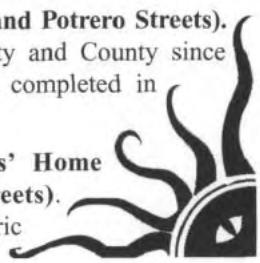
California has ample reason for its great devotion to the problem of the criminally insane: It has the highest ratio of insanity (1 in 489) of any state in the union, well over double the national average. (Vermont is technically higher with 1 in 458, but so many of the insane are treated at home and are not a burden to the state that its effective ratio is hundreds lower.) California also has the most liberal commitment criteria and the highest rate of commitment. An average of 80% (the highest in the United States) of those suspected of mental infirmity are packed off to either state hospitals or urban psycho wards; those thought to be insane include syphilitics, dipsomaniacs, religious fanatics(!), homosexuals, and sufferers of senile dementia. (Epileptics and "feebs" are kept at state-sponsored institutions such as the Sonoma State Home in Glen Ellen, about 50 miles north of San Francisco.) Commitment in California is almost wholly entrusted to medical doctors, rather than to judges or juries. Between 1906 and 1929, San Francisco contributes more than 12,000 individuals, about one third of the insane in California.

Two schools of thought prevail as to the reason for California's, and San Francisco's in particular, abundance of lunatics. One has it that the atmosphere of California itself drives its inhabitants mad, with its boom-bust economy and its "prevailing spirit of intemperance." The second opinion suggests that California attracts a larger number of adult immigrants, including criminals and "transient defectives, both from her sister states and foreign countries." California's policy of lumping alcoholics, shiftless indigents, and simpletons along with the genuinely insane is also cited.

According to California law, a defendant accused of insanity in court was observed by two doctors, who passed final judgment on whether the accused was "so far disordered in mind" as to merit commitment. If the accused had been placed in the urban psychopathic ward, the observation was conducted by a doctor who would not identify himself or explain the purpose of the examination. Although this procedure was overturned by the Supreme Court in 1901, it continued in secret, often with the result that the patient's predictable hostile reaction branded him as unstable.

Hospitals

San Francisco Hospital (22nd and Potrero Streets). Owned and operated by the City and County since 1872, the present building was completed in 1910.



King's Daughters' Incurables' Home (Francisco and Stockton Streets). Devoted entirely to care of geriatric

and terminal patients. Run by King's Daughters, a nondenominational international sisterhood. Limited bed space, but cost based on means, with many charitable cases accepted free of charge.

Letterman General Hospital (The Presidio). Opened by the War Department in 1899 on the Presidio to treat wounded and diseased veterans of the Spanish-American War in the Philippines. 175 beds for use by military personnel and veterans only. Winding garden paths on two sides of the building add an air of relaxation to this well lighted, thoroughly military compound.

Stanford Hospital (Clay and Webster Streets). Opened as Lane Hospital, part of Cooper Medical College, 1893. Purchased in 1917 by Stanford University to treat private patients and as a training hospital for Stanford medical students. Adequate outpatient and ward facilities, but a vast range in experience among staff.

University Hospital (Parnassus and 3rd Avenue). The Regents of the University of California run this both for treatment and research. To the original building (opened 1917) is later added the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute and Moffitt Hospital for Incurables.

St. Mary's Hospital (Hayes and Stanyan Streets). Run by the Sisters of Mercy, this Catholic hospital reopened in 1918.

Canyon Sanitarium. A private retreat for tuberculosis patients. Located in semi-rural Redwood City, with a San Francisco office at the Flood Building.

Shriners' Hospital (1701 19th Avenue). Opens in 1923 under sponsorship of the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine as a treatment center for children with orthopedic disorders.

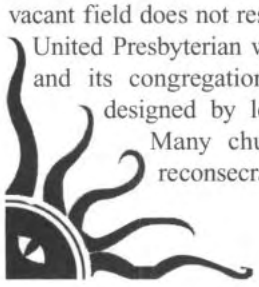
Doctor's Hospital (1065 Sutter Street). Opens November 24, 1927.

Places of Worship

"Observe the Time, My Son, And Fly From Evil."

— Inscription above archway of Old St. Mary's

Many of San Francisco's houses of worship have only begun to be rebuilt from the Great Fire. The cornerstone for Grace Episcopal Cathedral (on California Street at Taylor, on Nob Hill) was laid in 1910, but construction on the vacant field does not resume until 1928. The First Church United Presbyterian was blown up to halt the '06 Fire, and its congregation resides in temporary quarters designed by local architect Bernard Maybeck. Many churches have only recently been reconsecrated, while those unaffected by the fire still experience crowds of commuters from the east side for regular services.



St. Mary's Cathedral

Since 1891 the seat of the Catholic Archdiocese and home of the Archbishop of San Francisco has been St. Mary's, at Van Ness and O'Farrell Streets. The third and current archbishop is Edward J. Hanna, who oversees the administration of the Bay Area's parishes and resolves political conflicts with the city. St. Mary's is ruined by fire in 1962 and replaced with a new, starkly modern St. Mary's at Geary and Gough Streets.

Old St. Mary's Church

Once the seat of the Pacific Coast Archdiocese (dedicated 1854), Old St. Mary's (at 660 California Street and Grant Avenue) became a lowly parish church with the decline of the area and the rise of Chinatown. A Spanish Gothic structure of blackened brick with a clock on its belltower, the church stands out starkly against the surrounding pagodas. The cavernous interior is lined with images of the saints in stained glass and marble and was completely refurnished after the fire. Mass is offered daily at 10:00 a.m. and midnight by the Paulist priests. The parishioners come from North Beach and downtown, an odd mixture of staid Italians and devout commuters.

SCENARIO HOOK

The cornerstone in the lot of the unbuilt Grace Cathedral is the site of a grisly discovery on a winter morning: the remains of an enormous sea serpent are found, flayed and drained of blood, upon the stone. As the days pass, the sacrifices continue: a sea turtle, an albatross, a sea lion, a whale—then a human being. Excavation of the lot turns up dozens of hermetically sealed limestone urns, jars containing the vitals of an Indian cult from two to four thousand years old. A modern cult is reclaiming the hallowed church ground for the Great Old One who was once worshiped there. The escalating sacrifices signify Cthulhu's dominion over all life in the sea and over humanity.

Mission Dolores (Misión San Francisco de Asís)

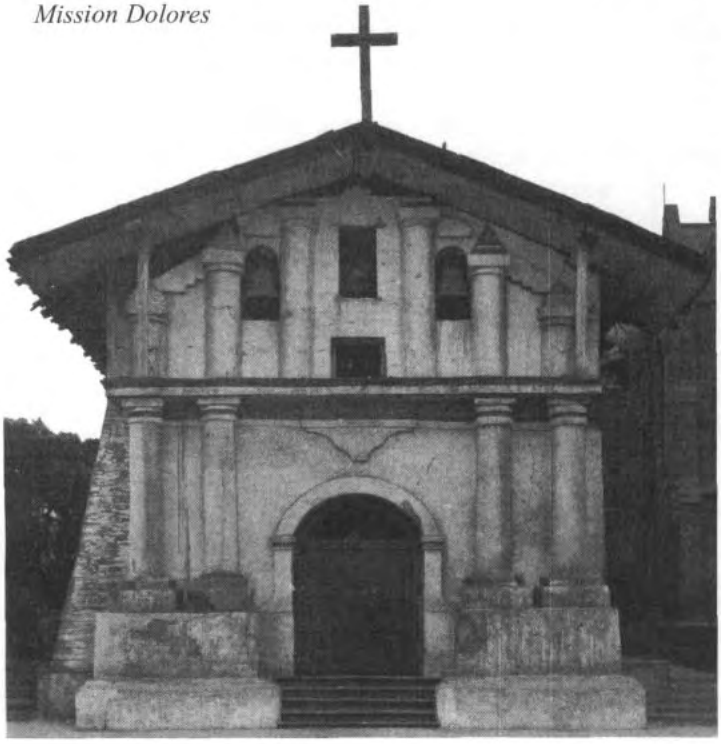
The oldest building in San Francisco, Mission Dolores (at Dolores and 16th Streets) was the sixth of twenty-one Franciscan missions in a chain from San Diego to Sonoma Counties. Its rustic adobe walls and humble columned facade seem like anachronisms amid the blue-collar immigrant neighborhood all around it. The mission

was refurbished in 1918 to cleanse it of a century of neglect, earthquakes, and vandalism. The mission's chalice and holy relics vanished with the abandonment of the Franciscans. For two decades after the Spaniards withdrew from California, the mission was parceled out as warehouse space, a saloon, and a stable. The dim interior has been repainted to refresh the ornate designs (painted by converted Costanoan Indians) around the altar. The wood-beamed ceiling is of a complicated Indian design that was once held together only with leather thongs (the recent remodeling added steel supports). The church is used for mass only on the holidays, but the marble baptismal font still sees use for additions to the parish. The baptismal records are, remarkably, still intact and extend back to the mission's founding in 1776.

The larger stone church beside the mission was completed the same year. Originally consecrated in honor of the mission's centennial, the first church annex collapsed in the '06 quake. Daily masses are held and confession heard here.

Beneath the grassy grounds of the adjoining Mission Dolores cemetery lie the remains of the missionaries and early San Franciscans. More than 5,500 Indians, victims of the diseases of the Spaniards, are buried here alongside priests, soldiers, and pioneers of the Gold Rush. The grand sandstone obelisks of the city's wealthy crowd along Dolores Street, while the rest of the graves have worn stubs of headstones or anonymous posts. It is said that there are many more graves than markers in Dolores Cemetery, and it is perhaps for this reason as well as for historical value that Dolores is the only civilian cemetery within city limits not slated for exhumation by the City Board of Supervisors.

Mission Dolores



SCENARIO HOOK

The exterior walls of Mission Dolores are coated with layers of wood and adobe which, when partially removed, reveal an Indian fetish marked with swirling carvings. The artifact contains the spirit of a Costanoan Indian who, upon converting to Catholicism, entered the fetish to ward off a curse laid upon the mission by rival Indians in the form of an invocation to Zu-che-quon. If the fetish is removed from the premises, the Great Old One manifests in the chapel, driving parishioners to blind themselves and go mad.

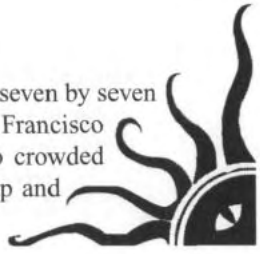
Temple Emanu-El

The Jewish congregation of San Francisco has relocated several times in the city's history. In 1926 it moves from its synagogue at 450 Sutter Street to Arguello Boulevard and Lake Street, into a grand Levantine temple named for Emanuel Berg, the congregation's Gold Rush-era founder. Half of the L-shaped temple serves as the sanctuary, the other as the temple house. The temple proper has seats for 1,234 beneath a dome 150 feet high. Another 460 may be seated in the balconies which overlook the temple floor on two sides. At the head of the temple, between two pulpits, stands a replica of the Ark of the Covenant, which contains the scrolls of the Torah. Services are held every Friday evening at 5:30 and Saturday morning at 10:30.

The temple also has a 740-seat auditorium with a pipe organ, a wedding chapel, and a library with thousands of antiquated bibles, books, and scrolls of Judaic interest, as well as a small circulation library for the use of congregation members. Most of the core collection may be studied within the library only, but the general public is welcome to peruse it as long as they observe the traditions of the congregation respectfully.

Emanu-El is a Reform Jewish congregation. Keneseth Israel synagogue at 935 Webster and Anshey Sfard on Golden Gate Avenue are Orthodox congregations, while Beth Israel on Geary in the Jewish Fillmore area offers Conservative services.

Cemeteries



As a city measuring only seven by seven miles, the narrow San Francisco peninsula has become so crowded that the dead were dug up and driven out.

San Francisco's Mass Exhumation

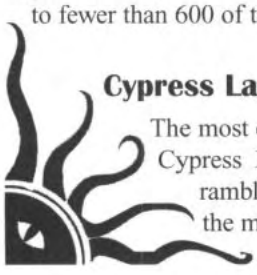
In 1900, the City Board of Supervisors passed a bill forbidding the burial of human bodies within city limits, and in 1914 the Board of Health ordered all graves exhumed and relocated elsewhere. An examination of the City Charter revealed that all the city's cemeteries violated zoning ordinances and were subject to eviction. Also among their reasons for the order were complaints that the cemeteries were fast becoming gathering places for unsavory characters and lewd or obscene activities, such as drinking parties, orgies, and grave robbery. The conversion of city-owned Golden Gate Cemetery at Clement Street and 33rd Avenue into a golfing park left hundreds of Gold-Rush era cadavers under the turf; only the headstones were relocated and used to build a seawall at Aquatic Park. The cemeteries are fighting the ordinance and will continue to resist until 1937, but the Odd Fellows, Masons, and Nevai Shalome organizations have all begun to relocate voluntarily to plots in Colma. The ongoing exodus of human remains has stirred up inevitable cases of grave robbery and looting, both before and after the assembly-line exhumation process begins.

SCENARIO HOOK

The Masonic Cemetery is one of the most oft-violated of the embattled cemeteries in the city, with grave desecrations and complaints of disorderly, noisy conduct at all hours regular occurrences. When one considers that the cemetery is also an Atlantean power spot (see Golden Gate Park, page 41), the disturbances take on a horrible new significance. The Atlantean cognate of the cemetery is said to have been a temple to Jupiter (Azathoth?) where priests calculated the positions of the stars and planets and made offerings to them. When the Masonic Cemetery is cleared out in the 1930's, the land is purchased by Jesuit College (now University of San Francisco) as the site of Lone Mountain College.

Colma Necropolis

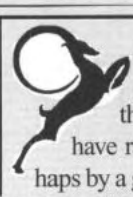
The dead residents of San Francisco's neighbor to the south outnumber the living by more than five to one. With six large nondenominational cemeteries and numerous smaller religious burial grounds, Colma's permanent population approaches a quarter million, while the town itself is home to fewer than 600 of the living.



Cypress Lawn

The most extravagant of Colma's cemeteries, Cypress Lawn is an idyllic meadow with rambling loops of road winding among the monuments to the city's leading citizens. The Hearst mausoleum holds Senator George and Phoebe Apperson Hearst; Charles de Young, gunslinging *Chronicle* co-founder and brother of M. H. de Young, is memorialized with a towering bronze statue. Sugar king Claus Spreckels and Comstock Lode baron James C. Flood, among others, sleep in Baroque marble mansions larger than the houses in which many San Franciscans live.

SCENARIO HOOK



The ground beneath the town of Colma has become home to the largest colony of ghouls on the West Coast. Growing fat off the almost unlimited supply of corpses, ghouls have rarely been seen by human eyes, except perhaps by a groundskeeper working late at night, or a few kids breaking into a graveyard on a dare. Perhaps one of those kids stumbles across a ghoul tunnel, and is never heard from again.

Labor and Industry

By 1902 California was at the head of the cause of labor, with 495 pro-labor groups in the state, of which 124 were in San Francisco. These groups gathered their power bases in population centers and moved against mistreatment of workers by crass capitalist ownership.

Anarchists and Wobblies

Under political boss Abe Ruef, the unions in San Francisco were the first in the United States to achieve a "closed shop." When Ruef and his lackey Mayor Schmitz were ousted from power in 1907, the back of labor was effectively broken in the city. Striking workers of the United Railroad Company stopped all public transportation in San Francisco for four months in the same year; clashes during the strike claimed 39 lives and wounded more than 700. Public opinion moved against the unions, and picketing was made illegal in 1916. Embittered militant workers formed underground cells, supposedly throughout the world, and made a name for themselves through campaigns of force and terror that burned their threat into the national consciousness. A group of labor terrorists from the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers launched a nationwide conspiracy of dynamitings out of San Francisco between 1907 and 1911. One such bombing destroyed the rabidly anti-labor Los Angeles Times Building, killing 21 employees. The conspirators were caught and found guilty but escaped the death penalty; the government feared further, worse reprisals would come if they made martyrs of the terrorists.

The International Workers of the World, or Wobblies, have formed from the extreme fringes of the labor move-

ment and rail against not only capitalism but any form of organized union as well. They readily attach themselves to any other groups seeking to overthrow the state and maintain ties to Bolsheviks, pro-German nationalists, and anarchists. The means they employ to reach their goal of a proto-anarchic worker's state include hate-filled oration and propaganda delivered in the squalid camps of itinerant farm workers in the Central Valley, inciting them to riot. The Wheatland hop riot in 1913, in which a Wobbly orator led a mob of enraged workers to attack and kill a Yuba County district attorney and sheriff's deputy, sparked similar violence up and down the state. The government's harsh sentencing of IWW agitators (the provocateur of Wheatland received life in prison) only pushed labor extremists to greater aggression.

In 1916, a San Francisco "Preparedness Day Parade" on July 22 was held to encourage expansion of U.S. armed forces and entrance into the war in Europe. A bomb exploded on the parade route at Market and Steuart Streets, killing ten and wounding forty other innocents. The bomb was believed to have been dropped from a rooftop or planted on the street, and after a shoddy and one-sided investigation and trial, two Wobblies were sentenced to life imprisonment. Reviews of the flimsiness of the evidence against them went on fruitlessly until 1939, when both were pardoned. The real bomber went unmolested.

Throughout the 1920's, San Francisco's Wobbly and Anarchist groups maintain secret networks, revealing themselves only to ignite violence during labor disputes or to strike at their enemies. For the Wobblies, these are the holders of capital and captains of industry, while the Anarchists attack any symbol of authority or social order, from politicians to public transportation. In 1924 alone, 64 Wobblies are sent to San Quentin for conspiracy, inciting riots, and arson. The Wobblies hole up in the working-class neighborhoods south of Market and meet in the back rooms of pool halls and speakeasies. The less militant Workmen's Circle and Socialist Party hold meetings in the basement of the San Francisco Labor Lyceum Association at 1740 O'Farrell Street. Anarchist cabals, by definition small and constantly fragmenting into ever-smaller groups, are not so predictable but can be found in coffeehouses and other hangouts for frustrated intellectuals. The Anarchistic agenda parallels that of the cults of the Outer Gods and, if not actively serving Them, could be playing into Their hands, or trying to subvert even Their will to serve their own nihilistic aims.

Banks

San Francisco is the banking center of the West. All major American banks have branch offices in the triangle formed by Market, Kearny, and Washington Streets, as do foreign investment banks such as Yokohama Specie and the Asian Banking Corporation.

Bank of Italy (53 California Street). Founded by Amadeo P. Giannini (b. 1870), the San Jose son of an Italian immigrant, in 1904 with only $150,000 in capital, the Bank of Italy fast became the West's largest financial institution by lending to Italian, Portuguese, and Chinese immigrants scorned by established rival lenders. The bank has interests in import-export shipping throughout the world and enjoys a reputation for staking large amounts of capital on bold new ideas. In 1930, the Bank of Italy rechristens itself the Bank of America, taking its new name from a New York bank of 1928.

Pacific Stock Exchange (353 Bush Street). The Pacific Stock Exchange has all the frenzy and energy of its counterpart in New York. San Francisco's trading opens and closes three hours earlier to remain in sync with Wall Street, buy-

Bart Crawley

A wild-eyed skulker in a ragged WWI surplus trenchcoat, street person Bart Crawley shifts his alliances to benefit the workers of the world and himself, not necessarily in that order. As a numbers-runner he flits all over the city, collecting bets and inside dope to trade in case he's collared by the cops. He foams at the mouth when hearing or talking about class revolution, but he believes a well planted bit of disinformation may succeed where an ill-planted bomb will not. Crawley is doggedly loyal to those who seem to humor his radical cause, but delights in warming up to well-to-do investigators only to rip them off or lead them on a potentially lethal wild goose chase.

BART CRAWLEY, Wobbly Numbers-runner, Age 38

STR 08 **DEX** 18 **INT** 16
CON 09 **APP** 08 **POW** 13
SIZ 10 **SAN** 35 **EDU** 13
HP 10

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: .25 Derringer 30%, 1D6

Skills: Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 55%, Forgery 45%, Handgun 30%, Law 30%, Locksmith 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Pickpocket 50%, Scrounging 55%, Set/Disarm Traps 80%, Surveillance 20%.

ing and selling on the strength of tickertape messages from back east. San Francisco is a city of con artists, and the best work the stock exchange. Novices on the floor will be invited to buy into oilfields, gold mines, and other deals, as exotic as the mark's gullibility will allow. These operators demand large sums of cash or checks with which they immediately vanish, resurfacing only weeks later, after their victims have tired of searching for them.

Old U.S. Mint

The cornerstone of San Francisco's grand temple to capitalism was laid on May 26, 1870 on Mission and Fifth Streets with an all-Masonic parade featuring the Knights Templar of Camandery No. 1 and the Masons of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of California. The stone filled with an array of commemorative items and consecrated with a sacred Masonic ritual, the building of the most massive mint in the Pacific states began. Built with the proceeds of the Comstock silver boom, the mint has a copper roof, granite foundation, and wrought-iron superstructure, designed to withstand fires and earthquakes. (This was successfully put to the test when, in 1906, both disasters failed to level the mint, leaving it the only intact structure in the Mission District.) Single-block marble columns, 30' high and 30 tons in weight, support the mint's massive facade. 170 employees tend to the presses, which have stamped out over $1,000,000 in coinage to date. The mint museum, displaying an enormous array of extremely rare coins and currency, is open to the public from 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. daily.

Stories collect about the ominous, hermetically sealed structure, both about its inner workings and about attempts to plunder it. A man said to have tunneled under the mint was crushed in a cave-in caused by the Mission Street cable cars, and a mad bomber calling himself "The Shadow" threatens to blow up the mint on March 16, 1928. Employees of the mint have discovered that anything left on the premises soon becomes worth its weight in gold due to saturation from free-floating gold dust. Despite ongoing petty and creative theft (a janitor smuggled untold amounts of silver home in the corpses of rats killed in the mint's cellars), the $200,000,000 in gold bullion and coin remain inviolate until the mint is replaced with the current one on Market Street in 1937. Those who make much of the Masonic presence in San Francisco believe that they had some ulterior purpose in masterminding the construction of the mint and view it as a contemptuous display of the Masons' power over the Federal reserve for their own purposes.

Coit Tower

Sights

A beautiful city well situated to present the visitor with memorable vistas and colorful history.

Fisherman's Wharf

A picturesque vision of San Francisco history is preserved in the harbor of the Italian fishing fleet. Less than two blocks away from the motorized auto ferry terminals at the Hyde Street, the Neapolitan and Sicilian fishermen mend their nets. They put out to sea hours before sunrise and are home, their catch in the market, before 8:00 a.m. Restaurants and stand-up clam chowder counters crowd the wharf, offering the freshest seafood humanly possible for 25¢. The mongers of narrow, pungent Fish Alley ply passersby with rock cod, crab, salmon, and octopus. The rambling brick factory complex of Ghirardelli Chocolate (900 North Point Square) dominates the skyline with its massive electric sign suspended above the rooftops. The California Fruit Canners Association cannery (Leavenworth and Jefferson) has its own rail yard for shipping, and Fort Mason, the Army's central Quartermaster Depot, offloads supplies from three piers at the foot of Van Ness. High above North Beach stands Telegraph Hill, where a crow's nest wired with a telegraph relayed the first word of ships coming into the bay and the executors of the estate of Lillie Hitchcock Coit raise a new kind of tower as a monument to the city's volunteer firemen.

Coit Tower

As a child, Lillie Hitchcock (1837–1929) was the mascot and, later, honorary member of the Knickerbocker No. 5 volunteer fire company. Even after her marriage to financier Charles McPhail Coit, Lillie remained an ardent fire-worshiper and wove the number 5 into every article of clothing she wore. Mrs. Coit left her apartments at the Palace Hotel in 1904 for Paris but returns to San Francisco in 1924. Her will bequeaths $100,000 to beautify the city and another $50,000 for a monument at the top of Telegraph Hill. Coit Tower stands 210 feet high, a tapered column of

reinforced concrete with an observatory lodge at its peak. The tower is completed in 1933.

Lotta's Fountain

A monument to famed San Francisco stage actress and singer Lotta Crabtree, the fountain standing at Market and Geary Streets drew unanimous criticism from papers and public for its extreme Baroque ugliness and was remodeled by no fewer than nineteen(!) artists in a vain attempt to make it presentable. At least one of the artists went mad in the attempt. With water mains severed by the Great Fire, the reviled fountain became the only source of water in the downtown area after the '06 quake. Now, with its waterspouts plugged, Lotta's Fountain resembles the burned columnar remnant of a ruined temple, in the shade of which traffic cops direct the flow of traffic down Market Street. Lotta's Fountain can be seen in the foreground of the photo of the Palace Hotel on page 32.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor

Located in Lincoln Park, across from the golf course. Completed and opened to the public in 1920, the Palace of the Legion of Honor is a monument to California's lost veterans of World War I as well as an art museum. Modeled on Paris' Legion of Honor, the marmoreal palace was designed by architect George Applegarth and financed by sugar potentate Adolph Bernard Spreckels and his wife, socialite Alma de Bretteville Spreckels, who donate the museum to the city in 1924. Along with its sizable collection of predominantly nineteenth-century French paintings and *objets d'art*, the Spreckels have brought together many of Rodin's bronze sculptures for public display.

Palace of the Legion of Honor

Golden Gate Park

The first and largest of San Francisco's 54 parks was surveyed in August 1870. Its borders, laid out on the then Outside Lands on the western border of the city, encompassed a huge tract of land that could never have been developed for such use after the city expanded—a rectangular plot 3 miles long by 1/2 mile wide, with an area of 1,013 acres. The lush sylvan setting was forced onto the sand dunes at great expense of both money and water. As the park developed, it came to host the city's grandest museums and served as the site of the 1894 Midwinter Fair, where a recent innovation—electricity—was showcased with a Tower of Electricity, complete with a powerful searchlight.

The park's walking paths ramble through a series of secluded groves with manicured flora reproducing the scenes of far-flung climes, including a coniferous forest, a Japanese tea garden, a primeval fern and cycad jungle, several ponds, and a preserve for American buffalo. Sports and music pavilions dot the landscape, and a carousel provided entertainment for children. Other, more erudite follies were hidden away in the park. William Randolph Hearst purchased a ruined Cistercian monastery, Santa Maria de Ovila, and transported it piece by piece for reassembly on the shore of Stow Lake in the park in 1931. According to legend, the monastery was cursed by witches executed in the Inquisition. A fire destroyed the plans for the monastery while en route, and the pieces were dumped on the shore, never to be assembled.

Another famous attraction is the Conservatory of Flowers, a replica of London's Kew Gardens and second only to that garden for the variety of its menagerie of flowering plants. The fantastic iron and glass structure was ordered by eccentric philanthropist James Lick (see Lick Observatory, page 73) for his own home and was erected at Golden Gate Park when it became clear he would not live to enjoy it.

John McLaren

San Francisco's Superintendent of Parks from 1890 to his death in 1940, John McLaren is a staunch defender of Golden Gate Park as a refuge from the pressures of the city. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1847, McLaren has made the park his life's work and vigorously fights off any civic or private attempt to misuse it. McLaren's most hated enemy is statuary; statues were hidden by trees or massed rhododendrons. When a statue to himself is erected in the park, he promptly orders a ring of bushes planted to hide it from view. Imagine an investigator sneaking through the bushes at night, heart pumping, only to suddenly come face to face with the bronze statue of Beethoven!

California Academy of Sciences

As much a research facility for the natural sciences as it is a natural history museum, the California Academy actively pursues specimens all over the world, particularly in the Americas and the Pacific Islands. All but a wagonload of the original museum collection burned with the Academy's first building on Market Street in 1906. In 1916, the museum reopened at its present site in Golden Gate Park and vigorously rebuilt its collection into one of the largest in North America. The Academy

SCENARIO HOOK

A number of ghostly sightings in the park have led some to suppose that undiscovered murders might have taken place in the area, while others suspect the park itself, or rather the ground it lies upon.

Theosophical speculators at the turn of the century hypothesized that Golden Gate Park lay on an interdimensional gate connecting with a temple (ostensibly dedicated to Neptune) in Tlamco, the capital of Atlantis. Opinions varied over whether the gate opens on the Tlamco of the distant past, a contemporary Tlamco in a parallel dimension, or San Francisco's counterpart in the Dreamlands. Some believe that the capital of Atlantis, if not the entire continent, escaped destruction by moving to fill a vacant plane to save itself from the impact of a meteor ten thousand years ago. In any case, the portal is supposed to lie atop Strawberry Hill, near the center of the park, and is believed to open at certain times of the year, allowing travel to and from the Atlantean plane. Theorists further speculated that this was but one of nine trans-Atlantean portals laid out throughout San Francisco, corresponding to the various temples set about the primordial city in an elaborate geometrical pattern. The top of Strawberry Hill commands a magnificent view of the city and the Pacific Ocean, but the peak itself is marred by the circular ruin of an observatory which collapsed there in the '06 earthquake.

is governed by a Board of Directors, which votes funding for expeditions, new personnel, and expansions of the museum's collection. The Academy publishes reams of occasional papers and journal articles on its findings in the life sciences, which are collected into an annual omnibus volume for circulation at universities and scientific associations.

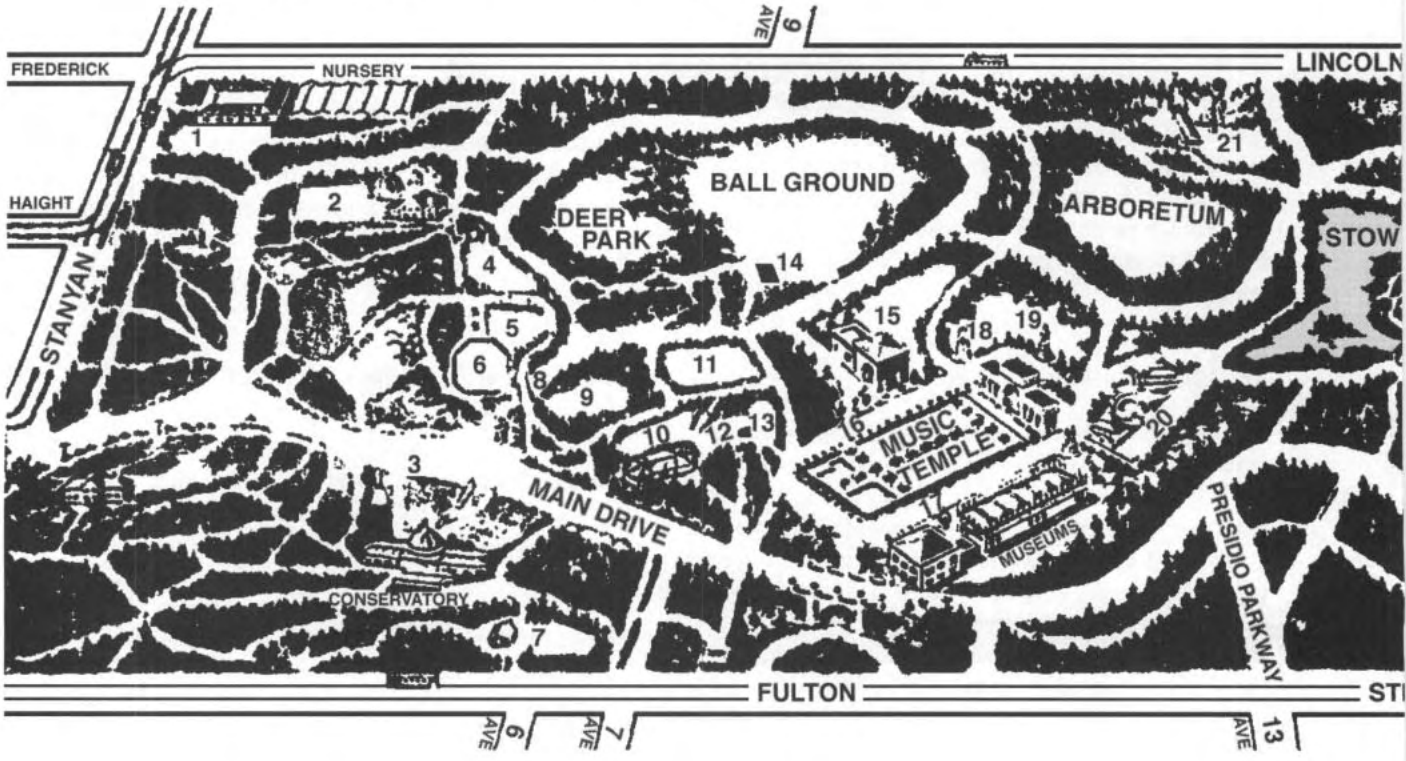
Permanent Collection

North American Hall, the Academy's first building in the Park, displays the flora and fauna of the western hemisphere in dramatic, painstakingly rendered dioramas, the first of their kind anywhere. The bird hall contains some thirty thousand species of birds. The museum also holds the largest collection of insect specimens west of the Smithsonian; more than fifty thousand reptiles and amphibians; two hundred thousand catalogued species of plant life; and nearly a million fossil and geological specimens, with special emphasis on early invertebrates. In 1934 the Academy opens Simson Hall, a gallery of taxidermed animals from Africa donated by Berkeley big-game hunter Leslie Simson.

Library

The Academy library stacks offer the most extensive body of reference on natural history west of the Mississippi. The reading room is open to visitors, who may have librarians retrieve the requested materials for perusal on the premises.

A View of Golden Gate Park



Expeditions

Since the Great Fire, the Academy has sent expeditions all over the world to rebuild its collection, with particular emphasis on the western U.S., México and Central America, the South Pacific, and Australia.

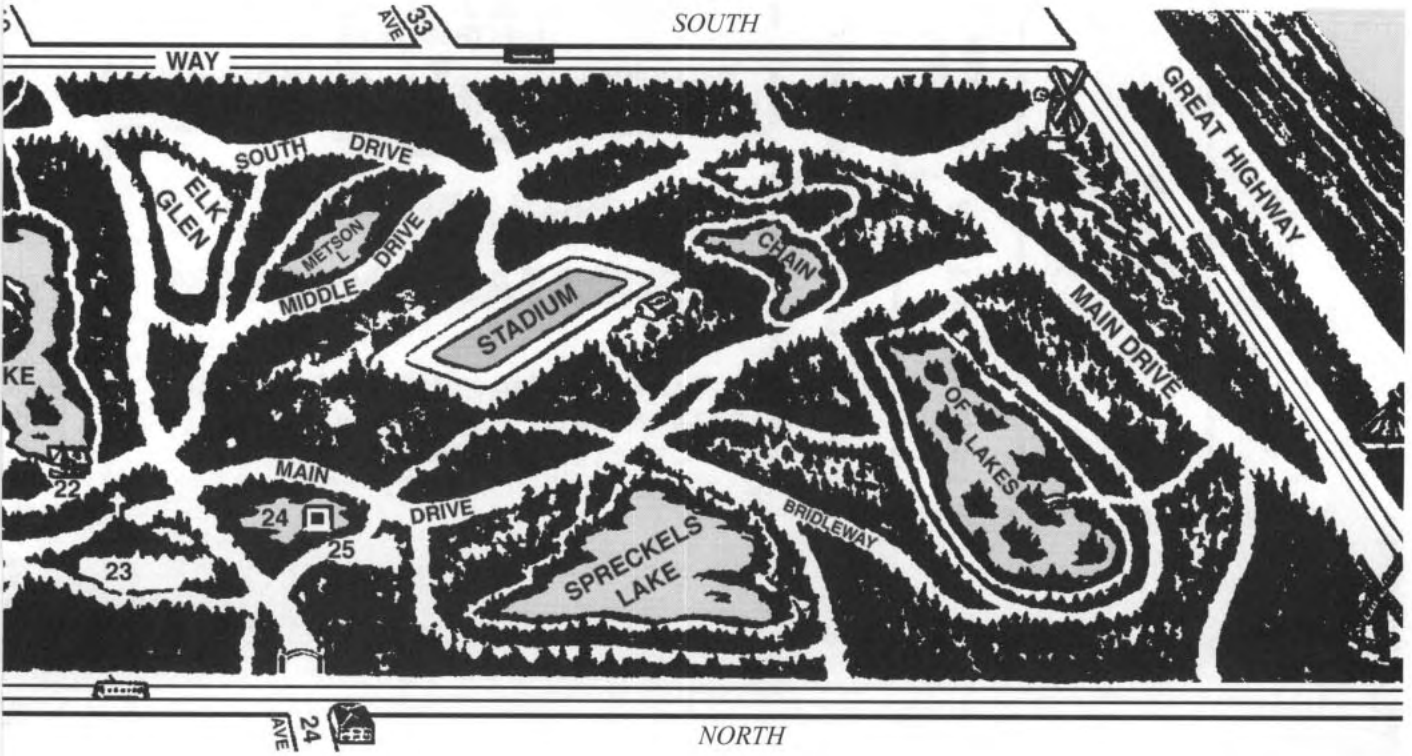
- 1905–1906, Galápagos Islands. Ornithology study; full flora/fauna collection.
- 1913, Northern California & Oregon. Fossils from Miocene and Pliocene periods.
- 1914, Alaska. Botanical survey.
- 1914–1919. Ongoing geological and fossil collection throughout western U.S.
- 1919, Western U.S. Reptiles and insects.
- 1921, Baja Islands and east coast. Flora/fauna collection. Encountered primitive cannibal tribe on Isla Tíburon (not in Marin).
- 1921, Tehachapi, California. Eocene period fossils.
- 1922, Tecate, México. Seal census on Guadalupe Island.
- 1923, San Pedro Martir Mountains, México. Mammals, reptiles, plants.
- 1924–1926, Guatemala. Reptiles and amphibians.
- 1925, Sinaloa and Nayarit. Bird skins.
- 1926, Santa Barbara Islands, California. Fossils.
- 1926, Baja California. Geological samples and fossils.
- 1927, Alaska. Bird and mammal skins.
- 1927, San Diego, California. Pliocene fossils.
- 1928, Mt. Shasta (see page 82). Fossils from Cretaceous beds.
- 1929–1934, Panamá. Skins of birds and mammals.
- 1929–1930, Australia. Reptiles, amphibians, insects, and shells.

Steinhart Aquarium

The Aquarium opens in 1923, a bequest of philanthropist Ignatz Steinhart to the Academy. Three pools of seawater grace the plaza before the aquarium, home to seals, otters, and other marine mammals. Inside, a corridor winds around three sides of the reinforced concrete building, displaying over 57 fresh- and saltwater tanks of glass 1 1/4 inches thick. The water is circulated through a 100,000-

Key to Map

1. Emergency Hospital
2. Children's Playground
3. Garfield Monument
4. Bowling Green
5. Croquet
6. Tennis Courts
7. Rustic House
8. Bridge
9. Lawn
10. Aviary
11. Buffalo Paddock
12. Zoo
13. Bears
14. Handball Court
15. Academy of Sciences
16. Francis Scott Key
17. Sundial
18. Beethoven
19. Verdi
20. Japanese Village
21. Waterworks
22. Boathouse
23. Prayer-Book Cross
24. Lloyd Lake
25. Portals of the Past



gallon underground reservoir beneath the aquarium. Representing more than ten thousand specimens of 500 different varieties, the selection of fish and amphibians spans the globe, but most are from expeditions throughout the Pacific. Offices, a reference library, and a fully equipped research laboratory are located in the basement. The aquarium sends expeditions to sea semiannually to collect specimens in a chartered ship.

A rectangular enclosure in the entrance hall of the building contains a fenced-in sunken tank which holds eight to fifteen alligators at any one time. The fence around the tank is only waist-high; children have been known to dare each other to walk the fence. The alligators are kept well fed on the theory that if anyone were to fall in, they would be too logy to attack. At least twice in Steinhart's history someone has fallen in, once with no injuries and once with minor scrapes caused by an alligator snapping at the man as he ran past it to climb out.

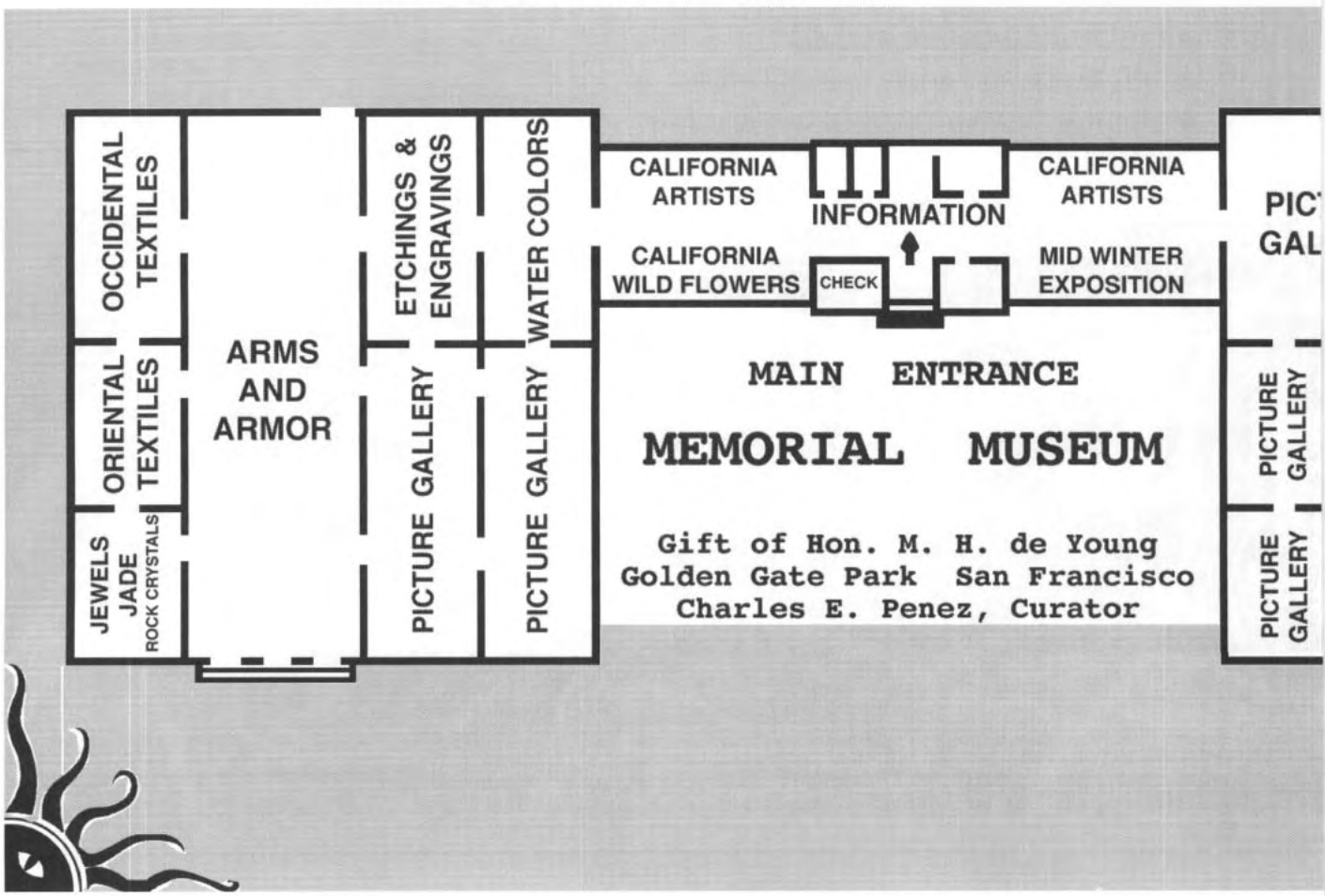
SCENARIO HOOK

A cultist may deliberately sacrifice himself to the alligators, or a much-chewed body is found one morning by the keeper. Another use for this location could be to find secret ceremonies being held there for alligator shapeshifters, devotees of Shub-Niggurath given to bizarre, tail-lashing orgies.

De Young Museum

The De Young Memorial Museum and Art Gallery began as a holdover from the 1894 Midwinter Fair, financed by *Chronicle* publisher M. H. de Young. The Fair's Fine Arts Building, an ornate replica of an ancient Egyptian temple, was stocked with statuary and exhibits purchased from the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago and donations made by the city at large. It soon became a gigantic hall of curios, including furniture, Comstock-era souvenirs, a length of the Vigilance Committee rope that hanged gambler Charles Cora (see sidebar, page 12), and the stuffed remains of Bummer and Lazarus (see page 99). De Young toured Europe buying paintings, sculpture, textiles, and assorted bizarre gewgaws until the museum was stuffed. In 1919 a new building was completed and filled with a collection from Europe and the Orient. The collection, and the museum itself, continues to grow at an alarming rate. The original Fine Arts Building is demolished in 1928, its

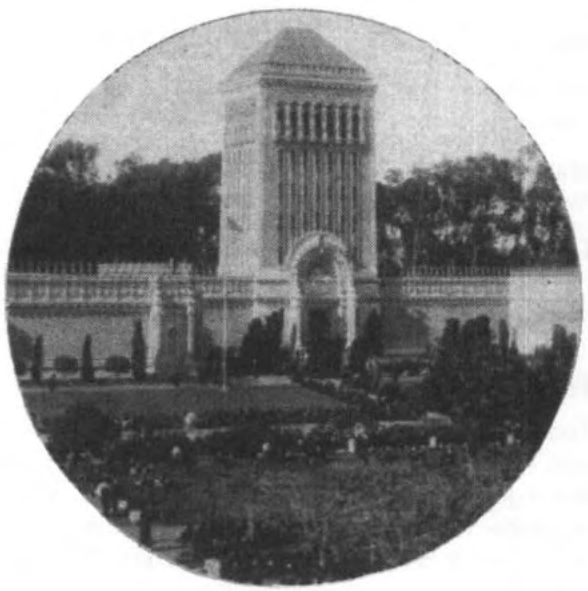
(below) Floor Plan of De Young Museum's Three Buildings



odd collection placed in storage basements beneath the museum. The museum boasts an excellent art and local history library, open to visitors by appointment.

The new museum has a reinforced steel and concrete structure, with a central tower 134 feet high. The facade is decorated with bas-reliefs, and the front entrance overlooks the Pool of Enchantment, a lily pond with a bronze sculpture of an Indian and a pair of mountain lions on an islet in the center. An enormous bronze sundial on the south lawn commemorates Ximenes, Cabrillo, and Drake, the first three Europeans to land in California. A bronze vase by Gustave Doré is displayed on the west lawn.

There is no admission fee to view the permanent collection.



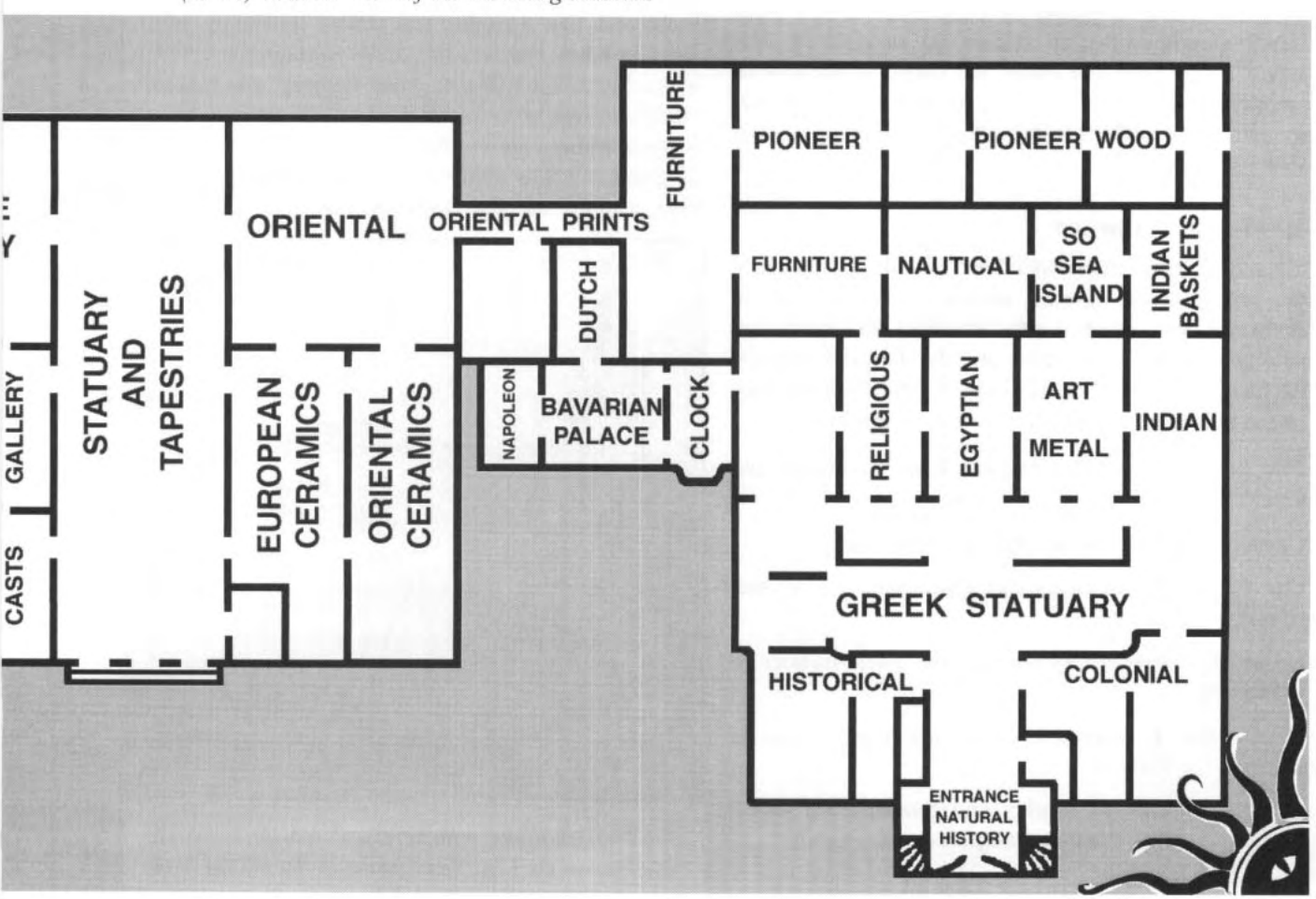
(above) Exterior View of the De Young Museum

Getting Around San Francisco

A variety of means are used to move the populace around a city with terrain as varied as that of San Francisco and the greater Bay Area.

Cable Cars

The cable car is San Francisco's solution to the obstacles posed by its formidable hills. Horse-drawn wagons frequently stalled on the steep avenues running up Nob and Russian Hills and tumbled down, dragging horses and drivers to a horrible demise. Invented in 1873 by Scottish engineer Andrew Smith Hallidie, the cable cars are towed



along by cables of woven steel running through a slot in the track; the car disengages from the cable and braces itself when it stops, and is rotated on a turntable at either end of its route. The cables are kept circulating by a central powerhouse on each line. San Francisco has six cable car lines (Clay, Sutter, California, Geary, Presidio, and Market) which run the length of their respective streets. As the city rebuilt itself from the 1906 disaster (see page 60), some of the original lines were discontinued as the automobile rendered them obsolete. The cable car had already become so synonymous with San Francisco, however, that the citizens kept them going, if only as a reminder of the past.

At peak hours in the morning and early evening, the cable cars are tightly packed with commuters, many of whom hang off the rails as the cars plod uphill at a steady 9 miles an hour. A specialized class of pickpockets works the cable cars at rush hour, working themselves into position beside unwary marks and relieving them of valuables before leaping off the car in motion and disappearing into the sidewalk crowds. Fare is 10¢.

There are two rows of outside seats on a cable car, on either side of the gripman, as well as a glassed-in cabin. Along the outer length of each outside row is a ledge where standing passengers may perch, clinging to outside bars and pressing in against seated passengers when two cable cars pass by each other. It is a long-standing tradition that no woman may stand on the outside of a cable car. The driver will simply refuse to start the car until such a lady either gets off or is given a seat by one of the gentlemen present. This prohibition continues until the 1960's.

Municipal Railways

The city also runs a network of electric rail cars, alongside ten privately run railways owned by the Market St. Railway Company. The myriad tracks of the various rail conveyances form a mazelike grid that fans out throughout the City from the foot of Market's Ferry Building. Fare on the municipal railways is also 10¢ per passenger.

Car A: Ferries and Golden Gate Park via Market and Geary.

Car B: Ferries and Ocean via Market and Geary.

Car C: Ferries via Geary and California to 33rd Ave. (Lincoln Park).

Car D: Ferries via Geary and Van Ness; transfer to Presidio.

Car E: Ferries via Washington and Union to Presidio.

Car F: Market and Stockton via North Beach to transport docks.

Car H: Van Ness and Bay to Potrero and 25th Streets.

Car J: From ferries via Market and Church to 30th.

Car K: From ferries via Market, Twin Peaks Tunnel, Forest Hill, Parkside, Claremont, St. Francis Wood, Ingleside Terrace, and Westwood Park.

Buses

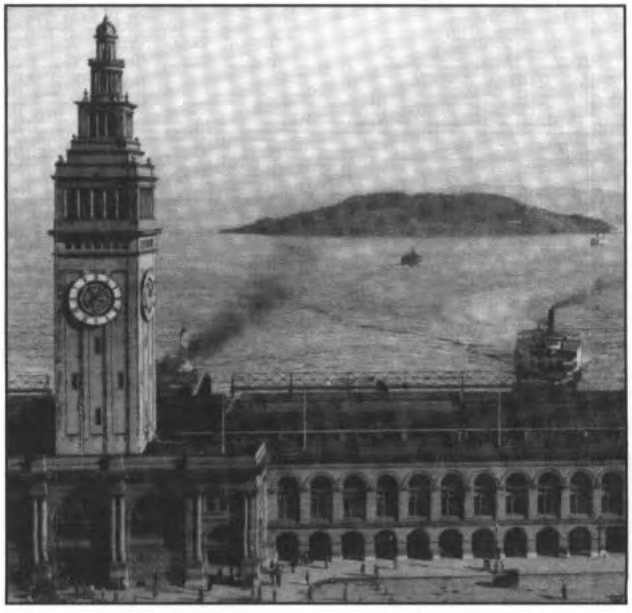
Through the 1920's, San Francisco has only two bus routes, which serve the west side of the city:

Line No. 1: From 25th Ave. and Irving St. via Irving, 5th Ave., Judah, 9th Ave., and Park to Fulton and 10th Ave.

Line No. 2: From 48th Ave. and Kirkham via 48th Ave., Lincoln Way, and Great Highway to Cabrillo and Great Highway.

Ferry Boats

The ferries are the main mode of transport across the bay. Double-decker boats each carry several hundred passengers from the Ferry Building downtown or Hyde Street Pier in North Beach to Key Route Pier or the Mole in Oakland in just under an hour for a fare of 8¢ for passengers, $1.18 for automobiles. Boats plying the routes between San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Vallejo, Richmond, and Sausalito run almost constantly during daylight hours and less frequently through the evening, with a last run at 1:00 a.m. River steamers also make the eight-hour trek up to Sacramento several times a day. On foggy mornings and evenings, the short trip seems like a long journey into oblivion, with opaque gray walls of mist closing off the sight of land on either side.



The Ferry Building, with Ferries Steaming Across the Bay Toward the City; Goat Island in the Background.

Navigating only by the eerie cacophony of foghorns, bells, and sirens from hazardous spots, the ferries fumble their way to their slips at the foot of Market with relatively few collisions.

Thousands of commuters cross the bay to work each day, on foot or in their automobiles. The first exclusively car-carrying ferry, the *Fresno*, goes into service in 1927 with a capacity of 85 to 90 automobiles and is eventually joined by the boats *Klamath* and *Russian River*.

By 1930, the Southern Pacific runs 43 ferries on the bay, but competition is fierce, with two ferry companies and three other railroads offering service to every port at the same or lower fares: Golden Gate (auto-ferry service to Vallejo and Berkeley), Northwestern Pacific (service to Sausalito with connecting trains to points north), Santa Fe (competing service to Oakland with trains to points east), Western Pacific (docking at Richmond, with trains to Sacramento and Stockton), and the Key Route system (cutting minutes off the commute with its three-mile Key Pier, and buses and electrains throughout the East Bay). For a significantly higher sum, private water taxis may be chartered to cross the bay or to go to other ports along the Pacific. Because of the swift currents, shallows, and rocks which mar much of the bay, even a veteran sailor may easily wreck a boat if he lacks the familiarity that comes with years of navigating it; thus, pleasure boats usually confine themselves to the deeper waters of the Golden Gate.

San Francisco-Oakland: The first ferry leaves at 6:00 a.m.; others follow every half hour until 9:00 p.m., then hourly until 1:00 a.m. On Saturdays, service is half-hourly from 1:10 p.m. to 6:40 p.m., and on Sundays and holidays from 6:10 a.m. until 12:50 a.m.

San Francisco-Sausalito: Ferry service is every 45 minutes, from 5:15 a.m. until 10:15 p.m., with a boat at 11:45 p.m. and the last boat at 1:00 a.m. Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays the ferries run every 90 minutes.

San Francisco-Vallejo: Leaving from Lay St. Wharf, this longer run up the bay costs 97¢ for passengers and between $1.75 and $3.30 for automobiles, depending on the carrier. Boats leave at 7:30 a.m., 9:45, 12:30 p.m., 3:30, 6:00, and 8:00.

Captain Nathaniel Timmons

Few know the ways and hazards of the bay better than "Salty Nate" Timmons, the captain of the *Barbary Queen*, a rusty 50-foot fishing trawler refitted for charter excursions. Captain Timmons has sailed the bay since the days when clipper ships ran the passage around Cape Horn to reach California and hires out for $30 a day within the Bay, $40 a day for trips outside the Golden Gate. While most of his clients rent the *Barbary Queen* to go fishing for marlin and sharks off the Farallones, Timmons will accept any destination for a fair price, though he may regale his passengers with briny tales of the place's dark history by way of jacking up his price, whether or not there is any truth to them. Captain Timmons can be a valuable source of secondhand lore regarding Mythos sites on the bay, but he is also full of tall tales that could provide more than a few red herrings for gullible investigators. More than likely encountered on the North Beach wharf aboard his seemingly derelict boat, the rum-soaked captain has many a tale to tell of lost expeditions, disappearances, and sunken treasure.

NATHANIEL TIMMONS, Salty Dog, age 68

STR 12 **DEX** 08 **INT** 16
CON 06 **APP** 09 **POW** 12
SIZ 15 **SAN** 34 **EDU** 07
HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: .38 revolver 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 28%, Climb 40%, Credit Rating 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Dodge 22%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 33%, Handgun 35%, Hide 15%, History 45%, Knife 30%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Navigation (Sea) 60%, Occult 10%, Pilot Boat 75%, Punch 60%, Shiphandling 70%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 65%; Languages: Spanish 40%.

Equipment: The captain will always be found in his old captain's hat and Navy peacoat with unkempt, salt-and-pepper beard and hair. He carries a pocket compass, pocket watch, flask of cheap rotgut, and .38 revolver in the pockets of his coat.

NAPA
PETALUMA
SHELLVILLE
WINDSOR
FAIRFIELD
SUISUN
SOU. PAC. R.R.
NAPA JUNC.
VALLEJO
SUISUN BAY
MARE IS.
NAVY YARD
SAN PABLO BAY
BENICIA
NOVATO
IGNACIO
SAN RAFAEL
MARTINEZ
AVON
CONCORD
PACHECO
RICHMOND
PULLMAN
MILL VALLEY
TIBURON
SAUSALITO
BERKELEY
OAKLAND
LAFAYETTE
WALNUT CREEK
Mt Diablo
CLAYTON
ALAMO
DANVILLE
SAN RAMON
SAN FRANCISCO
ALAMEDA
SAN LEANDRO
HAYWARDS
LIVERMORE
PLEASANTON
SAN BRUNO
MILLBRAE
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
HALVERN
DECOTO
ALVARADO
NILES
SUNOL
CENTERVILLE
NEWARK
IRVINGTON
MISSION SAN JOSE
WARM SPRINGS
REDWOOD
HALFMOON BAY
PALO ALTO
ALVISO
MOUNTAIN VIEW
SANTA CLARA
SAN JOSE
PESCADERO
PACIFIC OCEAN
SAN FRANCISCO BAY

Chinatown

"And the fact remains that they constitute a foreign government within the boundaries of the Republic."

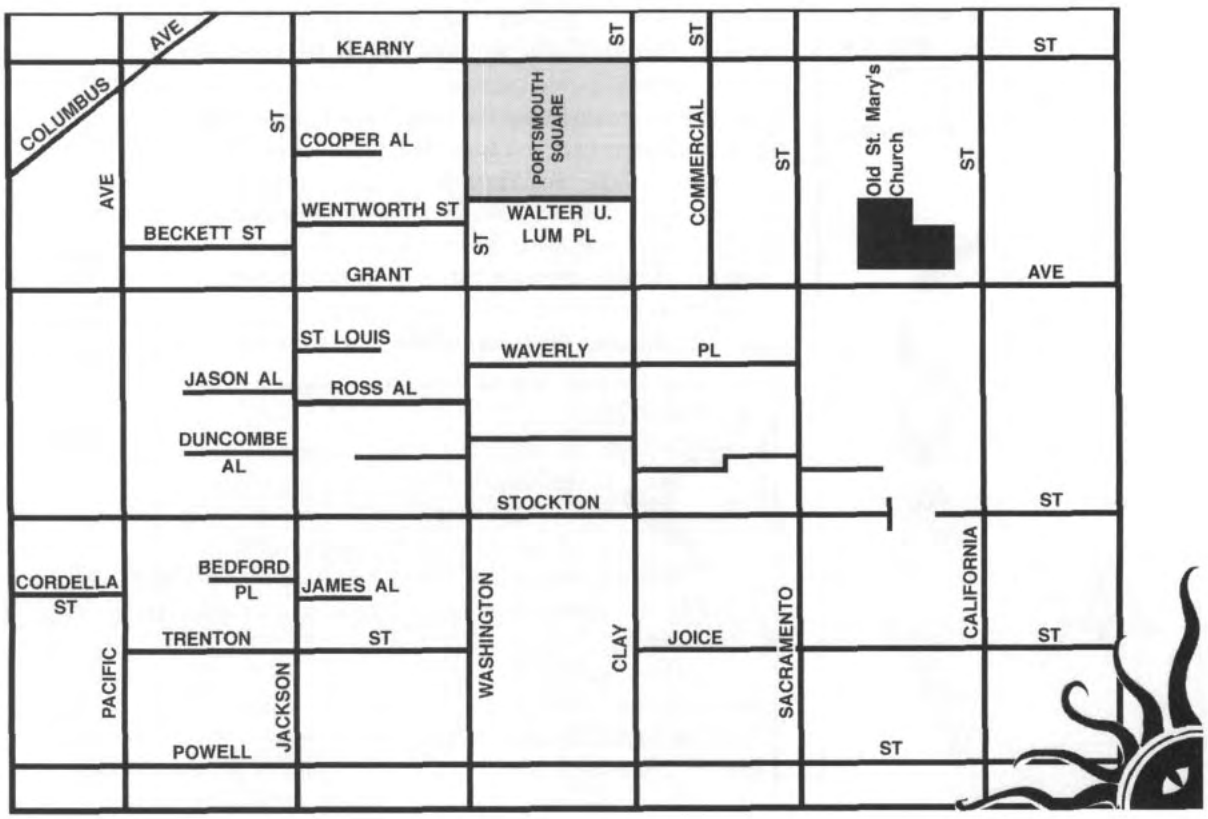
— California State Legislature Committee, 1876

Chinatown is an island of the Orient in the midst of downtown San Francisco. Within 24 blocks lives a population of more than 30,000 Chinese, many of whom would leave the neighborhood only to board a ship back to China. Both because of their determination to hold to their cultural traditions and the xenophobia of the city around them, very few white Americans can appreciate Chinatown, and almost none understand it.

Thousands came to seek their fortunes in the Gold Rush and to build the transcontinental railroad. Their fellow San Franciscans resented their cohesive society and rejection of Western customs, and Vigilance Committee mobs terrorized them as scapegoats for the post-Gold Rush recession. The immigrants retreated to a row of abandoned storefronts in the 1850's and made it their refuge from the rest of the city—*Dupont Gai*, or Chinatown. Tenements sprang up and were packed with uncounted immigrant laborers teeming with disease, including tuberculosis, cholera, and bubonic plague. The Chinese of San Francisco were almost exclusively young males who came to get rich and return home to start a household. They worked as houseboys in the homes of wealthy families throughout the city and took jobs in construction and laundries, wherever there was work whites didn't want to do. All the same, sandlot demagogues howled for the deportation—or lynching—of "John Chinaman", and so the Chinese drew ever more tightly into their ghetto.

When the earthquake destroyed their enclave in 1906, many resolved to stay and rebuild; still more were forced to remain when the collapse of the Manchu Dynasty in 1912 thwarted their return. After WWI, the Chinese were granted full citizenship rights and were looked upon, if not as equals, then at least as fellow Americans. Chinatown rebuilt itself, more exotic than ever, with celestial pagodas atop many of the once-drab Edwardian

Chinatown District Map



Wan Lo

The venerable Wan Lo claims to be the first Chinese man to settle in San Francisco, but there are no records of him anywhere in the city. With a flowing black gown, long white beard, and traditional queue, Wan Lo looks like a ghost of Chinatown's past. He skulks about the streets day and night, performing sleight-of-hand tricks for pennies. Dismissed by all as mad, Wan Lo has seen things none who live have seen; he may let slip a bit of knowledge useful to the investigators if they can endure his riddles and conjurations. Wan Lo sometimes makes a spectator's watch or jewelry disappear, then reveals a human baby in its place, then vanishes himself, leaving the baby. Some say Wan Lo saves infants from the houses of the daughters of joy; others suspect that the magician conjures them out of thin air and that, with no souls of their own, they fill with evil spirits. Whatever the source of the children, they always disappear within a few days of their sudden appearance. Wan Lo is a devotee of Nodens and the Elder Gods and a sorcerer of some skill, but uses real magic only to vanish when threatened.

(Stats on page 51)

buildings, lantern-lit bazaars selling imported wares from the Orient, and narrow, twisting alleys worming their way into tunnels opening on sweatshops, opium dens, slave pits, and worse.

Even the most upstanding citizens of Chinatown are thought to maintain an inscrutable, silent face to Western eyes, having learned from decades of experience that they will not be treated as equals by the rest of San Francisco. Civil disputes between Chinatown residents are settled before private tribunals to ensure an impartial trial, and even hatchetmen of the fighting tongs target only other Chinese to avoid alerting the SFPD to their misdeeds. Many Chinese men have lived with white families for decades as house servants (a holdover tradition from the Gold Rush, when no one else would deign to hire out as domestics) and have spent their entire adult lives serving white families, raising their children and managing their households, even lending them money in depressed times. Yet most keep their own affairs private except in times of direst need. It is because of this sense of secrecy that even native San Franciscans with beloved Chinese house servants mistrust the Chinese of Chinatown.

As a result, much of what white observers believe they know about them is wrong, twisted by rumor and yellow journalism. Modern San Francisco historians agree that while Chinatown's dark face did have a basis in fact, the legends of the tongs and the tunnels beneath its streets were largely a product of Western imagination. By and large, the residents of Chinatown were the most honest, industrious, and law-abiding group in the city. But San Francisco was for the Chinese a frontier and attracted the same class of desperate outcast that the Gold Rush brought in such great numbers from the eastern United States.

The Six Companies

Chinatown was a *de facto* autonomous state for decades, under the government of groups of prosperous merchants who collectively call themselves the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association—the Six Companies. Even in the 1920's few who know Chinatown can deny that the Six Companies command more loyalty—and justifiably so—than the elected government of the city.

Originally, the six were one. The Kong Chow Company aided settlers arriving in or emigrating from the United States and shipped the remains of any who died in America back to China. Kong Chow has since fragmented into the Kong Chow, Sam Yups, See Yups, Ning Yeung, Hop Wo, Yeung Wo, and Hip Kat, along lines of provincial origin in the old country (seven, not six, by the 1920's, but the traditional name has survived). The heads of the Six Companies were said to hold star chamber tribunals to decide legal and political matters held secret from the outside world. San Francisco's courts often decided legal issues involving Chinese by deporting them, so the Chinese had good reason to keep

SCENARIO HOOK

Li Hoek has been the trusted houseboy at the house of banker James O'Hare for over 35 years, so O'Hare is distressed when his servant flees to China upon receiving a red slip of rice paper bearing his name stamped with a strange black emblem. A few days later, his body is found floating in the Bay, having been horribly disfigured before being thrown overboard as his ship left the Embarcadero.

Li Hoek had been marked for death by the Kung Tow Tong (see page 90) because of an ancestral feud in China. Examination of his personal effects turns up a letter from his wife in China (in Cantonese, naturally) requesting that he return for fear of his life at the hands of the Kung Tow.

their crimes and disputes to themselves. According to historian Richard Dillon, about half of the Chinese males in Chinatown were members of at least one secret society aside from one of the Six Companies, for they often found that they needed protection not only from the whites but from each other.

The Six Companies, along with a laundry list of other benevolent and fraternal associations, are headquartered along Waverly Place. These brightly ornamented, balconied facades are closed to Western visitors without invitation or sponsorship from an association member. When a company member in good standing is arrested or otherwise threatened by outsiders, a representative will be sent to ensure his comrade's fair treatment and prompt release.

Chinese Hospital

The Six Companies have run a dispensary for the poor of Chinatown since 1900. In 1925, the Companies expand services to include a ward with 75 beds at a facility at 835 Jackson Street. The hospital runs on donations from the public, collected by two men in a Buddha lion costume at the Chinese New Year.

The Fighting Tongs

As the Six Companies expended their resources fighting the Exclusion Acts penned to stop continued immigration from China, dominance over Chinatown fell to the fighting tongs, with their enforcers, the *boo how doy*: the hatchet sons. The tongs originated in the Triad Society, the Hung Society, and the Society of Heaven and Earth, a body of fraternal gangs similar to the Italian Mafia, tracing their heritage back over centuries to legends of renegade fighting monks. These groups participated in the failed Taiping Rebellion (1850–1864) and the Boxer Rebellion (1899–1900), which was led by a secret society known as the Fists of Righteous Harmony. Fleeing refugees from the Emperor's retribution blended in with the emigration to America. The tongs side with the fallen Ming dynasty and wear symbolic white girdles and red turbans in intertong wars.

The tongs in America use the relative isolation of Chinatown to extort protection money from merchants, traffic in slaves from China and Patna opium from India, and run houses of prostitution and opium dens. The Chee Kung Tong ("Society of Righteous Brethren") traces its origin to an order of warlike Buddhist monks whom the Mandarin emperor tried to have massacred as a threat to his sovereignty. Rival tongs sprang up imitating their revolutionary zeal and cultish initiation rituals. The On Leong Society ("Chamber of Tranquil Conscientiousness") imports slave girls for arranged marriages and the brothels. The Hip Shing Tong ("Hall of Victorious Union") controls the gambling parlors. The "Hall of Realized Repose" performs contract assassinations.

For nearly fifty years, hatchet sons, or highbinders, as the San Franciscan press dubbed them, brazenly fought bloody wars in the streets, clashing with axes, cleavers, and firearms, and assassinated each other in public places with almost total impunity. Cynical newspapers ran box scores of the carnage, but none expected that anything could be done to stop it. The open warfare of the tongs was finally quelled in 1913, with all leaders signing an armistice treaty, but illegal activities continued in secret and occasionally erupted in open violence.

Of the many tong leaders, perhaps the most noteworthy was a man called Fung Jing Toy, better known as Little Pete, who grew up within the Sam Yup company. Rumor has it that Little Pete never fired a gun or used a knife and yet was responsible for the deaths of upward of fifty people. Little Pete was killed in a Chinatown barber shop in 1897. Because he wore a vest of chainmail armor at all times, he was shot in the head.

WAN LO, Street Magician & Sage, age 72

STR 07 **DEX** 16 **INT** 16
CON 08 **APP** 09 **POW** 18
SIZ 09 **SAN** 55 **EDU** 18
HP 09

Damage Penalty: –1D4

Weapons: None

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Astrology 52%, Bargain 65%, Conceal 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Disguise 50%, Fast Talk 55%, Listen 55%, Locksmith 45%, Occult 25%, Pick Pocket 35%, Sleight of Hand 75%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 60%, Zen 70%.

Languages: English 30%, Mandarin 65%.

Spells: Contact Nodens, Create Mist of Releh, Deflect Harm, Elder Sign, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt.

Chinese New Year Dates

Western Year	Date	Lunar Symbol	Year
1918	Jan. 23	Horse	4616
1919	Feb. 10	Ram	4617
1920	Jan. 31	Monkey	4618
1921	Feb. 19	Rooster	4619
1922	Feb. 7	Dog	4620
1923	Jan. 28	Boar	4621
1924	Feb. 16	Rat	4622
1925	Feb. 5	Ox	4623
1926	Jan. 25	Tiger	4624
1927	Feb. 13	Hare	4625
1928	Feb. 2	Dragon	4626
1929	Feb. 20	Serpent	4627
1930	Feb. 9	Horse	4628

In 1921, Jack Manion, newly appointed Captain of the San Francisco Police Department's Chinatown Squad, issues an ultimatum demanding peace in Chinatown and threatening to destroy the fabric of Chinese societal life if another killing occurs. The assassinations drop off, but the Chinese criminal elements have become such adept masters at hiding dark deeds by this time that only the occasional disappearance of a highbinder's victim (often said to have unexpectedly returned to China) proves that the tongs are still very much alive and active.

The fighting tongs are fraternal organizations, like the trade and merchant's guilds, but demands upon a member's loyalty are absolute, up to and including murder. Initiates must endure a threefold sacred rite which bonds the new member in blood to following any orders, even unto death. Salaried soldiers of the tongs may lay low for months on end, posing as houseboys or menial laborers, until they receive an order to perform a murder, after which they are smuggled out of San Francisco, either to another Chinese enclave elsewhere in the U.S. or back to China, until the authorities give up the search.

Gambling Parlors

These are secreted in the blind alleys off DuPont Avenue and above or below storefronts all over Chinatown. Washington Street, the traditional Street of the Gamblers, hosts more than twenty-two gambling parlors, some of which cater to white tourists. These establishments can be extremely dangerous, as any white guest who accepts a cup of tea after tempting the regulars with the size of his personal fortune will very likely wake up the next morning picked clean of all his belongings, if he wakes up at all. The gambling parlors stay open night and day under close security. A guard watches the front door, ready to sound a bell alarm in the event of a raid. A second door is reinforced with steel boiler plate, which may take an hour to break down with an axe. Another watchman sits at the third door, allowing entry only to those with the proper password. Inside the smoke-filled parlor, guests play cards, pai gow, and fan tan and bet on fights between cocks, grasshoppers, and dogs. In fan tan, gamblers bet on whether the number of brass coins in a pile is odd or even, with the pile divided among the winners. Pai gow games may last for days, the players drinking tea to stay awake and in the game.

In a police raid, all gambling paraphernalia is burned and the guests slip away through trapdoors in the floor and ceiling long before the police enter. Admission of whites is virtually unheard of, unless they are accompanied by a Chinese sponsor. Even then, the intruders are made to feel unwelcome in this, the Chinese inner sanctum.

Presidents of the Six Companies (circa 1900)

Opium Dens

Duncombe Alley opens onto an underground warren of opium dens, where withered opium addicts lie smoking in a perpetual zombie-like trance. These infamous sinkholes of vice have so inflamed the Western imagination that tour guides lead visitors to witness specially arranged scenes of Oriental degradation. Contrary to popular belief, few whites frequent the opium dens, but many (especially "high toned" bright young things) purchase quantities of high-grade Patna opium for consumption in private. The dens are cells below ground, ten by fifteen feet with low ceilings, no windows, and smoke-blackened walls. Wooden bunks or pallets accommodate five to ten smokers, who each receive a pipe, lamp, and several balls of opium from a stone-faced attendant. Long-term smokers develop ashen-gray skin, slack muscle tone, and rheumy eyes as they lose their appetite for anything but opium. Because of the oblivious state of their patrons, the proprietors of opium dens often use them as fronts for still more dastardly operations, like slave trading. Many opium dens have secret wall panels or trapdoors which admit entrance into the catacombs.

Daughters of Joy

The houses of assignation live on in Chinatown through discretion and sizable payoffs to City Hall and the Hall of Justice. Chinatown offers two types of bagnio—one for white clientele and another for Chinese. The "white" bagnios are decorated with Oriental tapestries and sculpture, a hostel of Eastern opulence with veteran prostitutes. The Chinese pleasure houses are bare of furniture and ornamentation, and the daughters of joy in such places are usually new immigrants, freshly inducted into their new lives as slaves. Even in the 1920's, few respectable Chinese women ever go out on the streets, and never except accompanied by several men; any woman moving about Chinatown on foot may well be a prostitute. St. Louis Alley was once a slave market where newly arrived Chinese girls fetched high prices from whoremongers and prospective husbands alike; discreet inquiries among the ragpickers there may pry out the secret of where the traffic in slave girls survives in the district.

Chinese Presbyterian Mission House

Since 1874, this building at 920 Sacramento Avenue is an evangelical Christian mission and sanctuary for escaped Chinese slaves. The dauntless women of the mission frequently lead police raids into slave dens to collect women and young girls kidnapped or sold in China. Chinese slavers fill their charges' heads with tales of the *fahn quai* ("white devils") and their penchant for torturing Chinese; many girls resist their rescuers, if only not to be tortured themselves should the raid fail. The mission protects the girls from trumped-up legal charges leveled by slavers, police, and legal officials on the tong payrolls. The girls earn their keep by cleaning and learn skills before being deported back to China or applying for U.S. citizenship. The girls' fates are often decided by their willingness to convert to Christianity; thus, few of the girls opt to stay.

Donaldina Cameron (born 1869; see sidebar on page 56) has run the mission house since 1895 and is wiser in the schemes of the Chinatown underworld than any policeman. The Chinese call her Lo Mo, or "Old Mother." She presides over a spy network that warns her of incoming ships bearing slaves, which she meets at the docks with an escort of Immigration inspectors. When Miss Cameron receives word of a nest of slaves, she immediately hails a policeman and sets out for it, often armed with an axe or crowbar to break down doors. She follows leads

Ah Ho Lung

Dressed in dazzling white suits and carrying a jade-capped walking stick, Ah Ho Lung looks more like a prosperous, albeit flashy, businessman than a highbinder, but he is known and feared throughout Chinatown as the most bloodthirsty hatchet son under Heaven. His refined looks and polite, faintly accented English hide a ruthless genius for mayhem, and he floats from one fighting tong to another as a hired assassin. Lung is a master of the Praying Mantis style of kung fu and wears the nails of his left hand 4" long and filed razor-sharp; aside from the .45 automatic in his shoulder holster, they are all the weapons he needs. He is the most brazen highbinder in Chinatown but will not kill a white victim except in self-defense. Lung plucks out the eyes of each kill and devours them; he believes that his image is imprinted upon his victim's eyes, as he is the last thing they ever see.

AH HO LUNG, Highbinder, age 35

STR 12 **DEX** 17 **INT** 13
CON 16 **APP** 10 **POW** 15
SIZ 09 **SAN** 52 **EDU** 11
HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: .45 automatic 65%, damage 1D10+2
Fingernails 50%, damage 1D3+2 (doubles w/Martial Arts).

Skills: Bargain 35%, Club 50%, Conceal 45%, Handgun 65%, Hide 40%, Martial Arts 50%, Rope 45%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Languages: English 40%, Mandarin 55%, Cantonese 50%.

China Mary/Ah Toy

Ah Toy was brought over from China as a slave girl in the 1850's. She beat the odds, first by surviving, then by freeing herself from ownership, and finally by managing to become a procuress in her own right, treating her "girls" somewhat better than the lethal conditions most endured. She was brought to trial for her profession during the time when California courtrooms were relatively informal. She defended herself by pointing out many prominent customers in the room and asking why she was on trial and they were not. She won her case. Later in her career she had the foresight to retain corrupt but City Hall-connected lawyers associated with Abe Ruef as "business advisors." As a retired woman in the 1920's she is a resident of Chinatown who is rumored to have a great deal of money hidden away somewhere. The truth is probably that she owned a building or two, enough to live on the rental income. Since the courtroom incident she has kept her mouth shut, but she might have background information or be able to effect an introduction if the investigators can find a way to persuade her.

A keeper may wish to play Ah Toy as a cultist or magician. Her survival is so against the odds that there is some justification for such an argument. Stats are given for her as a normal citizen and as a cultist.

CHINA MARY, Retired Madame, age 75

STR 06 **DEX** 12 **INT** 17
CON 12 **APP** 13 **POW** 12
SIZ 08 **SAN** 60 **EDU** 14
HP 10

Damage Penalty: –1D4

Skills: Accounting 45%, Bargain 60%, Conceal 75%, Credit Rating 45%, Hide 62%, Listen 60%, Psychology 80%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 80%.

Languages: Cantonese 80%, English 65%, Mandarin 60%.

(stats continue on page 55)

on enslaved Chinese all over northern California. Lo Mo is fanatically devoted to her calling, but investigators may glean useful information about the shadowy corners of Chinatown in return for the whereabouts of slaves.

Catacombs

The swarming population of Chinatown burrowed into the earth to make room for itself, and rumors of an extensive network of tunnels and chambers beneath the city streets soon spread out of the ghetto. The tunnels housed hundreds of workers but also served as smuggling routes, whereby tons of Patna opium from India and herds of slaves for the prostitution houses of Chinatown were driven to market. When Captain Manion's police force drove the tong wars out of the streets, it is thought they merely moved underground to continue their activities, perhaps even using sewer tunnels condemned after the 1906 disaster. In the wake of the earthquake, the legendary tunnels were not found, but packs of rats boiled up out of the ground, biting and infecting 150 victims with bubonic plague. According to popular legend, hordes of Chinese paler than white albinos staggered into the streets, only to disappear again once the tremors subsided. These phantoms were thought to be the laborers of Chinatown's shadowy industries, refining crude opium in sunless sweatshops deep beneath the earth. No amount of material evidence will ever completely destroy the myth of the Chinatown catacombs.

Marketplace

Chinatown's shops are seeded throughout the district. Craftsmen here produce fine shoes, cigars, garments, candles, and *objets d'art*, while imported goods from China crowd storefront windows in artfully arranged displays. The merchants do not resort to bargaining to get a patron's business; the merchants' guilds firmly fix prices, and those who undercut them are driven out of business. Many products are mass-produced in Chinatown in sweatshops hidden throughout the area. Legions of women churn out clothing in countless crowded, windowless rooms off Grant Avenue; the incessant drone of their foot-powered sewing machines fills the air like the sounds of a gigantic beehive.

Apothecaries

Shelves lined with tinted bottles cover the walls of these tiny shops along Grant Avenue, and their weird window displays are a joy to the eye, even as their hyperbolic claims are a puzzle to the Western mind. Patrons may buy herbal teas and medications for any ailment; exotic aphrodisiacs such as powdered shark fin or crushed black pearls; opiates, including absinthe and sometimes morphine; and stranger concoctions, like scorpion's venom, ambergris, and the "miraculous Celestial Toad Remedy", for purposes kept secret from most Westerners. The apothecary is usually an elder in a traditional quilted coat and tunic who sells his wares silently, offering nothing until the customer has earned his trust. The apothecaries' association traces its roots far back into ancient China and maintains a library of rare pharmaceutical and alchemical tomes on Waverly Place said to include a complete transcription of the fabled *Emerald Tablet*.

Underground Market

The cellars of Chinatown hide a thriving black market beneath the street, where everything from opium to dynamite can be had for the right price. The prices here are not fixed as on the surface, and unwary outsiders are sure to be fleeced

on their first few dealings. The pawn shops stock almost every imaginable form of weapon, from fighting knives and nunchuku to pistols and submachine guns. These shops usually close up whenever white investigators come near and reopen for business only with a Chinese sponsor to vouch for them.

Four Eye Fat's House of Rare Antiquities

Quan Fat is a black marketeer in Chinatown. His pawn shop in an alley off Grant Avenue, Four Eye Fat's House of Rare Antiquities, is a front for a smuggling operation and San Francisco's leading illicit provider of firearms and deadly weapons. In the box below is a list of possible items that Fat may have at any given time.

Visitors to the curious shop are greeted by the delicate scent of incense, the tinkling of a small bell, and a shifty-eyed, venerable Chinese man who introduces himself as Four Eye Fat. Fat approaches the players with his own eyes lowered and his hands open to reveal the tattoos of eyes in his palms. All smiles and always chuckling to himself, Fat invites the players to look around. Is there something specific they are looking for? "Four Eye" will not sell arms to anyone without a referral; however, a visitor can buy a referral at the counter for $20. Although a lawbreaker, Fat has a private code from which he never deviates (more to protect his own business than out of stirrings of morality): (1) He never sells weapons to whites intent on killing Chinese, no matter what their reason; (2) he never sells to gangs for the purpose of open warfare on the streets; and (3) he never sells to anyone currently wanted by the police. Fat is a clever old man who can smell a cop or a wanted crook a mile away. If he senses (**Know** roll) that the players are police or on the lam, he adopts a doddering old man persona, and the players leave with an armload of junk instead of what they visited the shop for. Fat refuses to serve any customers who behave abusively and calls out two hulking "assistants" if they refuse to leave.

The shop itself is a sprawl of broken-down tables and shelves piled shoulder-high with assorted worthless junk, worn antiques, and cheap Oriental trinkets.

Four Eye Fat's Inventory

"Four Eye" Fat will have the following stock of weapons cached in his basement on any given day:

1D6 switchblade knives

1D6+1 fighting knives

1D8 polearms (treat as cavalry lance)

45% chance of a sword cane

75% chance of 1D4 .25 derringers w/1 box of 100 bullets each

1D6 .38 revolvers w/1D10 boxes of 100 bullets

1D2 .45 automatics w/1 box of 100 bullets each

30% chance of 1D12 .22 bolt action rifles w/1 box of 100 bullets each

25% chance of 1D4 .30 carbines (50% chance w/ 1 box of 100 bullets each)

10% chance of 1D2 elephant guns w/1D6 boxes of 100 shells

1D8 shotguns (various gauges and qualities)

20% chance of 1 Thompson submachine gun w/1D4 drums of ammunition

15% chance of 1D10 powderkegs (each equal to 5 sticks of dynamite)

(Note: Fat's pistol ammunition is 10% more likely to jam or misfire than legitimately purchased bullets. Likewise, his guns are often shoddy black market imports or secondhand pieces previously used in crimes. A roll of 96–00 with one of Fat's guns causes an explosion, inflicting 1D6 hit points of damage on the shooter and all within 6 feet of the discharge.)

AH TOY, Cthulhu Cultist, age 75

STR 06 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15
CON 15 **APP** 10 **POW** 16
SIZ 08 **SAN** 0 **EDU** 14
HP 12

Damage Penalty: –1D4

Skills: Accounting 45%, Bargain 60%, Conceal 75%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 64%, Hide 62%, Listen 60%, Martial Arts 55%, Poison 55% (includes hallucinogens and aphrodisiacs), Psychology 80%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 80%.

Languages: Cantonese 80%, English 65%, Mandarin 60%.

Spells: Armor, Contact Cthulhu, Open Gate, Summon Deep One (need not bind)

QUAN "FOUR EYE" FAT, Black Market Arms Dealer, age 77

STR 06 **CON** 10 **SIZ** 07
INT 15 **POW** 12 **DEX** 16
APP 06 **EDU** 13 **SAN** 45
HP 09

Damage Penalty: –1D4

Weapons: .38 revolver 45%, damage 1D0

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 75%, Conceal 58%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 80%, Handgun 45%, Hide 25%, Listen 25%, Occult 45%, Persuade 55%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%; Languages: Cantonese 70%, English 40%, Mandarin 40%.

Equipment: Fat carries a .38 revolver in his hip pocket.

Donaldina Cameron

Donaldina Cameron looks young for her age. She is pretty, well read, and soft-spoken when not engaged in arguing her cause, possesses a sense of humor, and is tireless and inventive when attempting to get a "mooie jow" out of the clutches of domestic or sexual slavery. She has an almost superhuman ability to extract contributions from people (investigators are not immune) in the form of money or services. Abe Ruef himself once represented her free of charge.

Miss DONALDINA CAMERON, Missionary, age 55

STR 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15
CON 15 **APP** 16 **POW** 14
SIZ 12 **SAN** 70 **EDU** 16
HP 14

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 30%, Conceal 80%, Hide 40%, Listen 66%, Psychology 80%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 60%; Languages: Cantonese 10%, English 90%, Mandarin 20%

Although most of his stock appears worthless to a successful **Appraise** roll, Fat has strategically placed a few diamonds among the rough to catch the browser's eye. If asked about such an item Fat waxes melodramatic in saying he had forgotten he had "such a treasure" lying out in the open and shoots the prospective buyer a line of bull (**Fast Talk** roll) about the item's long and astonishing history to make a little profit. If Fat's roll is successful, the customer finds himself out on the street with the overpriced item in an eyeblink. Usually such items (statuettes, censers, antique weapons, *I Ching* sets, etc.) are cleverly crafted fakes, but a few may have genuine historical (or even Mythos) significance.

Joss Houses

Houses of worship in Chinatown are far less conspicuous than their European counterparts. There are a few proper temples in Chinatown, blue-tile-roofed and flanked by menacing Buddha lions, but most joss (a corruption of the Portuguese *deos*, "god") houses are dank, incense-choked shrines on the top floors of tenements and tong association buildings. The most frequented is the Tin How Temple (123–129 Waverly Place), named for Tien Hau, "Queen of Heaven", the goddess of sailors and travelers. Other temples have shrines dedicated to Kwan Tai, god of war; Wah-Tah, god of medicine; and Kwan Kung, goddess of mercy. There are even altars for the appeasement of devils, such as Shon-Ton, a spirit of disease.

No scheduled services are held; the supplicant purchases punk sticks and candles from an attendant priest and prays to Buddha, Confucius, his ancestors, or one of China's countless pagan gods and devils. Priests may also be paid to lift (or invoke?) curses or drive out demons.

Among the minor gods worshiped by the hard-pressed people of Chinatown are a god called Bak Ti (a northern Chinese god) who was known to have defeated 10,000 demons; Hou Yin, the monkey god who could be described as the god of mischief and of coping in difficult situations; and Kwang Kung, god of war and literature, whose priests might be willing to speak to a foreign scholar. The Chinese to this day respect scholars and poets, even those not of their own race, and will sometimes aid and trust such people in unexpected circumstances.

Chinese Holidays

Festivities run for three days at the Chinese New Year, culminating in a grand parade with golden dragons and marchers from each tong threading the streets

Dragon Parade in Chinatown

amid salvoes of firecrackers. The renewal of the lunar calendar is the time for debts to be repaid and grievances settled peacefully.

On August 15th, the Chinese celebrate an older, more obscure holiday, the Feast of the Hungry Ghosts. The spirits of the dead rise and walk the earth, and the living make offerings of food at the shrines of their ancestors.

Scenario Hook

A panic seizes Chinatown amid the celebration of the Feast of the Hungry Ghosts. Sightings of phantasmal figures in alleys, cellars, and warehouses drive many older residents of the area to believe the dead have risen to punish the living.

The secret tunnels beneath Chinatown were not carved from the earth. Instead they were rifts made by the elders of the fighting tongs through alchemical magic. Using copper and crystal alchemical devices, the tongs opened holes in reality which lead into a parallel plane of empty space, devoid of native matter.

Upon discovering this pocket dimension the tongs began building platforms on the other side on which they could store their smuggled goods away from discovery in police raids and from rival tongs. When the tong feuds erupted into open violence shortly before the '06 earthquake, many tong leaders were wiped out, leaving an unknown number of laborers and alchemists trapped on the other side. The bilocational portals—in alleys, cellars, and other out-of-the-way places—were destroyed in the quake and built over by legitimate Chinatown businesses. But the trapped tong workers are desperate to force their way back into this dimension and have learned to manifest their ghostly images at the thresholds of the ruined bilocational portals. Their prolonged stay in the nether realms has worked strange changes on many of them, both physically and mentally, adding to their powers even as it distances them from their humanity. Soon they may be able to accomplish much more than just images.

The investigators may be hired by the local press (see Hearst, page 28) to look into the ghost sightings, or by the Six Companies themselves to ensure that the sightings do not cause widespread panic and ruin the Feast holiday.

Tien Wu

Tien Wu kept Cameron House going after the death of Donaldina Cameron. In the 1920's she is in her early teens, small for her age with rosy cheeks. She is good at extemporaneous quips, having several times outwitted a prosecution lawyer while interpreting in a courtroom. Her manner is that of a playful child when she is not "on duty" as mission or courtroom interpreter. She travels with Miss Cameron to rescue missions as far away as Stockton, persuading terrified girls to escape to safety despite the horror stories they have heard about white devils who will devour them. She may have (5%) Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, at the keeper's discretion. Her low sanity is due to the horrors she has suffered through as a domestic slave, worked up to 20 hours a day, whipped and burned with hot irons to keep her from falling asleep. She is having her childhood only now, late, and recovering her sanity by helping others to escape a like fate. She is always improvising toys, turning a rope first into a doll, then into a swing, etc.

TIEN WU, Missionary Trainee and Interpreter, age 14

STR 08	**DEX** 15	**INT** 14
CON 12	**APP** 12	**POW** 12
SIZ 08	**SAN** 45	**EDU** 10
HP 10		

Damage Penalty: –1D4

Skills: Bargain 60%, Conceal 40%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 60%, Listen 66%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Languages: Cantonese 60%, English 60%, Mandarin 50%, Schezuan 45%.

Narcotics in the Decade

Of the pleasures and pains of opium much has been written . . . I took opium once . . . when doctors sought to deaden the agonies they could not cure. There was an overdose – my physician was worn out with horror and exertion – and I traveled very far indeed. In the end I returned and lived, but my nights are filled with strange memories, nor have I ever permitted a doctor to give me opium again.

— H. P. Lovecraft, Elizabeth Berkeley and Lewis Theobald, Junior,"The Crawling Chaos".

Opium originated from Mediterranean countries, particularly the Balkans and Turkey, then spreading into Persia, India, and China in the eighth century AD. Its healing properties have long been noted, detailed in the works of Hippocrates (466-377 BC) and the Roman physician Galen (130-200 AD). In the latter decades of the nineteenth century, Christian anti-opium movements in the United States and the United Kingdom successfully demonstrated the moral, medical and social impacts of their legal opium trade in their Asian colonies, and so the opium trade was curbed. During a major meeting between Western and Asian governments in the Shanghai Opium Convention of 1909, new laws of drug production and distribution were laid down, marking the beginning of the modern era of international illegal drug control. At the Convention, it was agreed that opium trading would be drastically reduced, culminating in its illegality in 1940.

Regulation in illegal drug trading and possession in the United States came about when the *Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914* was passed in Congress, stating that all narcotics required a doctor's prescription. However, the ongoing illegal use of these drugs was only curbed in 1923, when the Narcotics Division of the Treasury Department began enforcing the Act. This role was later taken on by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics (FBN) in 1930 (which would later become the Drug Enforcement Administration).

The net effect of these changes was to criminalize the personal use of heroin and opium. However, the illegal trade of opium still flourishes in the United States during this period, with most of it originating in China, then refined in warehouses in Shanghai and Tietsin.With San Francisco being situated on the Pacific Coast with a strong Chinese community, the city becomes one of the major ports for opium entering the country.

Opium and Morphine

Opium consists of the dried milky juice obtained from the immature fruits of the poppy, *papaver somniferum.* It is a complex mixture consisting of several alkaloids (such as morphine), resins, mineral salts, organic acids and proteins. The chief medicinal use of opium is as a reliever of pain, as well as a hypnotic. In Asia, opium is used as a euphoric drug. The usual method of ingestion of the drug is by either injection or inhalation through smoking. When injected, the effects are at least three times as potent.

The opium poppy is a temperate crop that cannot prosper in tropical or hot climates, and will generally only grow in elevations in excess of 3,000 feet above sea level. Opium is generally smoked in a pipe and occasionally is mixed with tobacco or cannabis. The taste is peculiar, and the smell of the smoke is sweetish and pungent. Boiling the poppy seeds produces morphine, which is used as a prescription painkiller.

Opium

Duration: 1D3+1 hours.

Duration Effects: all Sanity checks with a +10 percentile chance of success. The effects of any insanities that an investigator might be suffering are negated for the duration, and the investigator can ignore all CON rolls against pain.

Duration Side Effects: immobility for 1D2 hours, constipation, and nausea. Each time opium is smoked an investigator makes a Luck roll, a failure results in the loss of 1D2 hit points.

Addiction: after 1D6 uses the investigator is addicted, needing to take the drug once a day. Failure to do so results in agitation with all skills except Cthulhu Mythos reduced by half normal value. If the investigator can stay off opium for 1D3+3 weeks, requiring a **POW x3** roll per week to do so, his or her skill levels return to normal.

Cthulhu Mythos: investigators have a chance equal to their current skill level of receiving frightening otherworldly visions costing 0/1D3 points of Sanity each time they smoke opium.

Morphine

Duration: 1D3+3 hours.

Duration Effects: All Sanity checks with a +20 percentile chance of success. The effects of any

insanities that an investigator might be suffering are negated for the duration, and the investigator can ignore all CON rolls against pain.

Duration Side Effects: immobility for 1D3 hours, constipation, and nausea. Each time morphine is injected, either the investigator makes a **Luck** roll or the administrator makes a **Medicine** skill roll. A failure results in the loss of 1D6 hit points, while a fumble results in the same 1D6 hit point loss plus the permanent loss of 1D2-1 points of CON.

Addiction: after 1D6 uses the investigator is addicted, needing to take the drug once a day, failure to do so results in agitation with all skills except Cthulhu Mythos reduced by half normal value. If the investigator can stay off morphine for 1D3+3 weeks, requiring a **POW x2** roll per week to do so, their skill levels return to normal.

Cthulhu Mythos: investigators have a chance equal to their current skill level of receiving otherworldly visions costing 1/1D6 points of Sanity each time morphine is taken.

Heroin

In 1898, the Bayer Company of Elberfeld in Germany used opium's active ingredient of morphine in a new mass produced drug which they sold as a broad-spectrum painkiller and sedative. They coined the trade name heroin for this new drug because it gave users the feeling of being a hero. Heroin, or *diamorphine*, is a euphoric habit-forming drug, obtained artificially from morphine by the action of acetic anhydration. Its form is a white-crystal powder which is injected into the body. Heroin was banned by US Congress in 1905, but in Europe it is still used medicinally for soothing coughs and other illnesses.

Duration: 1D3+1 hours.

Duration Effects: All Sanity checks with a +30 percentile chance of success. The effects of any insanities that an investigator might be suffering are negated for the duration, and the investigator can ignore all CON rolls against pain.

Duration Side Effects: immobility for 1D3 hours, constipation, and nausea. Each time morphine is injected, either the investigator makes a **Luck** roll, or the administrator makes a **Medicine** skill roll. A failure results in an overdose with a POT of 2D10, while a critical failure results in the POT overdose plus the permanent loss of 1D2 points of CON and POW.

Addiction: after 1D3 uses the investigator is addicted, needing to take the drug once a day. Failure to do so results in agitation, with all skills except Cthulhu Mythos reduced to quarter normal value. If the investigator can stay off heroin for 1D3+3 weeks, requiring a POW x1roll per week to do so, their skill levels return to normal.

Cthulhu Mythos: investigators have a chance equal to their current skill level of receiving otherworldly visions costing 1/1D8 points of Sanity each time heroin is taken.

Cannabis

Cannabis (*cannabis indica*) is a mild drug composed of the dried tops of Indian hemps. Two drugs are commonly drawn from cannabis. The first is hashish, which is the concentrated resin of the cannabis plant, and marijuana which is the flowering heads and leaves, commonly referred to as 'tea', 'tea-heads' and 'Mexican tobacco' in this era. The cannabis can either be smoked or eaten. The drug produces mild intoxication and stimulation in the user. Medicinally, it is used to counter depression, nausea, and stimulate appetite in patients with terminal illnesses. Addiction is more psychological than physiological, but there are side effects, such as time and other sensory distortion, paranoia, and short term memory loss. Opium is sometimes mixed with hashish when smoked.

Duration: 1D8 hours.

Duration Effects: All Sanity checks with a +05 percentile chance of success. Character has double normal chance when rolling CON against pain.

Duration Side Effects: Agility and Communication skills reduced by 20%.

Addiction: Regular users coming off cannabis find that all skills except Cthulhu Mythos are reduced by 10% for 1D6 weeks, and the user must make a **POW x5** roll each week to stay off the drug. Long-time users find their memory affected, and so only receive a 1D6 rather than 1D10 skill increase against skill checks at the end of each session.

Cthulhu Mythos: not applicable.

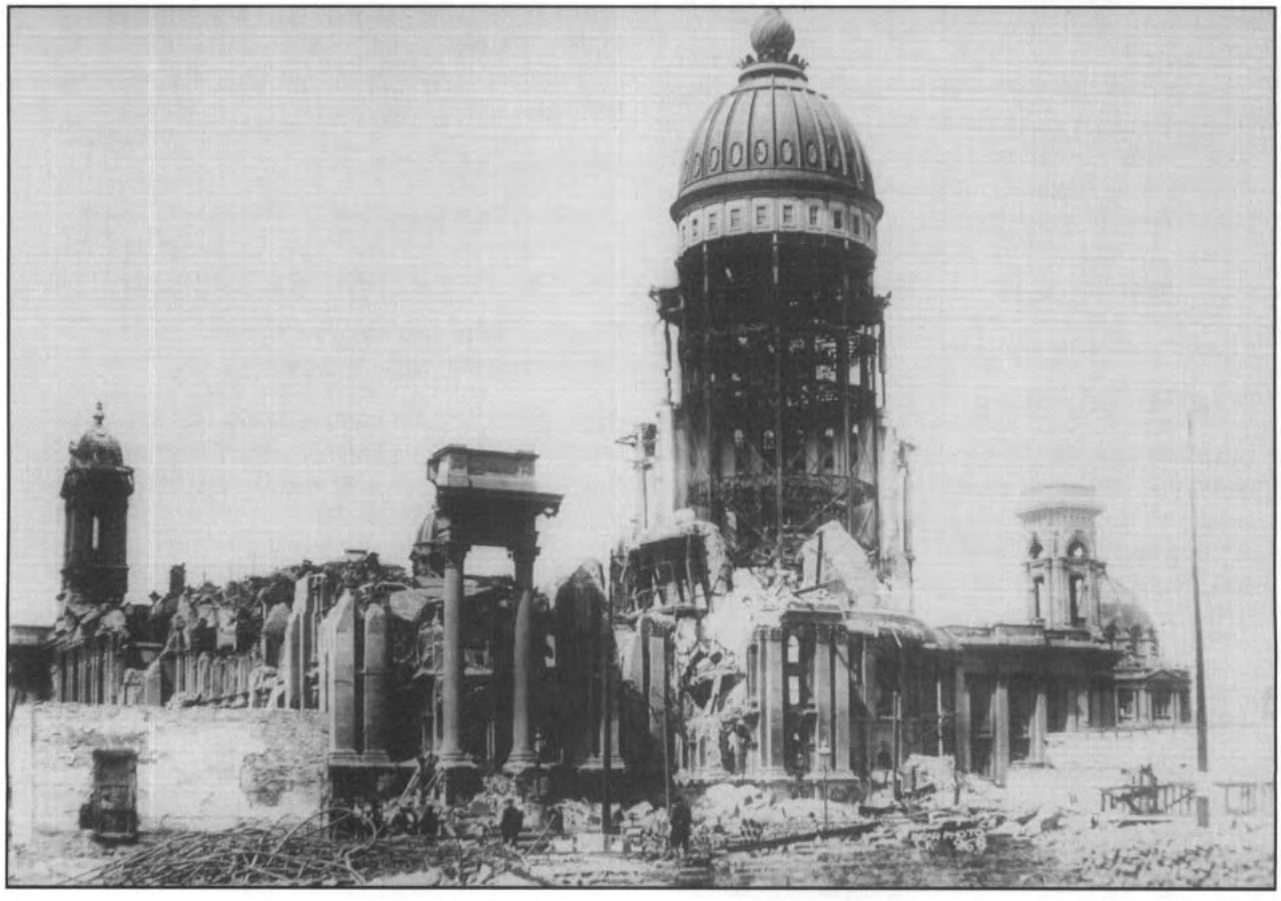
Earthquake & Fire

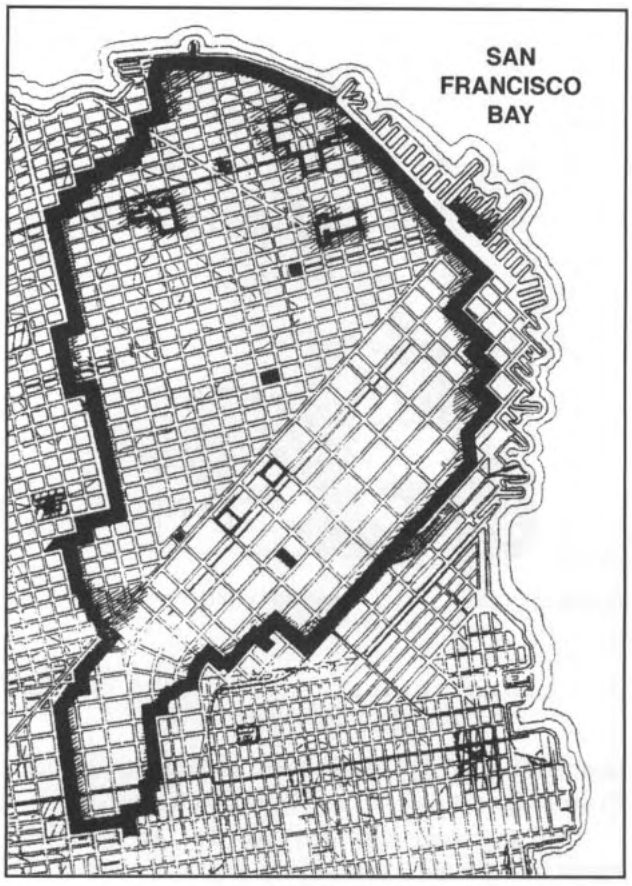
THE SPIRIT OF THE CITY IS TESTED DURING THREE HORRIBLE DAYS

At 5:12 a.m. on April 18, 1906, an earthquake measuring 8.25 on the Richter scale (the most powerful earthquake in the history of the contiguous United States) shook San Francisco "like a terrier shaking a rat", killing 315 outright when hundreds of buildings, including the cheaply constructed City Hall, collapsed. Fire Chief Dennis Sullivan was among the first to die, crushed by his own chimney. The worst damage was in the Marina District, where shock waves racing through the soft landfill from the Panama-Pacific Exposition utterly devastated all human habitation.

Before the city had even begun to regroup from that disaster, the larger catastrophe unfolded. Some 52 fires raged unchecked, fed by ruptured gas lines and mountains of rubble; with more than 300 ruptures in the water mains, fire companies had no water to put them out. By afternoon, walls of flames reaching temperatures of 2,700° advanced on the city on three sides: from south of Market, from the waterfront, and in the Hayes Valley area, west of the toppled City Hall. Ruined hotels and apartment houses burned to the ground before the victims trapped inside could be dug out, and 352 more victims were simply never found. Many survivors abandoned their homes and fled to the hills or to Oakland, leaving open houses and wagonloads of valuables in the streets; others fled to Golden Gate Park or the Presidio, where refugee camps sprang up to host more than 30,000 homeless. Brigadier General Frederick Funston, ranking officer at the Presidio at the time, declared martial law, with the belated approval of Mayor Eugene Schmitz. Funston's men patrolled the ruined city, shooting six in the act of looting and planting explosive charges in houses to create firebreaks. Their efforts only spread the fire further.

The Classic Image of San Francisco After the Quake and Fire: the Ruins of City Hall





The Area of San Francisco Burned in the Fire After the Earthquake is Indicated by the Dark Outline.

In the three days before it was brought under control along Van Ness Street, the fire consumed 28,000 buildings and did an estimated one billion dollars in damages. The official death toll was put at 674, but deaths from illness and suicide brought about by the quake brought the toll to more than 3,000 within the following years. The heart of San Francisco was burned out; by the 1920's, the city has only begun to return to normalcy.

What Changed

Native San Franciscans measure history in terms of the '06 disaster: That which was before the Great Fire is old, all else is modern. They believe that much of the City's exotic, lawless charm passed away in '06 and tend to relate better to those who lived in the city before it. After the fire, the City Council commissioned a new survey and renovation, but the elaborate Burnham Plan to widen major streets, expand Golden Gate Park, and create a massive plaza for the new Civic Center was abandoned as too involved and costly. Rebuilding commenced along the same ill-conceived organic plan as the original, with no improvements. Traffic congestion along the major avenues would be unbearable if not for the city's thoroughly modern municipal railroad network.

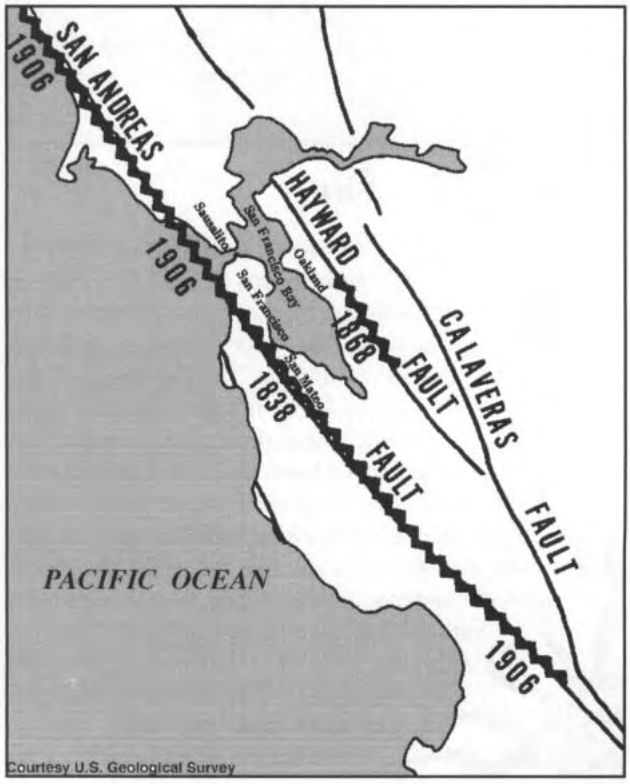
SCENARIO HOOK

As the quake struck San Francisco on April 18, 1906, earthquakes also ravaged Alberta, Canada and Formosa; there were volcanic eruptions at Mt. Asama in Japan, Mt. Vesuvius in Italy, and two volcanoes in the Canary Islands; and the level of Lake Geneva in Switzerland unaccountably rose and fell several feet. Geologists refuse to accept the possibility that the disasters were part of a larger pattern.

Fault Lines

A web of three major, volatile fault lines runs roughly parallel to the California coast, the edge of a shelf of the Earth's crust. Chief among these is the San Andreas, which runs from Pt. Reyes into the ocean, reemerging on land at Daly City and running south for the length of the state. The floor of the Pacific slides against the continental plate along the San Andreas, moving at an average rate of two inches per year; periodically, the plates slip with catastrophic results. Minor to moderate tremors are frequent occurrences and go almost unnoticed. Larger quakes (5 and up on the Richter scale) seem to come every thirty to fifty years, fulfilling the inexorable plan of the plates. The majority of the state is moving northwest with the mainland, while the ocean and most of the California coast move southeast. The crack between the two plates

Major Bay Area Faults



will eventually widen into a chasm, with whatever remains of the coast becoming an island.

San Francisco's Fires

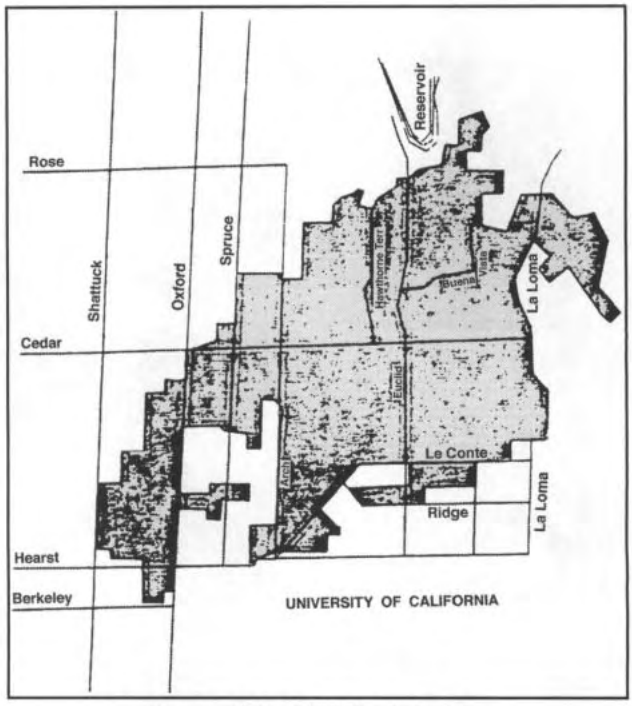
Since its beginnings, San Francisco has been plagued by cycles of fire which have purged the downtown area. While most early fires were set by outlaw gangs such as the Sydney Ducks and the Hounds as cover for looting and slaughter among the immigrant ghettoes, the densely packed wood, cloth, and canvas buildings of the city were highly combustible and liable to go up in flames with the slightest mishap. Volunteer fire companies with outmoded donated fire wagons struggled to keep the chronic fires under control until a regular paid fire department was formed in 1866. As the city became more permanent, with imposing stone and brick structures replacing tent cities and shanties, people relaxed, convinced that the age of fire had passed. The Great Fire of '06 proved that the city was doomed to a cycle of destruction and rebuilding, proven true yet one more time during the 1989 Loma Prieta earthquake, when the Marina District suffered from liquefaction and fire once again.

SCENARIO HOOK

The Costanoans practiced ritual controlled burns to clear the dead biomass and make way for new growth. They believed that to neglect the ritual would invite disaster and evil spirits to wreak havoc on the land. Is the cycle of fires in the Bay Area merely the effect of rampant human expansion, or is it due to something long forgotten trying to push its way into our world, now that those who guarded against it are no more?

The Berkeley Fire

On the afternoon of September 17, 1923, most of Berkeley is devastated by a fire which sweeps through the center of town, claiming 584 buildings for more than $10,000,000 in damage and leaving more than 4,000 homeless, including 1,084 students and 103 professors. The fire begins in the dry grass along a Pacific Gas & Electric Company high-tension line in Wild Cat Canyon, three miles from the city. Wood shingles from the first houses to catch fire spread the blaze across town. They touch down as far as two miles away to start satellite fires throughout the region. A student volunteer brigade holds back the fire at the border of the campus. The Berkeley Fire Department's calls for help go unanswered by Oakland and Alameda, who face thirteen uncontrolled fires themselves. San Francisco sends four engine companies, two hose wagons, two chemical trucks, and a fireboat, helping to bring the fire under control late that night. Remarkably, not a single casualty is reported.



Extent of the 1923 Berkeley Fire

The fire itself lasts only one day. An eyewitness report from the north part of town describes watching the fire burn across "the Flatlands" for the better part of the afternoon as she and her mother wait with packed suitcases for the telephone call to tell them to evacuate. That call never comes. The houses in North Berkeley are spared, as are the houses from 8th Street to the bay, in the oldest part of town, the "Ocean View" section. Refugees stand in these people's front yards until the fire is out. Several families who have taken refuge in Berkeley after San Francisco's great earthquake and fire abandon California altogether after this second disaster.

In 1991, an even more catastrophic fire rages for several days in the hills of Oakland, a mile or two to the south of Berkeley, destroying about 3000 dwellings.

Survivor of the Fire

Just after the 1906 earthquake and fire, a young Polish immigrant named Henry Samuelson decided to go into the toy and game business. Living in one of the tent cities that sprang up after the quake, Henry rented a horse and buggy, talked his way into a $75 line of credit, and began peddling his wares door to door. As business grew, Henry opened a store that had living quarters in the back. With great products and a high level of personal service, the business thrived and grew. It still exists in the Bay Area, selling products like this very book. The store is known today as Game Gallery.

Greater Bay Area

SAN FRANCISCO IS ONLY ONE OF MANY CITIES THAT COMPRISE THE BAY AREA. HEREIN ARE SOME OF THE MORE PROMINENT PLACES OF FASCINATION AND INTRIGUE THAT SURROUND THE CITY.

The bay's eighty or so cities and towns were founded as commercial ventures; the personality of each grew around the industry that gave it life. The bay has alternately served to unify and divide the cluster of cities on its shores, with regional pride set against competition for profit from shipping in all civic dealings. By the 1920's the former concern has more or less won out. Here follows a brief survey of the areas most likely to attract keeper interest.

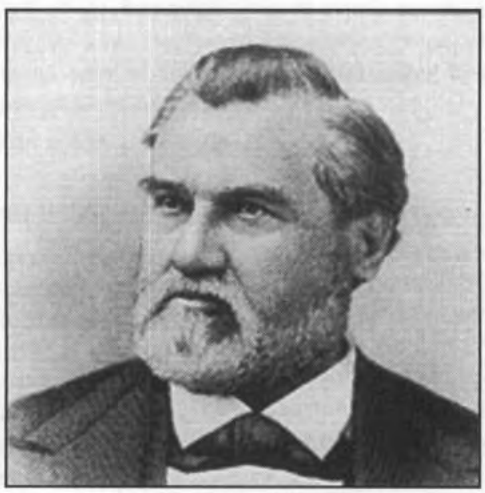
Leland Stanford, Jr. University

Railroad baron and U.S. Senator Leland Stanford founded the university as a monument to his only son, who died of tuberculosis at age 15. Stanford University opened in 1891 on the site of Stanford's world-famous racehorse stock farm in Palo Alto, thirty miles south of San Francisco. In its short life, the university has risen to become the most prestigious college in the western states. In addition to its impressive complex of schools, the university also operates the Hopkins Marine Laboratory at Monterey Bay (one of the world's richest environments for marine life) and the Stanford University Hospital in San Francisco. The philanthropic Carnegie Corporation of New York finances two independent research facilities on the Stanford campus: the Food Research Institute, a think tank for the study of distribution of foodstuffs throughout the world, and the Laboratory of Experimental Taxonomy and Genetics, one of the first of its kind in America, for the advancement of human understanding of the processes of natural selection and mutation.

Student Body & Colleges

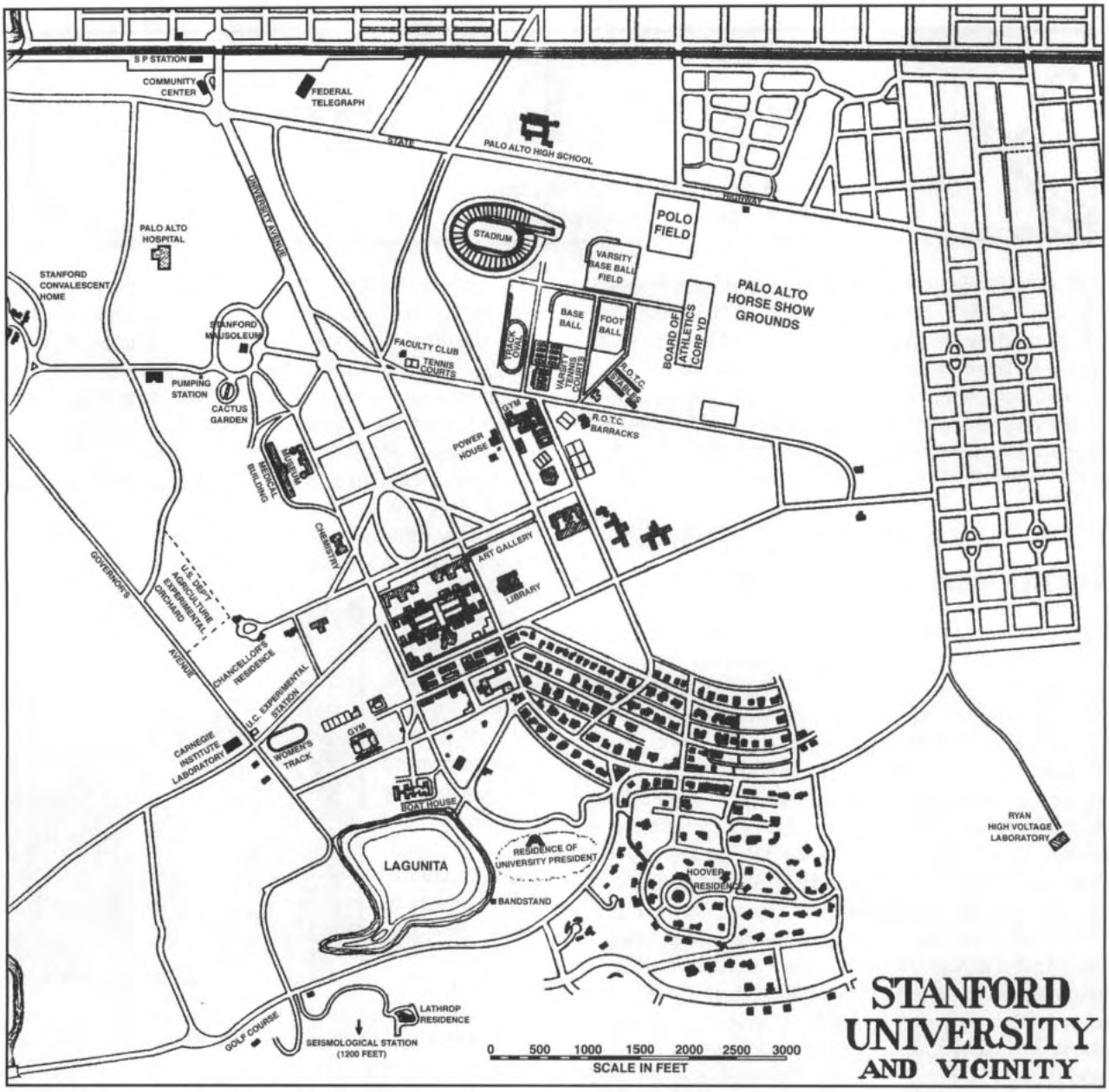
Stanford grows continually throughout the 1920's, as does competition to gain entrance. In 1919 the co-ed student body numbers 2,949, with 458 graduate students; by 1926 the student population climbs to 4,210, with 1,195 grads. These students are divided into 27 departments at seven colleges, with courses and majors available in Anatomy, Applied Mathematics, Bacteriology and Experimental Pathology, Biblical History and Literature, Biological Sciences (Biology and Botany), Chemistry, Classical Literature, Economics, Education, Engineering, English (Public Speaking and Journalism), Geology, Germanic Languages, Hebrew, History, Law, Library Sciences, Mathematics, Medicine, Military Science and Tactics, Mining and Metallurgy, Music, Philosophy, Physical Education (men/ women; compulsory for lower divisions), Physiology, Political Science, Psychology, Public Health/-Nursing, Romance Languages, Slavic Languages, Social Sciences, and Zoology.

The campus is set out on a verdant grassy plain that captures the staid charm of an Ivy League college in the rustic setting of Stanford's farm. The atmosphere is subdued except during the first week of the year, when upperclassmen engage in the Plug Ugly (a battle royal with the incoming freshmen), and through November, leading up to the annual Big Game of football with Stanford's archrivals, U.C. Berkeley.



Senator Leland Stanford

The University President through the 1920's is Dr. Raymond Lyman Wilbur, the former university physician and dean of the university's recent medical school. Dr. Wilbur has overseen the university's ascension to a position as an esteemed seat of higher learning and has increased its requirements to bring it into line with the finest colleges back east. With this has gone much of the frontier



spirit which imbued Stanford with its unique charm in the past, but he has attracted many of the country's finest professors to the campus for at least guest positions as temporary lecturers.

Archaeological Digs

Archaeologists at Stanford discovered that they could unearth rare finds without leaving the campus grounds. In 1893, archaeologist Robert McFarland surveyed a 325 x 500 foot mound, the site of a prehistoric village from approximately 3,000 B.C. Alternately named the Mayfield, Ponce, or Castro mound, the site was not fully excavated until 1945, when some 400 human skeletons were removed from a crude tomb. The Stanford Skull, discovered near the site in 1922, was estimated to be between 2,000 and 10,000 years old. Arrows and other primitive tools turn up with every excavation of new university buildings. The finds center on nearby San Francisquito Creek, where a mound village of exceeding age is turned up in 1936.

Hoover War Library

Organized by alumnus and trustee Herbert Hoover, the war library collects together the world's most comprehensive assemblage of documents on World War I, including military and political records, statistics, and first-hand accounts. Among the collection's vast, sparsely catalogued sprawl (housed in the basement of the main library until the 1940's) are many documents to be sealed for as long as fifty years because of their sensitive or forbidden natures.

SCENARIO HOOK

Archaeologists discover a veritable mound of skulls in a sealed tomb beneath the layer of the famed Stanford Skull. X-rays taken of the skulls lead the university to write the discovery off as a hoax when the prints display a network of fine metallic strands (microcircuitry?) running throughout their craniums. The specimens are evidence of alien tampering with human intelligence, but the defrocked archaeological find of the century disappears, stolen by mi-go, who conducted the experiments to introduce self-destructive impulses in humans. The mi-go and their brainwashed human slaves are continuing the experiments at a private sanatorium for the deaf and dumb outside Berkeley.

University of California

Founded as a private college-prep academy in Oakland in 1860, the College of California became a state university in 1868 and relocated to the relative seclusion of Berkeley. The university is governed by a president, who in turn answers to a board of regents. At the peak of enrollment in the 1920's, Berkeley hosts 11,044 students and 509 faculty. Unhampered by the constraints of an urban setting, U.C. Berkeley has grown steadily, adding its own Greek amphitheater, medical center, and on-campus observatory. In addition, the university controls the Hastings College of the Law (198 McAllister Street) in San Francisco and Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton (see page 72). The town around the campus is more than 20% university, being mostly boarding houses, fraternities, and faculty residences.

Sather Tower, modeled after an Italian campanile (bell tower), is dedicated in 1924. It is lighted all night and has four clock faces. The bells are played in concerts every Sunday at 6:00 p.m. Soon after its opening a despairing student jumped off the top. The stairway is now closed, but students have learned to scale the outside with mountaineering equipment. The tower is called "The Campanile" and is visible from across the bay.

Because of the university's public status, all freshmen and sophomores must enroll in the Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC), which furnishes them with the rudiments of military skills, including drilling and handling weapons. For several years after World War I, the University ROTC program still teaches students the operation of automatic weapons and artillery pieces (useful skills for undergraduate investigators).

The university has expanded in recent years to set up a system of campuses throughout the state, with the first new university opened at Los Angeles in 1919. The University Hospital in San Francisco (see page 36) later becomes the heart of the University of California at San Francisco campus.

Not all legends and traditions are sinister. Shortly before the Great War, the Chancellor of the University of California, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, had a dog called Pedro. Pedro disappeared just before final exams; Chancellor Wheeler published a notice that if Pedro were found, finals would be canceled for the year. To this day, students who don't feel sufficiently prepared and/or fraternity brothers who have prepared themselves with too much beer go out into the night with flashlights, calling "Pedro! Pedro!" It could be unsettling to a team of investigators who have an appointment with a certain Professor of Ancient and Terrible Folklore to find a fog-shrouded campus full of people searching for someone, all of whom refuse to explain why they are calling and who this "Pedro" is. A bit of extra paranoia is good for investigators.

Phoebe Apperson Hearst Museum of Anthropology

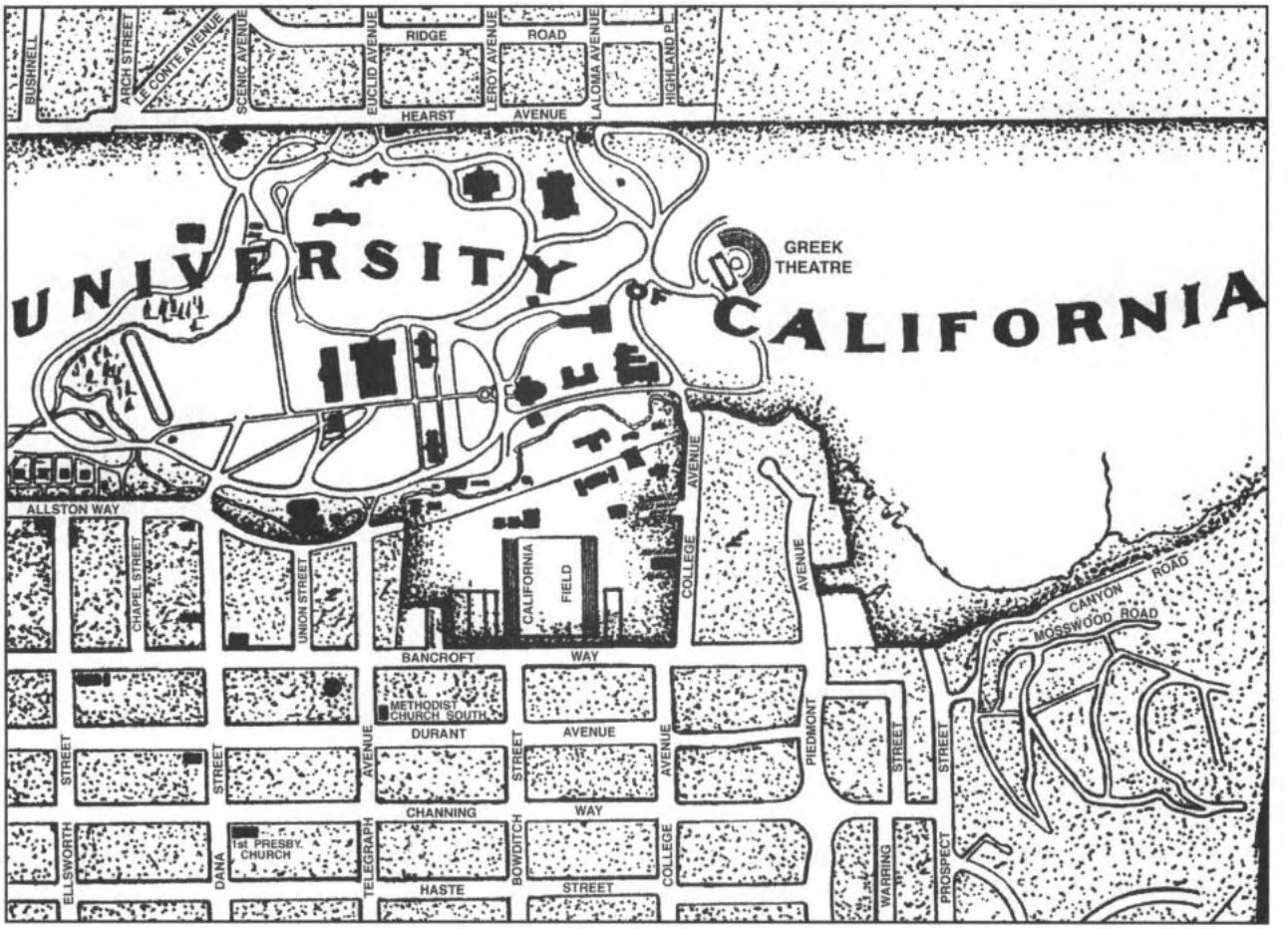
Named for William Randolph Hearst's philanthropist mother, the university museum houses an extensive permanent collection of California Indian artifacts, including tools, artifacts, and transcriptions of legends and cultural practices unparalleled anywhere else in the state.

Alfred Louis Kroeber (b. 1876)

Alfred Louis Kroeber

Berkeley's star professor of anthropology is the leading expert on the Indians of the southwest and South America. He makes frequent expeditions throughout the Americas and hosts Indian visitors who trustingly add to Kroeber's annals of Indian folklore. Prof. Kroeber led the study of Ishi, the last "Indian Wild Man", whom he considered a close friend. His private collection amounts to a fair-sized museum of primitive cultural antiquities. He is able to answer almost any question about the aborigines of the Americas but has never come across any relics of the Cthulhu Mythos and so cannot accept its existence. Investigators with a keen eye and any degree of familiarity with Ithaqua and Cthulhu may be able to point out faint but unmistakable taints in the workmanship of several of his pieces.

A keeper who is using a slightly earlier period than the 1920's, or



Map of the University of California

who wants to use a figure like Ishi rather than Ishi himself, may find some useful ideas in historical fact. Ishi was kept as a curiosity and caretaker at the Anthropological Museum attached to the University of California in San Francisco at the Medical Center. He spent a lot of his time interacting with the children there; he loved children and was more open with them. He might befriend an investigator who brought a child with him. The summer before he died, Ishi was recorded in his native language; several dozen wax recordings were made of his legends, directions for preparing foods and crafts, stories about his tribal territory's geographical features, etc. These recordings are still extant in the 1920's. The only one of his native ceremonies (sacred tribal rituals) that Ishi taught the anthropologists was his tribe's burial customs. Perhaps he hoped that his new "friends" would have the decency to bury him properly. Unfortunately, this did not happen. His mounted body was displayed as part of the museum for a decade after his death. Scenario hooks could include his tribe having the only remaining knowledge of an earlier visitation of otherworldly minions (the information being gleaned from one of the recordings); the tribe being the last guardians of a Gate which opened upon his death, when he no longer was there to maintain the chants (which might have been taught to his child friends as part of their games); or a spirit taking over his unburied body to perform some half-understood rite.

Ishi in 1914

Bancroft Library

Although only a small portion of the vast University Library collection, the Bancroft Library, stashed in the musty confines of the library's fourth-story attic is the most comprehensive body of historical research on the Western U.S., Alaska, México, and Central and South America. Hubert Howe Bancroft assembled a "history factory" on Market Street to collect it all, employing

twenty scribes to copy raw manuscripts into a 39-volume tome. Bancroft also collected tens of thousands of unique books and the personal documents of San Francisco's pioneers. The collection was transported to Berkeley en masse after the Great Fire and has only become accessible to researchers in the last few years; among the uncatalogued treasures found in the Bancroft cache was the mummy of an Aleutian Indian.

The Rare Book Collection was amassed through private donations. It includes spectacular ancient Egyptian papyrus scrolls, illuminated medieval manuscripts, and original copies of writings from celebrated authors, philosophers, and scientists. Visitors to the library must register with the reference librarian to view items in the collection.

Berkeley Police

The police chief of Berkeley was something of a character. Gus Vollmer had previously been a fireman and a crusader for railroad safety. This part-time professor at U.C. Berkeley held some radical notions for his day. He believed that all policemen should be college graduates and should undergo formal training to be police. By the 1930's the Berkeley force was known as the "college cops" for their own degrees, not for the university. Vollmer is also responsible for the later establishment of a Criminology Department at U.C. Berkeley. He was against both Prohibition and the death penalty, but he believed in enforcing the law as it stood. Berkeley is one of the few exceptions to the lax and often corruptible law enforcement departments of the Bay Area.

However, Chief Vollmer was criticized for his lenient treatment of disturbers of the peace, loiterers, and drunks. He helped establish assistance programs for underprivileged youth, enlisting colleagues from the university and officers from his department. He might be the only official who would listen to the wild stories of an investigator.

From 1919 to 1923, Berkeley had a black patrolman, Walter Gordon, who worked the night beat while attending law school. After graduation, Gordon became an athletic coach at Berkeley while conducting a flourishing law practice. When Chief Vollmer recruited Gordon, he announced the fact to his small force, adding, "If anyone here has any objection, he may leave his badge on the table as he leaves the room." The Police Department remained integrated from that day.

Pacific School of Religion

LeConte and Scenic Avenues in Berkeley. Monday–Friday 10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.

Perched among the Berkeley Hills, the Pacific School of Religion is a nondenominational academy for divinity students aspiring to become ministers. The school resembles a Gothic rectory with an outgrown chapel. Inside, the Chapel of the Great Commission, the Palestine Institute,

SCENARIO HOOK

The investigators are contacted by Prof. Emeric Wesson of the Apperson Museum staff. Wesson is presently involved in the excavation of a Miwok shell mound on the north cliffs of the bay, near Land's End. Two days ago, the professor uncovered some human remains—charred bones wrapped in what appeared to be a burned bear hide. He could barely contain his excitement over the discovery, which he considered irrefutable proof of the fabled Rumsen Grizzly Bear shamans. The anthropologist also found a medallion of obsidian etched with a spiral pattern. When Wesson picked up the artifact he became dizzy and fell into a swoon but dismissed it as excitement over the unique find. He returned to the university, logged the artifacts and put them in the museum storeroom, then returned to his office.

Rumsen Spirit Cache

That night, Professor Wesson stayed late to finish reports and fell asleep at his desk. He awoke the next morning to find his room in a state of chaos, as if someone had slipped in and thrown everything about in search of something. The professor had only begun cleaning up when he was notified that someone had robbed the museum storeroom the night before. The only items taken were the black stone and the alleged Rumsen remains. The professor wants the investigators to help him find the lost artifacts and, more importantly, why anyone would want them.

The professor is not telling the whole story, because he cannot accept what is happening to him. The black stone is a Rumsen spirit-cache, a receptacle which transfers the soul of a Rumsen shaman into the next person to touch it. Wesson is possessed by the shaman's spirit whenever he sleeps and stole the artifacts himself. The investigators must sidestep the red herrings that Wesson might place in their way before he unearths another mound filled with spirit-caches and distributes them at the museum.

Doctor Hans Dieter

The man formerly known as Doctor Dieter Heinmann is an utterly brilliant but utterly mad scientist. Imprisoned in Germany in 1920 for mass murder, he escaped with the aid of Baron Hauptmann of the Brotherhood of the Beast, and was brought to America where, under an assumed name, he went to work for NWI as the head of their Oakland Research Station. He is aware of, and fully agrees with, the plans of the Brotherhood. Recently he developed a weapon to be used on ships departing the yards owned by NWI, and has aided many of the Brotherhood projects, legitimate and illegitimate.

Dieter is in his mid-sixties, small with white hair, often seen wearing a lab coat. He is extremely paranoid and almost never leaves the research station for fear of being recognized. He resents the facility being open to the public and has complained to Chandler on several occasions. He doesn't like Curtis Webb at all, finding him to be an interfering fool. Dieter is planning to have the man "accidentally" discover some of the truths behind NWI, thus giving Dieter or Chandler an excuse to do away with him. Then Dieter might be able to get on with his research in peace.

Dr. HANS DIETER, Brilliant Mad Scientist, age 65

STR 06	**CON** 07	**SIZ** 07
INT 22	**POW** 06	**DEX** 08
APP 06	**EDU** 28	**SAN** 0
HP 07		

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 20%, Astronomy 35%, Chemistry 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Electrical Repair 95%, First Aid 75%, Geology 85%, History 20%, Library Use 95%, Mechanical Repair 95%, Medicine 85%, Natural History 90%, Pharmacy 85%.

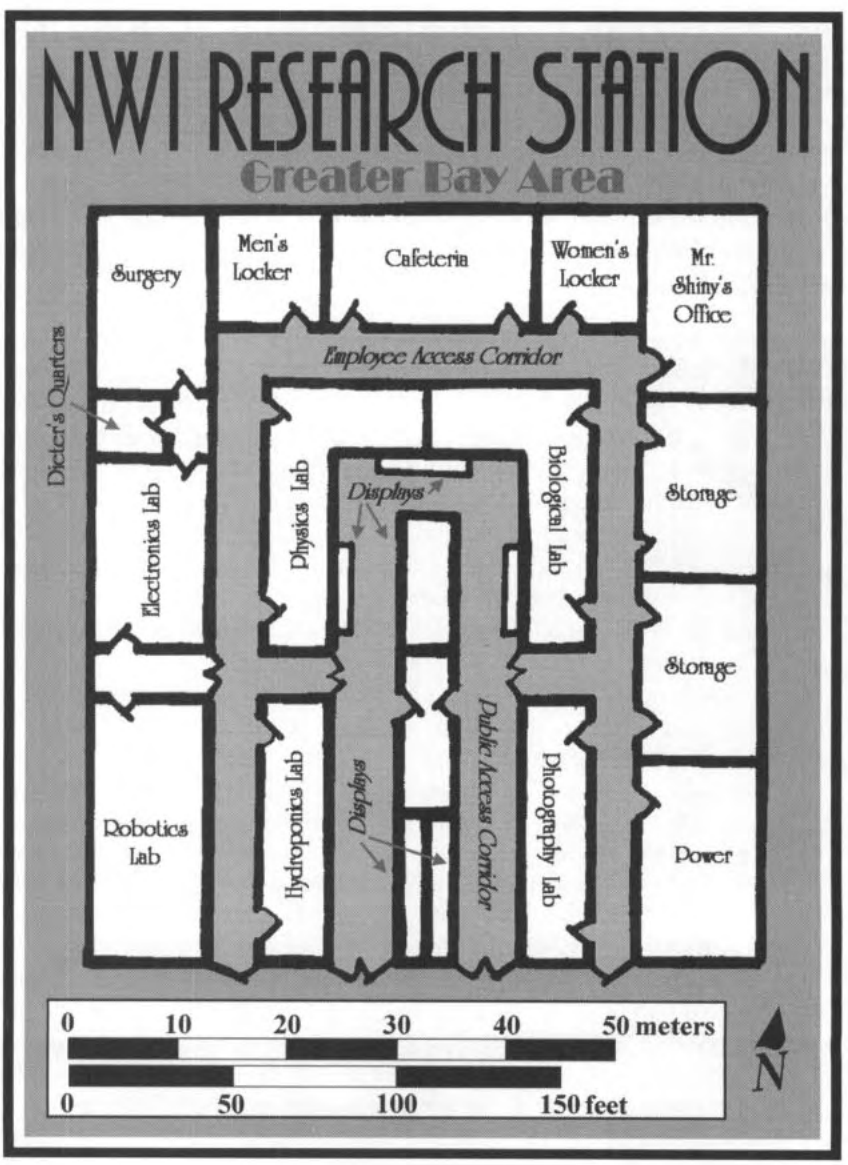
Languages: English 60%, German 95%.

the schools, and the library take up the ground floor, with classrooms on the second floor. The library features a comprehensive collection of reference material on historical geography, archaeology, and theology.

The Palestine Institute opens in 1926 as a center for biblical archaeology with the excavation of the Iron Age city of Tell en-Nasbeh, seven miles north of Jerusalem. Over the next five years, Dr. William Frederic Bade unearths a steady stream of ancient artifacts from the site for study at the institute and at the Rockefeller Museum in Jerusalem, including bowls, jars, bowls, lamps, jewelry, and religious paraphernalia. Digs at nearby mounds turn up Hellenistic and Early Bronze Age tombs.

NWI Research Station

This single building is located in the hills of Oakland, and is constructed entirely of concrete and steel. The architecture is modern and the one-story structure is quite pleasant to look at. NWI is well known in California (see page 18), especially as a leader in many emerging technologies, including hydroponics, autogyros, astronomy, petroleum extraction and processing, and archaeological



artifact preservation and dating, all relatively unknown concepts in the 1920's. Much of NWI's research already has practical application. For example, the entire facility is guarded by an electrical surveillance system that eliminates the need for human patrolmen. This system requires that all visitors wear a small lapel pin at all times which are numbered and are carefully monitored until the visitor departs the building.

Due to the large amount of publicity the station has received, many people want to tour the facility. Visitors may have to wait several hours before being allowed into the building. To counter any complaints, NWI erected an open-air tourist pavilion a few hundred yards away, where impromptu visitors can sit comfortably and purchase refreshments from Berkeley college students that NWI has hired as hosts and hostesses for the tours.

The tour runs every hour from 9:00a.m. until 5:00p.m., Monday through Saturday, and lasts fifty minutes. It begins with a walk up the gravel drive and through the main door on the left. From this point their Berkeley guide strolls through the U-shaped hallway explaining different points of interest and answering questions. Visitors may keep pace with the guide, or lag behind while viewing "The Wonders of the Scientific Age". Visitors also get the opportunity to witness actual laboratory research being conducted by NWI scientists and engineers, along with displays and models demonstrating the many facets of this international corporation. The displays are changed and updated every three to six months.

Behind this public face, NWI conducts several secret research projects, many to aid the various sinister plots of NWI, the Brotherhood of the Beast and Lang-Fu, leader of San Francisco's Deep One Cult (see page 92). Projects include robotics, electronics and cloning, although in most cases nothing mind-shattering is kept in the restricted sections of the station. Doctor Hans Dieter, head of the Research Station, is the only one who knows NWI's true aims and goals, and it is only in his office that evidence linking NWI to a far larger and deadly conspiracy exists. See Chaosium's campaign *Day of the Beast* for more information on this facility and what they are really up to.

Albert Shiny

He was even grosser-legged and more bloat-bellied . . . He wore a commodious doctor's smock and slack. His shoes were bulky, black, and orthopedically braced . . . He gave a last pull, and the row of buckles split crisply open. Ropy purple gelatin gushed from his suit front.

— Michael Shea, "Fat Face".

Albert Shiny is a shoggoth lord — an unusually intelligent and purposeful shoggoth, capable of controlling his body shape so as to pass for human. Controlling his body in this manner requires continuous mental effort and POW.

Mr. Shiny has agreed with forces infinitely greater than himself to help prepare, in his own small way, the Old Ones' return to dominion. He aims specifically to create conditions that increase the human population. To that end he has tried to help concoct empires, international trade, vaccines, religious organizations, the scientific method, better farming techniques, improved public health, missionary societies, newspapers, the acquisition of capital, growth hormone research, and so on — whatever seemed likely to move humanity away from static tribalism and thereby improve the quantity and condition of extant human biomass. Civilization is not his product, but he has had his successes with its growth.

Mr. Albert Shiny
Unique Entity
(Shoggoth Lord Greater Independent)

Shoggoth form/human form

STR	24/18	**CON**	26/14
SIZ	18/18	**INT**	13/13
POW	18/18	**DEX**	17/17
APP	n/a/09	**EDU**	n/a/20
SAN	n/a/00	**HP**	22/16
Move	10/08		

Damage Bonus: +2D6 (+1D6 in human form).

Weapons: Crush 100%, damage 2D6
Rhino Fist 95%, damage 2D3 + 2D6 (2D3 + 1D6 in human form)
Grapple 90%, damage victim is pulled into Mr. Shiny's body and suffers 1D6 hit points of damage per round until completely digested (this attack can be made only in shoggoth form).

Armor: none, but fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage per hit, impaling or not; Mr. Shiny regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Spells: Dominate, and any others as the keeper desires, keeping in mind Shiny's intelligence and slow learning rate.

Skills: Archaeology 10%, Bargain 15%, Biology 65%, Chemistry 25%, Choose Tasty Victim 90%, Climb 75%, Credit Rating (as human) 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Electrical Repair 10%, Electronics 10%, Hide 90%, History 35%, Law 10%, Library Use 35%, Listen 75%, Persuade 30%, Physics 20%,Psychology 15%, Sneak 70%, Track 75%, and others as the keeper desires.

Languages: Arabic 20%, Demotic Egyptian 10%, English 60%, Nath 65%,Spanish 30%, Sumerian 05%.

Sanity Loss: none in human form. 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see Mr. Shiny in his true shoggoth form. Keepers may add an additional 1/1D3 Sanity point loss for investigators who see Mr. Shiny change from human into shoggoth.

John Carnby

A lonely scholar, John Carnby is thin and bent, with a massive forehead, a mane of grizzled hair and clean-shaven cheeks. Although he once commanded great former strength, he is shy and apprehensive, a shrunken man. John rarely sleeps, and often works into the late hours of the night.

John Carnby, Deranged Occultist, age 42

STR 08	**CON** 09	**SIZ** 10
INT 16	**POW** 13	**DEX** 08
APP 08	**EDU** 17	**SAN** 13
HP 10		

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist 30%, damage 1D3
Knife 40%, damage 1D6
Axe 35%, damage 1D8+2

Armor: none, but if reduced to 0 or less hit points John Carnby transforms into a zombie (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook page 186).

Spells: Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Anthropology 30%, Biology 20%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 28%, Library Use 75%, Natural History 70%, Occult 85%, Persuade 40%.

Languages: Arabic 15%, Chinese 25%, English 90%, Greek 80%, Latin 80%.

Mr. Shiny first came to the attention of Baron Hauptmann of the Brotherhood of the Beast during the Crusades of the twelfth century, when the two crossed swords. Now in the twentieth century and reconciling their differences through common goals, Hauptmann has secured Mr. Shiny a position at the NWI Research Station. Here in San Francisco, Mr. Shiny has been offered the chance to undertake independent research into cloning and other biological experimentation, thus aiding Shiny's ultimate goal of human population growth while providing NWI with new technologies.

To date, Shiny's work has been conducted independently of that of the rest of the research managed by Dr. Dieter. Mr. Shiny doesn't think twice about this state of affairs, but Dieter resents the fact that someone in his building does not report to him. If Dieter had any idea as to Mr. Shiny's true nature . . . well, Mr. Shiny might just have to eat him to finally shut him up.

Time has taught him most of what he needs to know. He is not highly intelligent, nor is he creative, nor has he an accurate memory (as his deteriorating language skills suggest). He needs thousands of years to learn one spell. He is more patient than most shoggoths, but that is not saying much — there are always people who deserve quick eating. Like many powerful entities, Shiny glories in his impulses — they keep his enthusiasm fresh.

As long as he can remain calm and in control of his thoughts, Mr. Shiny can remain in human form. If he is angered or somehow distracted, however, he loses control of his body and quickly melts down into his true shoggoth form. Also, whenever his human form is reduced to zero hit points, he automatically must revert to his shoggoth form.

In human form, Mr. Shiny attacks either by delivering a crushing bear hug, or by smashing his target with a massively powerful fist. If Mr. Shiny is unmasked for what he really is, he will quickly take care of any witnesses and make a fast escape. Normally, Mr. Shiny will do all he can to protect his true identity. When his monstrous hunger forces him to take a victim, he oozes off to some abandoned building, or down into a dark cellar where he can feed in peace.

Investigators could encounter Mr. Shiny if they somehow wrangle a personal tour of the NWI Facilities, for he'll be their guide. If the investigators ask too many of the wrong sort of questions, then Mr. Shiny can conclude his tour with a very large snack. Alternatively, Lang-Fu might use Shiny as an assassin if troublesome investigators prove too difficult to kill by other means.

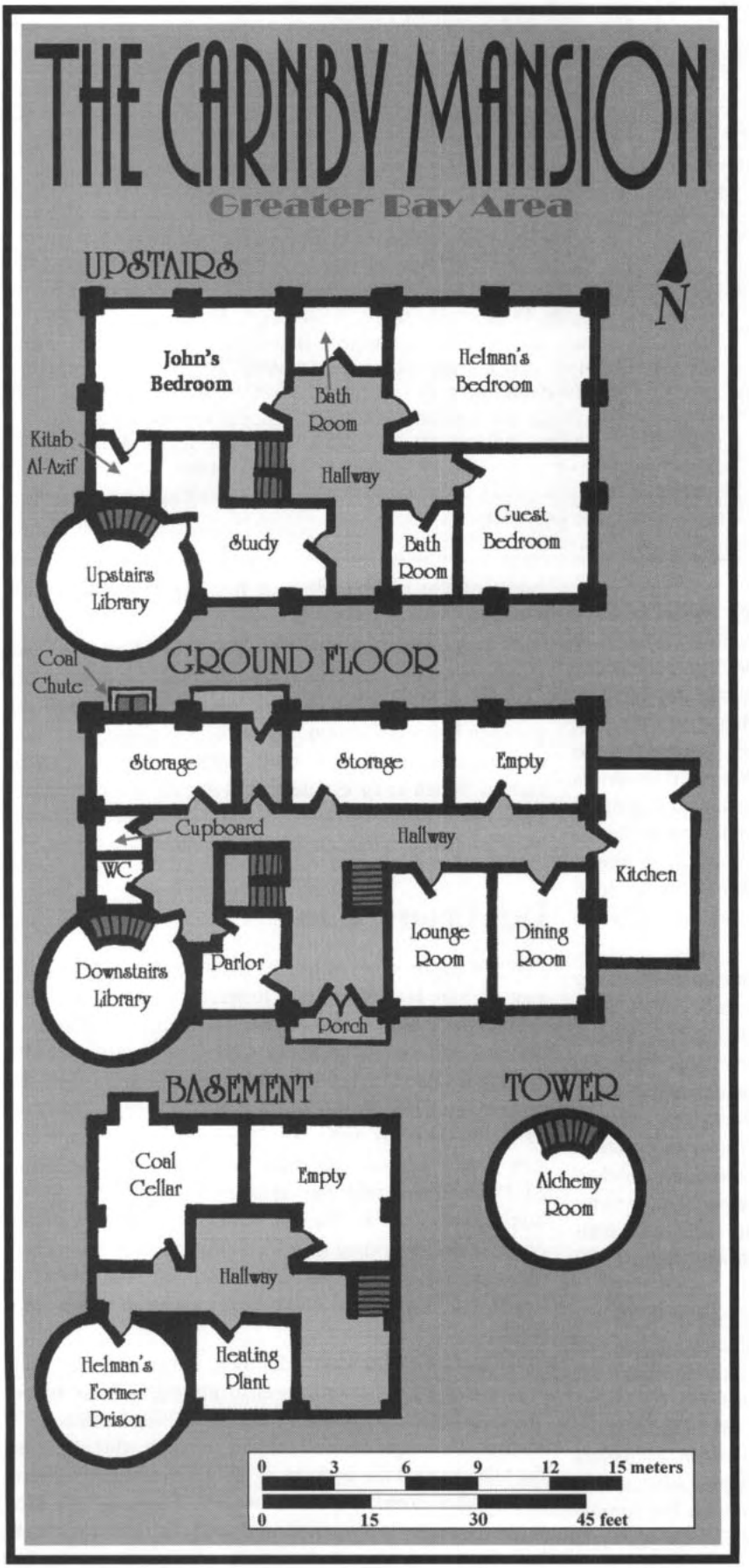
Mr. Shiny turns up in the modern era in Chaosium's campaign, *At Your Door*, and so should survive through a 1920's San Francisco campaign.

The Carnby Mansion

It was a large, two-story house, overshadowed by ancient oaks and dark with a mantling of unchecked ivy, amongst hedges of unpruned privet and shrubbery that had gone wild for many years. It was separated from its neighbors by a vacant, weed-grown lot on one side and a tangle of vines and trees on the other, surrounding the black ruins of a burnt mansion. Even apart from its air of long neglect, there was something drear and dismal about the place – something that inhered in the ivy-blurred outlines of the house, in the furtive, shadowy windows, and the very forms of the misshapen oaks and oddly sprawling shrubbery.

— Clark Ashton Smith, "The Return of the Sorcerer".

This old house is situated at the end of a hilltop avenue in the outer suburbs of Oakland. The interior consists of an extensive library, with many books on demonology, medievalism, Satanism and the black arts, while weird paintings



Helman Carnby

Formerly an identical twin to his brother John, Helman Carnby is now little more than twelve dismembered body parts, boney and bluish like a week-old corpse. They creep and crawl around the house at night, seeking means by which to destroy their unfaithful brother. Assume all twelve parts have identical statistics

Helman Carnby, Dismembered Sorcerer

STR 08 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 10
DEX 08 **HP** 10 **Move:** 9

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Claw/Bite/Choke/-Bludgeon 50%, damage 1D3 plus once a part successfully attacks it hangs on until pulled off with a successful STR versus STR roll. Until removed, each Part inflicts 1 point of damage per round.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6+1, but charge each investigator only once, no matter how many Parts he or she sees or encounters.

and etchings hang on many of the walls. There is also a chamber not unlike the den of a sorcerer, with astrological charts, skulls, alembics, crystals, the skeleton of a large ape, and another of a human. Suspended overhead is a stuffed crocodile.

Living in this dark and chilly house are twin brothers, John and Helman Carnby. Both are scholars of the occult and demonology, and are well versed in the lore of the Cthulhu Mythos, having read extensively from the *Necronomicon* and other tomes of blasphemous lore held at the Zebulon Pharr Collection and other places.

A few years ago, they managed to acquire a copy of the *Kitab Al-Azif*, purchased from an antiquities trader in the dusty streets of Cairo on one of their infrequent travels to the Old World. Between the two brothers, their mastery of the Arabic tongue was not great, yet they still managed to devour portions of the mad writings, and soon peered into the realms of other dimensions to glimpse the fabulous and horrific beasts that are found within. But like most Mythos scholars they peered too far, their studies went too deep, and their sanity was forever shaken as madness overcame rationalism. John somehow managed to redeem himself of sorts, only so far as that he murdered his brother before they summoned something which they would not be able to control. Despite his bloody work, John hoped this would be the end, but it seemed his nightmare had only just begun.

What neither John nor Helman realized is that their research and their dabbling in magic have given them unnatural life beyond the grave. Even though Helman died, he lived on as a zombie. To counter this John dismembered his brother, but this was not enough to sever Helman's unnatural life. When John buried the parts in separate locations around his property, they still managed to dig themselves free and come back to him. If he locked the parts inside cupboards, chest and cabinets, they managed to pick the locks and come after him. John soon realized that the dismembered Helman desired revenge, to kill him at whatever cost.

John Carnby believes that there is a solution, knows that there might be a means by which he can defeat and destroy his brother once and for all. He's guessed that the answer lies in the *Al-Azif*, but if only his Arabic was better able to cope with archaic text. Desperate to resolve his dilemma, John hires a secretary who can translate Arabic, and who will live with him in his strange house while he works into the late hours of the night seeking a formula to obliterate his brother.

Investigators are exactly the kind of people John Carnby wants to employ to do this, and if money is not enough, he'll tempt them with a letter of referral to the Zebulon Pharr Collection. The passages he wants translated always have to do with death, essential salts, and resurrection. When an investigator asks about the strange shuffling heard in the house by day and night, he explains it away as rats. Nothing at all to worry about.

John Carnby's Kitab Al-Azif

Kitab Al-Azif – Originally written in 730 A.D., this later copy is bound in codex form. The book is profoundly illustrated, with star-maps showing the locations of astronomical bodies such as Yuggoth, Xoth, and Sharnoth. The *Kitab Al-Azif* is reputed to be the most complete and extensive work about the Mythos and related subjects. This particular version is also unfortunately cursed such that anyone who spends too long reading it will transform into a zombie after death. Contains the spells Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call/Dismiss Nygotha, Call/Dismiss Sub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Contact Ghoul, Contact Sand Dweller, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Sulieman, Elder Sign, Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign, and others as dictated by the Keeper. *Sanity loss 1D10/2D10; Cthulhu Mythos +18 percentiles; average 68 weeks to study and comprehend/136 hours to study.* This is a very powerful tome, and if word gets out about its existence, every cult and Mythos agent in San Francisco (and possibly beyond) will be competing to get their hands upon the book, and then eradicate those who know if it.

Lick Observatory

Perched on the slope of Mt. Hamilton in the Diablo range east of San Jose, the Great Refractor telescope at Lick Observatory was the "most powerful glass in the world" at the time of its construction in 1889. The observatory was originally planned for 4th and Market Streets, but the remote mountain in the South Bay was selected because of the purity of its night sky. James Lick, a multimillionaire miser turned deathbed philanthropist, set aside $1,250,000 to build the observatory as a gift to all humankind. True to his last wish, the engineers of the observatory entombed Lick's remains beneath the pier of the great telescope. The Regents of the University of California finance and control the operation of the telescope.

The Great Refractor is 55' long, with a 36" refracting lens which allows it to take clear photographs of neighboring galaxies. The floor of the dome may be raised 17' to allow the astronomer to remain standing while training the telescope on the horizon. A 12" refractor is ensconced in a smaller dome, and a Crossley 5' reflecting lens telescope is used for spectroscopic analysis. The Lick staff has discovered three new moons of Jupiter, proven the

Lick Observatory

lack of water vapor on Mars, and taken the most accurate spectroscopic emission lines of a solar eclipse. Throughout the 1920's the Lick team jaunts around the world to the site of every total solar eclipse, observing gravitational light deflection in order to prove Einstein's General Theory of Relativity. The staff at Lick lives in the three-story brick main building or in cottages that cling to the steep mountainside below. The main building also holds a larder and rooms for the entire staff and guests (the observatory is occasionally snowed in).

Angel Island
(Ellis Island of the Pacific)

A mountainous islet in the bay just off the Tiburon peninsula, Angel Island was the site of the Union Army's Ft. McDowell through the Civil War, but its guns were never fired in anger. The fort divided its forces into three garrisons around the perimeter of the isle before withdrawing to the East Garrison. Ft. McDowell (east) and Camp Reynolds (west) remain in use, as does a gravel quarry on the northeast. The Army barracks at Camp Reynolds are still in use, as is "Camp Pneumonia", the lonely lookout on Point Blunt. The rest of the island is a wilderness one square mile in area, with wooded slopes and meandering deer trails winding up to the island's peak. The flora change drastically from one ravine to the next, as plants from all over the world have found their way there aboard ships. Angel Island served as a staging area for troops in the Spanish-American War and World War I, and its rugged terrain is dotted with the abandoned ruins of artillery emplacements and barracks, overgrown with ivy and exotic creepers. Sightings of ghosts in the woods have been reported by the superstitious on foggy nights since the Civil War, though these phenomena have never been investigated.

The Franciscan friars who first took the Indians in hand discovered that their charges clung to some pagan observances at Angel Island. The Costanoans believed it was a listening post where the first sounds of the Earth's creation still resonate. A narrow crag somewhere on the island hid a shrine where the Indian shamans made obeisance to idols decorated with red feathers in imitation of the sun. The missionaries tried to stamp out these practices, but they continued in secret until the Franciscans left California.

Immigration Station

In 1910 the abandoned North Garrison was converted to an immigration station for holding Chinese immigrants under the Exclusion Act. Some 3,000 immigrants, 97% of whom were Chinese, were detained on the island for weeks, months, and sometimes over two years, waiting to be allowed to cross the bay to San Francisco or be deported. Only by proving kinship with a U.S. citizen could an immigrant leave the island. A thriving business in "paper brides", falsified marriages arranged by the tongs, ensured that a trickle of Chinese made it into the country. During their stay, the immigrants were watched as closely as in any prison and

SCENARIO HOOK

The Costanoan worship spot is a point of contact with the chthonians; the area's periodic earthquakes are the residual effects of a curse laid on the land by the last shamans of the dying Ohlone tribe. The hidden shrine on the island contains an enormous sounding drum of leather stretched over human bones that resonates with the fault lines, calling the chthonians. The sounding drum pulses once every thirty to forty years, but something has caused it to summon the Burrowers Beneath early in this cycle. Whether it is an imperfection in the sounding drum, or the work of a cult group, is unknown but the chthonians have been called.

Major Bay Area Cities

Alameda (pop. 28,806): An island separated from the mainland by an estuary dredged in 1903, Alameda hosts shipyards and a naval station. Tons of freight make their way through a maze of rail yards and warehouses throughout the western U.S. A tube-tunnel that will connect this industrial area with Oakland proper is under construction beneath the Oakland Inner Harbor strait and will be completed in 1928.

Benicia (pop. 2,693): Along with its first choice of a name (Francisca), Benicia lost most of its shipping commerce to the City early on because of the difficulty of negotiating the narrow Carquinez Strait. Benicia was the capital of California for a year in 1853. Until the turn of the century, Benicia was a landing for the oyster and fishing boats that plied the rich beds in the North Bay. These were largely played out by the time of the catastrophic 1906 earthquake, and the town became a sleepy port.

Berkeley (pop. 56,036): Originally selected as the locale for a "country" university "sufficiently removed from the disturbances of the city" by the trustees of the College of California, Berkeley was conceived as a planned neighborhood to serve the university's immediate needs. Parcels of land were homesteaded out to residents and businessmen to form the "Berkeley neighborhood", a cloistered "bedroom" community aloof from the rapid progress gripping the rest of the Bay Area.

Oakland (pop. 216,261): San Francisco's rival to the east has always lingered in the City's shadow, with a smaller port girded by troublesome

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passed their sentences scratching graffiti, poetry, and untranslatable messages into the walls of their barracks.

Hospital Cove Quarantine Station

Ayala (Hospital) Cove became a quarantine station in 1892 for passengers and crew on ships suspected of carrying disease. Passengers arriving from the Orient may be detained for several days in military hospital barracks while their ship is fumigated and searched for contraband, and their belongings steamed and disinfected.

SCENARIO HOOK

Upon arrival in San Francisco by ocean liner, the investigators are detained at Hospital Cove because:

1. Their ship carries a sinister cargo which a few corrupt members of the Quarantine Station staff smuggle into the country.

2. One or more passengers on the ship (perhaps the investigators themselves!) are infected with a larval parasite held sacred by a cult from their port of origin. The cult's American sect sends a group of minions to Angel Island to collect it.

Other Islands of the Bay

Of the dozens of islands, islets, and jutting rocks adorning the Bay and the vicinity of the Golden Gate, a few deserve special attention.

Goat Island

Named Yerba Buena ("good herb") by the Spaniards, and alternately called Sea Bird Island and Wood Island, the U.S. Geographic Board renamed it Goat Island in 1895, after the flock of goats once pastured here before the military seized the isle as a strategic defense position. (It is renamed Yerba Buena in 1931.) The Navy maintains a lighthouse on the peak of the island and a training center on the eastern shore (abandoned in 1923). The island is still a lonely wilderness outpost in the midst of two thriving modern cities, shrouded in a strange and wild history. The Costanoans buried their dead in a hollow near the southeast cove; the mouths of skulls recovered from the site were plugged with abalone shells, a custom suggesting some special, yet unknown, status conferred upon the dead. Later burials attracted even more attention from gold-digging San Franciscans- gold and gems, according to legends. The loot and holy relics of Mission Dolores; $20,000,000 in gold doubloons and gemstones from Callao, Peru; the treasure of Don Abecco Monte Janeiro, a pirate and plunderer of the Spanish galleons. All are said to be hidden in the soil of Goat Island. In the case of the latter, the spirit of Monte Janeiro contacted several leading spiritualists in San Francisco in the 1870's, leading them into a bitter feud over the division of the treasure, which was never found. Monte Janeiro materialized and drew the occultists away with bloodcurdling wails and hails of stones.

In 1933, engineers tunnel 540 feet through Yerba Buena (at 65' wide, and 52' high, the world's largest vehicular tunnel) to accommodate the two-tiered Bay Bridge. In 1934, dredged fill is poured into the bay 900' north of Yerba Buena to create Treasure Island, a naval base and site for the 1939 World's Fair.

Red Rock

At the very highest point of this island between Contra Costa and Marin Counties, marked by an iron surveyor's monument, a person can stand, all at the same time, in the City and County of San Francisco, the City of Richmond, and the counties of Contra Costa and Marin. In 1849, the delegates invited to the Monterey Convention to map plans to apply for statehood divided the state into 27 proposed counties. Contra Costa, Marin, and San Francisco Counties were among those original 27, and it was decided that the summit of Molate Island (as it was called at the time, from a misspelling of the Spanish word *moleta*, a red paint pigment) was a good starting point for some of the surveys. That dividing point still stands, marked by the surveyor's monument.

The island is rich in manganese, which gives it its red and yellow appearance and hence its name. Around 1866 the island's manganese was noticed. Some 200 tons of ore were taken by speculators without any real permission from anyone, and the tunnels they dug remain on the island to this day, a refuge for bats and seabirds. Legends have been circulated that the island was once a burial place for pirate's treasure, but if any has ever been found, no one has mentioned it publicly.

The island stayed mostly out of the public eye until 1916. It was then noticed because of a series of bombings in the Bay Area by alleged anarchists with whom Tom Mooney, who was later to serve a term in nearby San Quentin Prison, was said to be associated. Arthur B. Reihl, a San Francisco police detective, visited the island in search of a possible cache of guns and explosives. He found neither, but he did discover and was impressed by the early mine workings. Reihl filed a mining claim, declaring the island unpatented mineral-bearing property. He was later joined by a Louis H. Eilken, and together they filed still another claim. The two did mining assessment work on Red Rock for several years, into the 1920's. They cleaned out the tunnels and applied for and were granted a patent title.

Farallone Islands

32 miles west of the Golden Gate, this chain of seven tiny islets was the fabled earthly paradise of the Costanoans (see page 9), who never set foot on them. According to another local Indian legend, the bay was invaded by a strange race from across the sea in massive sailing ships centuries before the Europeans came, who set about plundering the coast. Coyote and Eagle warned Gitchie Manitou, the Great Spirit, who turned the invaders into birds and their ships into steep rocky islands. Russian sailors and, later, native San Franciscans plundered the nests of rare seabirds on the Farallones until President Teddy Roosevelt ordered that the islands be made a Federal Bird Reserve in 1907. A U.S. Light Station stands atop Beacon Rock, the highest peak in the chain, and a Coast Guard barracks is still in use on the shore. The islands can be seen from the mainland on clear days by the sharp-sighted.

The Farallone Islands

San Quentin State Prison

As a progressive, liberal young metropolis, San Francisco needed a prison which reflected its spirit while effectively reforming wrongdoers into responsible citizens. What it got instead was San Quentin.

shoals and tidal flats. When the Central Pacific transcontinental railroad connected Oakland to the rest of the country in 1869, it became a center for loading domestic exports. The railroad had to erect a two-mile-long pier in order to reach a deep water anchorage; Long Wharf served as the first transbay terminus for ferries carrying passengers and dry goods bound for ports outside the bay.

Palo Alto (pop. 5,900): A tiny community far from the bustle of the City, Palo Alto hosted the summer homes of many of San Francisco's tycoons. Palo Alto came into its own with the founding of Stanford University in 1891.

Redwood City (pop. 5,500): A town built around a sawmill and lumber landing, Redwood City grew to become the seat of San Mateo County. While her harbor wasn't dredged to admit deep-water ships until 1937, Redwood City thrived on the building of lumber schooners and the export of redwood, concrete, gypsum, and salt from her plentiful salt flats.

Richmond (pop. 16,843): This deep-water port on the cusp of the point on Carquinez Strait grew with the construction of an oil refinery by the Standard Oil Company in 1903, connected by a 238-mile-long pipe to the oil fields near Bakersfield. Later, Richmond took on a munitions plant and dry dock for the U.S. Navy.

San Jose (pop. 39,642): The seat of Santa Clara County, San Jose fanned out across the semiarid valley with the discovery of artesian well water which fed its burgeoning farms. As the site of Misión Santa Clara de Asís, San Jose is the second-oldest European settlement in the Bay

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Area. The University of Santa Clara, a Jesuit college opened in 1851, forms the hub of this growing city surrounded by vast tracts of agricultural property. The old mission church, itself rebuilt several times as a result of earthquakes, burns to the ground in a spectacular fire in 1926.

San Rafael (pop. 2,913): The site of San Rafael Archangel, the second most northerly of the California missions. Planned out around this landing's subregional exports of beef and firewood from neighboring ranchos in 1850, San Rafael was later designated the seat of Marin County. All the same, San Rafael remains a semi-rural agricultural community with a small downtown near the Franciscan mission from which it took its name. Like Napa to the north, San Rafael is a popular summer health resort, with many exclusive retreats cloistered among the shaded redwood forests that hem the town in on the west.

Vallejo: Slapped together in under a year as a candidate for California state capital in 1851, Vallejo is the bay terminus for railroad connections with the Sacramento Valley. The Navy Yard at Mare Island provides Vallejo with its chief industry.

Originally a private enterprise when it opened in Marin County on Bastille Day in 1852, San Quentin was rife with vice, and unrecovered escapes were commonplace; it soon reverted to state control. Under public domain, the prison perfectly reproduced in miniature the graft and corruption of the city it served.

The original structure was the Old Spanish Prison, a three-story brick jailhouse with a turnkey's office and dormitory for milder inmates on its ground floor, and forty-eight 10 1/2' x 6' cells on each of the upper floors. The cells faced outward, open to the elements. The Middle Prison and the five-story South Block (the largest single cell block in the world) were built by 1913, adding another 196 cells that were enclosed, if not significantly more modern. San Quentin held 2,300 inmates in 1925. This figure would jump again after the opening of the East Block with its 570 cells. The Great Depression drove the prison population to an all-time high of 6,397 inmates in 1934.

In 1927, San Quentin gets a 104-cell women's prison to house the 50 women serving time there. No more than a few dozen female prisoners ever occupied the "Hen House"; in 1933 the last woman was transferred to Tehachapi Women's Facility. The Hen House was converted into Neumiller Hospital.

In 1893 San Quentin took over hanging condemned prisoners from the City's Broadway jail, executing sentence on the top floor of the Old Sash & Blind Factory until Warden James B. Holohan replaced it with the gas chamber in 1934.

Wardens and Guards

The conditions and staff of the prison vacillated between spartan and orderly, and draconian and lawless, just as the wardens changed with each change of gubernatorial administrations in Sacramento. With the appointing of James A. Johnston (warden from 1913–1924), San Quentin took steps toward modern penal theory. Johnston, who had abolished corporal punishment at Folsom while warden there, initiated "road camps" throughout northern California, removed all incorrigible prisoners to Folsom, and persuaded Billy Sunday and William Jennings Bryant to speak to the inmates. (Johnston went on to preside as warden over Alcatraz.) His successor, Frank Smith (warden from 1924–1927), was the governor's son-in-law. "Big Jim" Holohan (warden from 1927–1935) was a celebrated Wild West lawman in his declining years and a mediocre (at best) warden. He reinstated the con-boss system to keep the overcrowded prison in line, encouraging a brutal parody of jungle law. On January 16, 1935, a group of four prisoners stormed Warden Holohan's dining room during a luncheon with the parole board. The convicts beat Holohan nearly to death with a piston and took the board hostage in a high speed-chase across Marin County. One convict was shot when the getaway car crashed into a farm; two were hanged; and one got life at Folsom, along with their outside acquaintance who smuggled in guns to them.

Special Treatment

Inmates are not allowed to pass their sentences idly; the prison has helped to support itself by running a series of industries, including furniture manufacturing and making gravel from a quarry located in the hills above Larkspur Landing. Labor unions eventually shut down all but San Quentin's jute mill, a hellish sweatshop where raw jute was machine-woven into sacks. The work is mind-numbing, potentially lethal (none of the machines was equipped with safety measures until well after the 1920's), and ruinous to the respiratory tract, but prisoners are paid for their toils (about 10¢ a week).

Misbehavior is tolerated between prisoners, but violence among the ranks or insubordination to a prison authority opens a menu of awful punishments. Inmates caught with contraband or other minor offenses do a "squat on the Spot", standing at attention for hours on end under pain of torture, or pass a few days in solitary confinement in a cell salted with toxic chloride of lime. Guards administer floggings with lead-loaded rubber hoses, billy clubs, and lengths of leather-sheathed steel spring. Also dreaded is the "crusher", a pair of adjustable manacles which can be cranked down to grind a convict's wristbones to powder.

After 1916, only first-time felons from northern California are interred in San Quentin; repeat offenders and parole violators are sent to Folsom Prison in the hot, bleak Central Valley. Conditions at Folsom make San Quentin seem like a resort, and the mere threat of transfer there has power to quell even rioting cons.

The Star Traveler, one of Jack London's lesser-known novels, describes a prisoner in "the Hole" at San Quentin who astrally travels out of his body from that grim place. London sets the scene by describing prison life in vivid detail, detail which a keeper may find useful to adapt to a campaign. The novel was written prior to the reopening of Alcatraz in 1934, so "Q", as its inmates call it, was the most fearsome prison available to the imagination.

San Quentin's Mad Scientist

For a zealous scientist, a tenure as San Quentin's doctor is not a punishment but a chance to experiment on live human subjects with impunity. Between 1913 and 1951, the prison system supplies Dr. Leonidas Stanley with thousands of guinea pigs for his experiments in "glandular rejuvenation." Stanley has transplanted testicular matter from the corpses of executed inmates and animals into the bodies of elderly prisoners, with shocking results. Three recipients of Stanley's process hop the wall and

Randolph Coutts

This balding, thin man, always wearing the latest fashionable men's suits, has two personas. The first is of a confident and conservative lawyer who loves his family and knows the importance of good family values. The second is of a scared, timid man who has glimpsed once too often the disturbing tomes kept in the Zebulon Pharr Collection. This second persona only comes into play while he's physically present at the estate. Coutts meticulously maintains the collection, ensuring that all the locks are fastened on all the doors and windows before he leaves, and even more diligent about ensuring that nobody remains behind after him. He keeps a .32 revolver in the locked glove box of his car, just in case, and thankfully so far, he hasn't found the need to use it.

Randloph Coutts, Lawyer, age 42

STR 12	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 11
INT 14	**POW** 13	**DEX** 09
APP 10	**EDU** 80	**SAN** 60
HP 11		

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist 50%, dam. 1D3
.32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Accounting 40%, Anthropology 10%, Bargain 30%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Drive Auto 50%, Law 75%, Library Use 60%, Listen 40%, Occult 20%, Psychology 50%.

Languages: English 90%, Greek 60%, Latin 50%.

escape soon after, encouraging Stanley to redouble his efforts to reverse aging. Dr. Stanley is apparently granted carte blanche in the disposition of his charges' remains, for in 1928 there is no official inquiry when hanged prisoner Buck Kelly arrives at a mortuary sans heart, brain, and testicles.

SCENARIO HOOK

What if Dr. Stanley's experiments were more successful — and more radical — than the world ever discovered? What was he doing with the other parts found missing from deceased inmates, particularly with their brains?

The Zebulon Pharr Collection

Situated across the Bay, not far from Mount Tamalpais and just outside the northern extents of the city, the Zebulon Pharr Collection remains the most comprehensive catalogue of occult tomes and ancient artifacts found in or around Greater San Francisco. The collection is housed on the edge of woodlands near Muir Beach. The Spanish-style villa contains the greatest collection of Mythos tomes in California outside of the Sanbourne Institute of Pacific Antiquities in Santiago, outside of Los Angeles. Unfortunately, the collection is privately owned, and access to its numerous books is extremely difficult to come by.

Oddly, few people will have actually heard of this fabled collection, even if they are lifelong residents of San Francisco. Keepers can assume that only locally-raised investigators with an Occult or Anthropology skill greater than 50% will be aware of this collection if they succeed in a **Know** roll. Otherwise, investigators might learn of its existence during their research in other libraries, noting that the collection is regularly cited in footnotes or lists of sources in occult or anthropology tomes, particularly in books written in or about San Francisco. The third alternative is that academic investigators might hear about the collection mentioned in passing by the heads of the Archaeology or History departments at the university where they work. If asked the question, their response is that they would love to view the tomes held within, only their applications to do so keep getting rejected.

Investigators desiring to learn more can do so with a little bit of leg work and some scholarly study. Zebulon Pharr was the son of a wealthy East Coast family which had made its money in shipping and manufacturing. The young Pharr studied at Yale before completing a post-graduate degree at Harvard in Slavonic dialects. In 1852, he traveled to the West Coast to follow up his theory on the cultural links between the Native American races and the Asian continent. Although this insight was confirmed by later scholars, during his time Pharr's theories were rebuffed, and he commanded little academic success. In 1855, at the death of his father, Zebulon came into control of the family business which he quickly sold, investing the money in his twin passions, anthropology and philology (the study of languages). He traveled in Western and Central America and Micronesia, amassing a priceless collection of artifacts and copious notes on American Indian and Polynesian history, customs, and culture. In later years, he developed a fascination with religion and the occult, corresponded with many noted occultists of his day, and acquired an incredible collection of occult tomes and paraphernalia. He died without wife or heirs, and his estate became a trust, maintaining the collection to which he gave his name.

Most of the collection's volumes concern the American Indians of the West and Southwest, including curious notes and letters from and about the Conquistadors, what they did and what they found. It also includes curious relics from the Owyhee Mountains, and several items from Pacific islands, including a rather disturbing wooden statue of Cthulhu carved by the Maoris of New Zealand's North Island, frightening enough to provoke a Sanity loss of 1/1D3 points.

The collection is managed by a San Francisco legal firm, Coutts and Winthrop. Through the careful management of the trust funds, complemented by donations offered by numerous researchers who have reading access, the trustees have acquired many more works over the years, ever increasing the collection. Coutts and Winthrop are very selective in whom they allow access to the collection, as dictated by Pharr's last will and testament. Only applications accompanied with a referral from a noted and

Mythos Tomes Held in the Collection

Masks of Evil – Written in English, this editors' proof (the original prepared by Prospero Press in 1927 was never published) is based on the posthumous notes of Jackson Elias, an American globe-trotting writer who specialized in cults. This proof recounts both his personal experience and his extensive research into secret cults of Africa, compiled from his various notes and travel diaries. The book mentions by name the cults of the Bloody Tongue of Kenya, the cult of the Spiraling Worm of the Congo, and the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh of Egypt, who all worship aspects of the same god in different forms. It also contains instructions on how to use the Chaos Drum (see page 21), an item in the Marsden African Collection. This book only appears in the Zebulon Pharr collection after 1927, and contains no spells. If characters have played Chaosium's *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep* campaign, they might discover that their then-investigators' names are listed amongst the acknowledgements. *Sanity loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend/8 hours to skim.*

Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans – Written in Spanish in 1781 by Pedro Maldonado, a Franciscan Monk, this book contains observations of the Costanoans, Miwok and Ohlone tribes of the Bay Area, and particularly the Rumsen Grizzly Bear shamans and their magical rituals. One chapter mentions that all the tribes considered the area around Pebble Hill to be haunted, yet was a site sacred to certain obscure sects of the Grizzly Bear shamans. Legends spoke of Pebble Hill as a place where the spirits who lived there stole people's minds, although this phenomenon would occur for a few years, and then stop. The book contains two spells, Invoke the Spirit of Pebble Hill (Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth) and Invoke the Walking Ghost of Pebble Hill (Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler). *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend/8 hours to skim.*

Zanthu Tablets – Written by noted American archaeologist Harold Hadley Copeland in 1916 and printed by the Sanbourne Institute for Pacific Studies in Santiago, California, just outside Los Angeles. This slim 32-page brochure purports to be translations from carvings in black jade tablets discovered in Indo-China. Refers to many Great Old Ones and Outer Gods but contains no spells. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; average 8 weeks to study and comprehend/16 hours to skim.*

Ponape Scriptures – Written in 1734 by Kingsport, Massachusetts sea captain Abner Ezekiel Hoag, containing transcriptions of ceremonies given to Hoag by South Sea Islanders. The ceremonies include the worship and breeding with deep ones and refers to Cthulhu, his Star-Spawn, Ghatanothoa, and Zoth-Ommog. Copeland's annotated version was published by Miskatonic University Press in 1907, and contains no spells. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 13 weeks to study and comprehend/26 hours to skim.*

The R'lyeh Text – Transcribed from clay tablets reputed to have been written in 13,000 B.C., this Chinese edition of the text deals extensively with the deep ones, Father Dagon, Mother Hydra, the Spawn of Cthulhu, Cthulhu's sons Zoth-Ommog and Ghatanothoa, and Great Cthulhu himself. This edition contains the spells Call Cyaegha, Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Deep One, Contact Father Dagon, Contact Mother Hydra, Curse of the Stone, Grasp of Cthulhu, and Wave of Oblivion. *Sanity loss 1D8/2D8; Cthulhu Mythos +15 percentiles; average 54 weeks to study and comprehend/120 hours to skim.*

The Necronomicon – Translated from the Greek to Latin by monk Olaus Wormius in 1228, this edition is one of the copies produced by a Spanish printer in the 17th century, printed in black letter in folio size. Contains the spells Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call/Dismiss Nygotha, Call/Dismiss Sub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Contact Ghoul, Contact Sand Dweller, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Sulieman, Elder Sign, Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign, and others as dictated by the keeper. *Sanity loss 1D10/2D10; Cthulhu Mythos +16 percentiles; average 66 weeks to study and comprehend/132 hours to skim.*

Miles Winthrop

The older and more senior of the two partners, Winthrop is a round, portly man who enjoys cigars and sherry, likes to crack a joke or two, and wears a monocle and a fob watch, both of which he picked up during his one and only trip to the Continent. Winthrop was friends with Zebulon Pharr in the old days when Winthrop was a younger man. He knows a surprising tale or two about San Francisco. Winthrop is a Mason (see Page 87), and is more willing to go out of his way to assist another Mason who gives the secret handshake than someone who is not. Winthrop rarely visits the collection, claiming ill-health and a busy schedule, passing the duty onto Coutts or some other member of the firm. The truth is he actually fears being in the presence of some of the artifacts and tomes, particularly the *Necronomicon*.

Miles Winthrop, Lawyer, age 57

STR 09	**CON** 09	**SIZ** 14
INT 17	**POW** 10	**DEX** 09
APP 10	**EDU** 80	**SAN** 60
HP 11		

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3
.32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Accounting 40%, Anthropology 10%, Bargain 30%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Drive Auto 50%, Law 75%, Library Use 60%, Listen 40%, Occult 20%, Psychology 50%.

Languages: English 90%, Greek 60%, Latin 50%.

trusted occultist, historian, or anthropologist will allow new visitors to peruse this collection. In San Francisco, the following people can be used by investigators as successful referees: John Carnby (see page 70), Alfred Louis Kroeber (page 65), Julius Marsden (page 20), and Clark Ashton Smith (page 101).

During such times of study, a member of the firm will accompany the researcher to the estate and will remain with him or her at all times during their investigations. Only long time users who have already donated books to the collection are trusted enough to allow to research on their own, and this is not a condition that the firm publicizes. Anyone who asks to be left alone is watched more closely. Under no circumstances are books and artifacts allowed to leave the estate.

Even less well publicized than the mere existence of the Zebulon Pharr collection itself is that it holds an extensive collection of Mythos tomes, a fact most visitors will only discover when they gain access to the collection. Notable books include the complete works of Jackson Elias, including his posthumous *Masks of Evil*, the complete works of Harold Copeland including his *Zanthu Tablets* and his annotated *Ponape Scriptures*, a Chinese edition of *The R'lyeh Texts*, and a manuscript from early local Spanish settlements entitled *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans* by Pedro Maldonado. The most prized addition of this collection is a copy of the Olaus Wormius Latin translation of *The Necronomicon*, kept in an inner room and sealed in a locked fire-proof case. This book is only brought out if investigators ask to find information specifically pertaining to the Cthulhu Mythos, and of course they must appear to be of sound mind and body, not always possible for an experienced investigator.

Further details on the Zebulon Pharr Collection can be found in the scenario "Beyond the Edges".

Other Marin County Locations

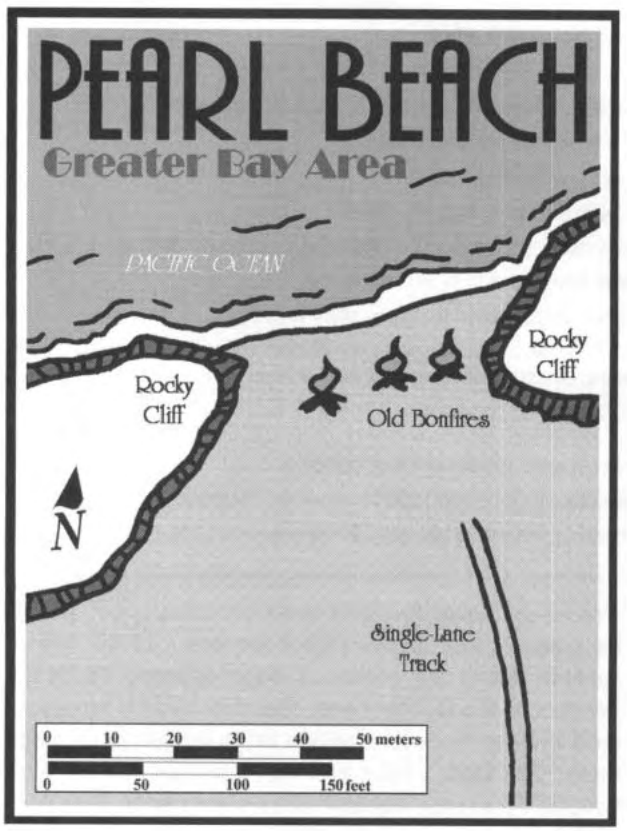
Though lying within sight of San Francisco, to the north and across the treacherous waters of the Golden Gate, Marin County seems worlds away.

Sausalito

A sleepy, yacht-strewn cove only two miles removed from the bustling city, Sausalito clings to its seclusion. Developed as a suburb for well-to-do San Franciscans, Sausalito also plays home to a sizable Portuguese immigrant colony and old-time Marin locals. Steep, narrow roads roam along the cliff face overlooking the cove, better suited to horse-drawn wagons than automobiles. Electric railcars connect the ferry terminal at Sausalito with the rest of Marin County, but the town radiates an aura of aloofness to outsiders which sometimes comes to a very physical head. Some local residents in their hillside houses have been known to pay children to go down to the ferry terminal and pelt visitors to the town with rocks, driving them back onto the boats for home.

Pearl Beach

Located some twenty miles north of San Francisco, Pearl Beach is a rather unremarkable and deserted stretch of waterfront with only the remains of several old bonfires. Each side of the beach is protected by small rocky cliffs ten to twelve feet in height. The only way in is via a single-lane track that leads back one and a half miles to the main road. By day, anyone looking too closely at the sand will notice, with a successful **Track** roll, the occasional imprint



of a webbed foot. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll will identify this as the tracks of a deep one.

Pearl Beach is the site of numerous nightly ceremonies performed by Lang-Fu's deep one cult (See page 91). Ceremonies may involve several dozen cult members who build large bonfires while others play small drums, gongs, and flutes which they have brought with them. Sacrifices, normally illegal immigrants smuggled into San Francisco from China, are offered during ceremonies to the deep ones who appear from the ocean. Ceremonies continue for many hours into the night. When Lang-Fu is present at a ceremony he will summon Mother Hydra. When he needs to travel or requires an object to be smuggled in our out of the country, Lang-fu comes here, where he commands Hydra to take him or the object to any place in the world accessible by ocean.

Tamalpais Cat People

	Dice	*Average*
STR	3D6+10	20–21
CON	3D6+6	16–17
SIZ	3D6+6	16–17
INT	3D6	10–11
POW	4D6	14
DEX	3D6+8	18–19
Move 17		**HP** 16–17

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6

Armor: 2 pts. hide.

Weapons: Claw 60%, 1D4+2
Bite 45%, 1D6+1

Skills: Ambush 50%, Climb 80%, Dodge 65%, Hide 40%, Listen 50%, Scent 90%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 70%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 sanity points.

Mt. Tamalpais

This towering, mist-shrouded peak looms over the secluded towns of Marin County and is the most visible landmark throughout the Bay Area. The terrain changes radically on the mountain; thickly wooded groves of mammoth redwoods drape the foothills, while the upper slopes

SCENARIO HOOK

According to local legend, Mt. Tam is the home of a race of black feline anthropoids which have been glimpsed by weekend hikers both on the mountain itself and, as the human population pushes back the wilderness, on the outskirts of town. Described as bipedal, standing five feet at their muscular shoulders, the creatures have feline features but are tailless, and communicate with a bizarre chittering speech. Unlike the shy Sasquatch (which has also been spotted on Mt. Tamalpais), the cat creatures are aggressive hunters; slaughtered deer carcasses occasionally turn up along the less-frequented trails between Mt. Tamalpais and the cloistered sylvan groves of Muir Woods. The creatures have never been known to attack a human, but many Marin residents honor the beliefs of their Miwok predecessors by avoiding the mountain after dark. The panther creatures may be a tribe of lycanthropes or a degenerate offshoot of the Miwok shamans, who shapeshifted and interbred with mountain lions to escape the Spanish missionaries and Mexican slavers.

Selected Bay Area Shipwrecks

Date	Ship	Location	Survivors	Notes
2/22/1901	*Rio de Janeiro*	Fort Point	81	Sinks in 20 minutes with more than $2 million in Chinese silver. 129 lost.
6/11/1906	*Corinthian*	Humboldt Bay	0	Two-masted schooner stranded. 12 lost.
7/20/1907	*Columbia*	Cape Mendocino	162	Collides with *San Pedro*. 87 lost.
1/7/1913	*Rosecrans*	Peacock Spit	3	Her fourth accident in one year. 31 lost.
6/14/1916	SS *Bear*	Cape Mendocino	5	Coastal passenger liner from Portland to San Francisco loses its way; ship lost.
8/6/1921	SS *Alaska*	Blunt's Reef	166	Captain Hovey killed by fallen stack. 42 lost.
10/719/22	*Lyman Stewart*	Seal Rocks	all	Oil tanker sinks within 50 ft. of sister ship's 1914 grave.
9/9/1923	*Delphy, Young, Fuller, Woodbury, Chauncey, S.P. Lee,* and *Nicholas*	75 miles north of Santa Barbara	unknown	7 U.S. Navy destroyers in formation run 35 miles off-course, hit rocks at 20 knots. 22 lost in worst peacetime naval disaster ever.
10/22/1927	*Coos Bay*	Land's End	all	Lumber steamer on rocks at foot of lighthouse.
6/27/1929	*Hartwood*	Pt. Reyes	0	Steam schooner sinks with 1,250,000 board feet of lumber.
1/12/1936	SS *Iowa*	Peacock Spit	0	Inexplicably goes into 76 mph gale. 34 lost; only 4 bodies found.

are broken up by jagged rock formations. The peak, at 2,571 feet, commands a panoramic view of the entire bay. The forest around Mt. Tamalpais, especially Muir Woods, frequently turns up traces of Miwok villages and burial grounds, but the Indians held the mountain itself as taboo and never climbed it.

Notwithstanding native tradition, there is a tourist attraction on Mt. Tamalpais. The Mount Tamalpais & Muir Woods Railroad was built in 1896. The trains go from Mill Valley all the way to the top of the mountain, along what is billed as "the crookedest railroad in the world." Thousands of people enjoy the ride during the Teens and the Twenties. The railroad company even built three inns, one in Muir Woods and two on the mountain, to help accommodate visitors, who included such luminaries as Theodore Roosevelt, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and author Kathleen Norris. The railroad's business fades with the advent of the automobile during the 1920's; it is abandoned entirely in 1930, after a 1929 forest fire on Mt. Tamalpais and the beginning of the Great Depression.

Shipwrecks

The waters of the Pacific coast are dangerous and have claimed fleets of ships with their swift currents, impenetrable fogs, and jagged rocks. Even with modern technology, the number of ships wrecked and lives lost has not decreased; the straits of the Golden Gate remain as dangerous as ever. According to treasure hunters, older Spanish galleons litter the bottom of the sea all along the coast, laden with millions in gold bullion and gemstones. Despite ship-to-shore radio and the array of lights, horns, and sirens on the Bay, modern ships continue to stray off-course in the fog and run up on the rocky Pacific shores. Many of those lost in these wrecks are never found or wash up miles away, several days later. Even 20 years after the wreck of the *Rio de Janeiro*, debris and pieces of cargo still turn up on the beaches of the Golden Gate. The ship itself is not found until 1929, at the bottom of San Pablo Bay, 40 miles to the north. The table above provides a partial list of shipwrecks. More than seventy ships were lost to Bay Area coasts during the first part of the twentieth century.

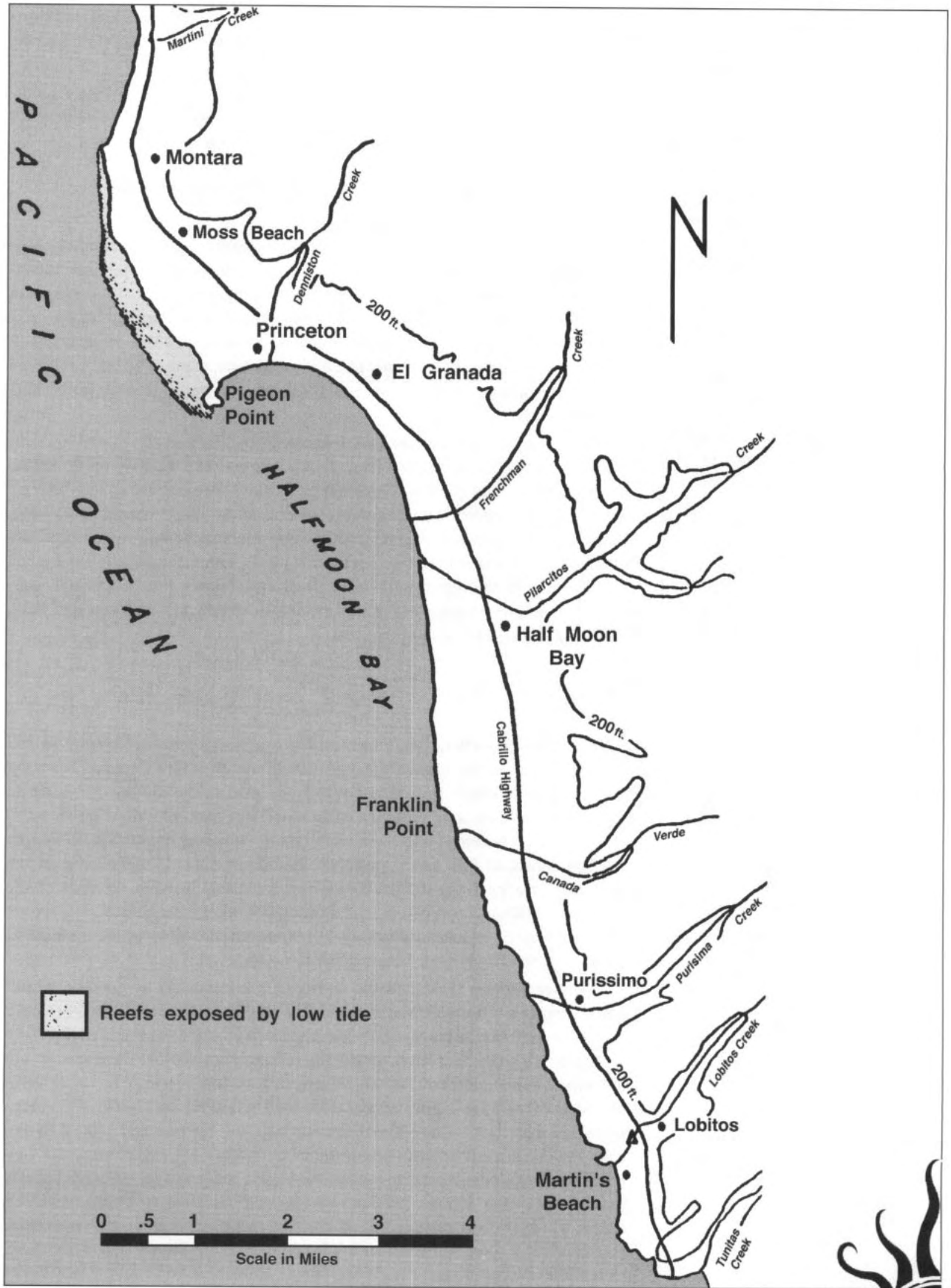
Half Moon Bay

A secluded, shallow, reef-flanked bay 25 miles south of San Francisco, Half Moon Bay attracted an odd mix of fishermen and bohemian artist colonies, as it does today. The Marsh Company of Innsmouth, Massachusetts main-

SCENARIO HOOK

The disasters at Half Moon Bay are the work of a sizable deep one colony living off the reef at Pigeon Point and in the warehouses on the town's waterfront. Those unfortunate souls thrown overboard in the deep-one–engineered wrecks are taken to procreate with the hideous hybrids in a chain of caves beneath the cliffs of Pigeon Point. The deep ones plunder the cargoes of the sinking ships for supplies to maintain their human breeding stock. The lighthouse keeper is either coerced or bribed with promises of extended life to turn out the lamp guiding ships through the fog. The deep ones drive the errant ship onto the reefs and seize suitable specimens.

Investigators discover that Captain Patterson is still alive and virtually unchanged since he took over the lighthouse in 1872. Many local residents bear the stamp of the Innsmouth look and seem intent on keeping the investigators from leaving town.



Half Moon Bay and Nearby Area

Half Moon Bay Timeline of Disaster

1853: Azariah Doane, captain of the carrier ship *Pigeon* on her maiden voyage from Boston to San Francisco, loses his bearings in the fog near Pt. Año Nuevo. The blinded ship is dragged by the "strong current" and slams into the reef. Region named Pigeon Point after the accident.

1865: American clipper *Sir John Franklin* runs aground south of Pigeon Point. Captain, first mate, and eleven crewmen disappear in the surf along with a full cargo of liquor. Site of the crash called Franklin Point.

1867: British barque *Coya*, carrying Newcastle coal, crashes into Franklin Point, capsizes. 27 crewmen lost.

1868: Captain of the British ship *Helspont* makes critical error in judgment while trying to save his ship. He orders the masts cut down, smashing all

(continued in column on opposite page)

tains several warehouses here as the Pacific branch of its South Pacific import-export trade and employs a sizable portion of the town's population of approximately 1,700.

Half Moon Bay is also a magnet for shipwrecks with a disturbing regularity. The fierce currents at Pigeon Point at the mouth of the bay run ships onto the reef, 500 feet offshore and visible only at low tide.

Sacramento River Delta

A two-hour drive from San Francisco, the delta might as well be another country. The rich soil of the river delta is cut by many creeks and inlets; the topography changes after each major storm. People of the area either fish, have small farms protected by levees, or conduct more private occupations. Elegant summer homes are here, where San Francisco notables rusticate in splendid mansions. Many permanent residents live on houseboats; some of these are offered for rent to summer visitors. This is a good place to go to ground, for hunters and prey both.

The town of Locke is inhabited primarily by Chinese. The town lives off visitors; vices flourish here. Though speakeasies and houses of ill repute account for some of the town's prosperity, Locke's fortunes are solidly built on the sale and consumption of opium in several of the larger houses. Mah jong, fan tan, and pai gow are played by serious gamblers in the equivalent of private clubs. Locke is a secretive place, with few public establishments and not much encouragement to lingering travelers. If an investigator has proper introductions and knows various passwords he might obtain aid and comfort here. Otherwise he will be politely ignored.

Mt. Shasta

Some 200 miles north of San Francisco lies a presently inactive volcano 14,162 feet high, part of the Cascade Range which stretches into Oregon. Towering above the pine forests stretching for miles around it, the mountain is a dense wooded wilderness on its east face and a pitted lava rock hinterland on the west. Five glaciers, enormous and riven with gaping crevasses, guard Shasta's upper reaches. Yawning lava tubes, perfectly cylindrical tunnels melted out of the hardened lava by fresh molten flows, run for miles beneath the foot of the mountain. Indians, prospectors, and spiritualists alike have attested that a civilization of atavistic semi-humanoids lives beneath the volcano, the remnant of a lost race that might have been mythic K'n-yan.

Modoc Indians described the spirits of the mountain as gigantic white-robed sorcerers who could become invisible at will. More recent witnesses have spotted lumbering, semi-reptilian humanoids skulking atop sheer rocky cliffs near Shasta's peak. The Rosicrucian Herve Lewis insists that the Shastans are an outpost of ancient Lemuria, which sank into the Indian Ocean in 12,500 B.C. He claims they were highly advanced in both scientific and spiritual development and may have made little distinction between the two disciplines. In any case, the diversity of descriptions of the inhabitants of Mt. Shasta suggests they may have had a eugenic caste system, modifying the genotype of their subjects to perform certain labors—workers may indeed have had no brains and extra limbs, while thinkers existed only as bodiless manifestations of their own massive cerebral forces. Some accounts of encounters with Shastans describe them as reptilian in appearance, suggesting that a colony of serpent people may coexist with the survivors of K'n-yan and may exist in a perpetual state of internecine war.

In 1904 J. C. Brown, a British prospector at Mt. Shasta, discovered a tunnel leading deep into the side of the volcano, engraved with strange hieroglyphics and decorated with copper and gold treasures of extremely alien workmanship. Brown spent the next 30 years studying accounts of lost civilizations, both Lemuria and K'n-yan. In 1934, at age 79, he approached a Stockton occultist, John Root, to organize an expedition to reopen the lost tunnel entrance. The following day, Brown vanished without a trace and was never heard from again.

Only the sorcerer-scientists of K'n-yan have any desire to go to the surface. They have enormous mental powers, allowing them to communicate via telepathy and render themselves intangible at will by expending a magic point per minute. Residents of K'n-yan closely resemble Indians (albeit inbred, Morlockian Indians) and are often mistaken for ghosts as they glide above the treetops of Mt. Shasta. The average surface visitor is armed with an atomic-powered ray projector and a rotary dagger (like an extremely miniaturized chainsaw), which continues to inflict damage as long as it is left in the victim. In combat the K'n-yan sorcerer materializes to attack, then becomes a ghost as his opponent retaliates. The men of K'n-yan are often accompanied by the *gyaa-yothn* and their reanimated zombie slaves, the *y'm-bhi*. Unlike their voodoo-driven counterparts, the *y'm-bhi* are mobilized by science, with atomic energy infused into generators implanted in the hollowed-out cranial cavities. The limbs of the y'm-bhi may be augmented for specialized tasks with metallic prosthetics, which may also serve as weapons in combat, if so commanded by their master.

lifeboats. Only the first mate and one crewman survive. Crash precipitates passage of the state Lighthouse Bill, calling for a 100-foot lighthouse at Pigeon Point.

1872: Lighthouse completed and entrusted to retired Captain J. W. Patterson, a ship's captain since 1823.

1897: Despite the lighthouse, American steamship *Columbia* runs aground at Pigeon Point. Many crew members, including the captain and first mate, are lost. Within three days, the wreck of the *Columbia* is found stripped to its skeletons. The theft is blamed on locals, but nothing is ever proven or recovered.

1898: The *New York* sweeps into bay, founders in quicksand 200 yards off the beach. Town citizens help rescue crew; no lives lost. Ship sinks out of sight in mud within three days.

In total, upward of 130 people have disappeared into the surf at Half Moon Bay.

Radio

The world's first broadcast radio station was established at Herrold College of Engineering in San Jose in 1909. The station, KQW, is sold in 1922 to the First

Average K'n-yan Sorcerer

STR 6	**DEX** 17	**INT** 20
CON 11	**APP** 4	**POW** 19
SIZ 11	**SAN** 0	**EDU** 24
HP 11		

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Ray projector 45% (base 8%), damage 2D8;
Rotary dagger 70%, damage 1D6+3 per round

Skills: Astrology 38%, Chemistry 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Eugenics 90%, Knife 70%, Listen 25%, Occult 65%, Physics 25%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 65%, Surgeon 100%.

Spells: Call Nyogtha, Contact Chthonian, Contact Formless Spawn, Contact Yig.

Baptist Church; its call letters now stand for "King's Quickening Word." Later, in 1947, this station becomes KCBS. With the invention of an amplifier system by Lee de Forrest of Palo Alto, radio becomes commercially viable, and flocks of licensees nationwide tender applications for a frequency.

The more farsighted among the newspaper moguls in San Francisco saw radio as the wave of the future and bought in early. Hearst opens KUO in 1922 and acquires KYA in 1934 to broadcast "the voice of the *Examiner*." Not to be outdone, the *Chronicle* invests in KPO in 1927, broadcasting a mixed program of news and all-live music and comedy acts from the roof of Hale Brothers Department Store on 5th and Market. Sherman Clay, the Bay Area's leading music retailer, starts KFRC as a vehicle for selling crystal set radios; its "Blue Monday Jamboree" musical program becomes a national sensation. KGO, home of "the world's biggest transmitter", signs on out of Oakland in 1924. Later, along with KPO, KGO joins the fledgling NBC national network to run the World Series and the inauguration of Calvin Coolidge via a coast-to-coast relay. Live evening band concerts from local hotel ballrooms are favorite radio staples. Cy Trobbe's band takes telephoned listener requests from the Palm Court at the Palace every afternoon. Anson Weeks leads his band at the Peacock Court at the Mark Hopkins. Muzzy Marcelino and the Debutantes sing with Ted Fiorito leading the band at the St. Francis' Embassy Room. The serial programs which introduce the golden age of radio begin to run in the late 1920's, and despite the awkwardness that sometimes plagues all-live broadcasts, radio grows out of the Bay Area to become the first nationwide news and entertainment medium.

Gyaa-yothn

One to four of the mammoth, mutant quadrupedal protohuman beasts of burden often accompany the sorcerers of K'n-yan whenever heavy labor, such as clearing or filling tunnels, is required. When used as a mount, the gyaa-yothn is fitted with an odd saddle and bridle; the K'n-yan sorcerer goads his steed forward with telepathic prods or jabs from his rotary dagger. Bred for brute strength and endurance, the gyaa-yothn have only rudimentary intelligence, but a keen sense of smell renders them extremely useful as trackers when human intruders who have seen too much try to escape the sorcerers' mountainous domain.

	Dice	*Average*
STR	4D6+24	38
CON	3D10+20	36–37
SIZ	3D6+18	28–29
INT	1D6	3–4
POW	3D6	10–11
DEX	3D6+3	13–14
Move 10		HP 32–33

Avg. Damage Bonus: +3D6

Armor: 6 pts. leathery hide.

Weapons: Horn Gore 50%, 1D10+db
Kick/Trample 40%, 1D6+db

Skills: Scent 70%, Track 55%

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1D10 Sanity points to see a gyaa-yothn.

Societies

Even in the 1920's San Francisco was rife with secret brotherhoods, clandestine cults, and their ilk. Herein lists some of the more prominent and influential societies that may be encountered.

Masons

The origins of the Masons is unclear and lost in the shrouds of history. Some claim that they were influenced by the Knights Templar, a sect of Christian warrior monks who were protectors of pilgrims making their way to the Holy Land.

It is known that the first Grand Lodge was founded in England in 1717. With the exploration and founding of the colonies, Masonry quickly spread across the west; by 1737, when Benjamin Franklin had joined the fraternity, several Lodges had already sprung up in the fledgling states. Many of the country's founding fathers—men such as George Washington, Paul Revere, Joseph Warren, and John Hancock—were rumored to have been Masons. Indeed, many of the debates surrounding the ratification of the Bill of Rights took place in Masonic Temples.

Masonry is not considered a religion *per se,* although one of the requirements to being a Mason is to believe in a higher power. Under their rules, no atheist may become a Mason. Besides that rule, there are very few actual requirements to joining an order of Masons: any male of sound mind and body that meets the age minimum as set by the Masonry residing in the state that he lives in may join. Once accepted, a Mason is expected uphold his belief in God, grow as an individual,and to uphold his responsibility to make things better in the world

The Masonic presence in San Francisco is as prevalent as in any big city; Mayor Rolph and most of the Board of Supervisors are members. Many public buildings are consecrated with Masonic, not Christian, rituals. The Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons of California meets on the third Tuesday of every April at the Masonic Temple at Van Ness and Market. Its three-block proximity to City Hall is significant, because the Masons' influence in the city is all but written into the city charter. The four-story temple holds meetings and other events for one Masonic association or another several times a week, and other events happen at the Masonic Club in the Palace Hotel. The Masons also maintain their own hospital and Board of Relief.

United Lodge of the Theosophists

Located in a suite of offices in the Pacific Building on Market Street, the Theosophists are less a fraternal lodge than a philosophical order following the tenets of their founder, Helena Blavatsky. The tenets are:

1. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

2. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions, and sciences.

3. To investigate the hidden mysteries of Nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The United Lodge is only one of several factions of the original Theosophist order, which fragmented with the deaths of the original founders. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which stresses the brotherhood aspect of the order's agenda, maintains a utopian colony at Point Loma, near San Diego; the Temple of the People, headquartered at Temple Home in Pismo Beach, was a private sanatorium and communal colony that was all but abandoned by 1913. The root Theosophical foundation has its headquarters in Adyar, a suburb of Madras in India. All splinter groups maintain branch lodges in nearly every major American city, with more lodges in California than in every other state in the union combined. In 1926, worldwide Theosophist membership in one or another faction numbers over 50,000.

The United Lodge is a secret society with no declared leader. It focuses on the investigation of the occult above all else. Novices learn to clear their

Pinkerton Detective Occupation

Players may consider playing Pinkerton detectives, providing them with access to the extensive files on criminals and other resources kept within the agency's files. However such agents are not considered to be above the law, and investigators who conduct criminal acts in the name of solving crimes will soon find themselves out of a job and possibly prosecuted.

Earnings: Lower Middle class to Upper Middle class.

Contacts and Connections: Police officers (usually detectives) and criminals, some of which may be big time gangsters who owe the Detective a favor or two, or perhaps the other way around.

Skills: Accounting, Bargain, Fast Talk, Handgun, Law, Photography, Psychology, Spot Hidden.

Special: Due to the respect Pinkerton Detectives have over other private investigators, they get a +10 percentile on all communication rolls when dealing with government services, such as police, public records, and hospitals.

minds of earthly considerations to harness untapped psychical potential. Veteran theosophists acquire talents such as telekinesis, automatic writing, clairvoyance, and telepathy with "higher intelligences" that have transcended the material plane. The Theosophists also use their powers to study the Inner Core People, a race of non-material entities who inhabit the molten mantle beneath the Earth's crust. According to United Lodge doctrine, the Inner Core People come near the surface at only two known locations on Earth, to which Theosophists make frequent pilgrimages. They are Mt. Shasta (see page 84) and a hot spring near Reykjavik, Iceland.

Investigators may join the United Lodge for a one-time fee of $500. This grants access to all lectures and meetings, and use of the order's library, which holds the complete works of Madame Blavatsky and a rich collection of Eastern literature, much of which is in Sanskrit.

Holy City

Father William E. Riker founded the Perfect Christian Divine Way in 1918 in San Francisco. In that same year he built Holy City, a utopian retreat located in the Santa Cruz Mountains between Santa Cruz and San Jose, as a refuge for his congregation, who await the coming Armageddon in which all races but whites will be wiped away by a holy deluge. Riker's racial dogma parallels that of the Ku Klux Klan, and his order has been tried in court for a variety of crimes including sedition and race-motivated murders, but all charges have been dismissed. The colony depends on the commerce of motorists traveling to Santa Cruz on the state highway and runs a restaurant, mechanic, and printing shop. Male and female members are strictly segregated, and no children are allowed. The order holds occasional recruitment revivals in San Francisco and other Bay Area cities, but numbers never rise above 300, partially because prospective members must surrender their belongings to the collective. Unlike most of California's odd assortment of utopian living experiments, Holy City continued to operate until Riker's death in 1952.

Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

AMORC opened its doors in Tampa, Florida in 1915, professing to initiate applicants into the mysteries of Akhenaton and ancient Egypt. Founding Imperator Herve Spencer Lewis sponsored lodge/colleges in major cities throughout the U.S., including one at 1255 Market Street in San Francisco. At the college students may pursue doctorates in Philosophy, Arcane Chemistry, or Physics, and participate in secret rites—reputedly derived more from Tantric sex magic than ancient Egyptian sorcery—to gather personal power. AMORC's claim to the Rose Cross has led to ongoing feuds with rival Rosicrucian enclaves all over the world, among them Aleister Crowley's Ordo Templi Orientis. In 1928 AMORC begins broadcasting its message worldwide via short-wave radio, and the order spawns lodges in Europe, Asia, and Australia.

In 1927, Lewis chooses Park Avenue and Naglee in San Jose for the site of the order's Supreme Temple. Shortly after laying the cornerstone, the Imperator makes a pilgrimage with more than 100 followers to Egypt, returning several months later with the core of what swiftly becomes the largest private collection of Egyptian antiquities in the U.S. By 1932, the AMORC complex has the

Rosicrucian Egyptian Oriental Museum, with a modest cache of artifacts centering on the reign of Akhenaten from 1411 to 1375 B.C., and the Francis Bacon Auditorium, the largest auditorium in San Jose. In 1934 the order builds the Rose Croix University, a mock-up of an Egyptian temple with four sphinxes at the entrance, one having a safe built into its breast containing all of Spencer's vital documents. In 1936 a planetarium, with the world's first star projector, opens on the grounds.

Pinkerton National Detective Agency

Pinkerton had a rich history dating back to 1850 in Chicago, when Scottish immigrant Allan Pinkerton founded Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. Pinkerton was employed to protect railroad property and later exposed a band of counterfeiters. In 1861, Pinkerton gained national recognition when he uncovered and foiled an assassination plot against Abraham Lincoln. When the

Civil War began Pinkerton helped organize a federal secret service, of which he became chief. The agency was also known for its pursuit of notorious outlaws such as Jesse James, the Reno brothers, and Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. All of these actions brought extraordinary visibility to the agency.

On the façade of the three story Chicago headquarters hangs the company slogan, "We Never Sleep" below a huge, black and white eye. This logo later led to the term private eye.

When Allan Pinkerton died in 1884, the agency was taken over by his two sons, Robert and William Pinkerton. In the 1890's, agents were often supplied to break strikes. One strike against the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers Union saw a day-long battle in which seven Pinkerton agents and nine workers were killed, bringing bad publicity to the agency. Despite this setback, the Pinkerton Agency flourished for many years, breaking up one crime syndicate after another well into the twentieth century. The business also remained in the family, with Allan Pinkerton's grandson, Allan II, inheriting the agency in 1907, and his great-grandson, Robert II, in 1930.

In the 1920's and 30's, the Pinkerton National Detective Agency has grown to include offices in most major cities in the United States. Each office is run by a Resident Superintendent, and employs several dozen agents. Famous hard-

Paramental Entity

The exact nature of these otherworldly beings is unknown, but the formulae of megapolisomancy may be used to conjure them on Earth. The summoner must have an expert understanding of mathematics to work the elaborate equation required to generate the entity. Preparation takes several days and is extremely specific as to location; the cipher on which the equation is worked out must be hidden in the place where the entity is to materialize. The caster invests the formula with a permanent point of POW upon completing the equation; for each extra 3 points sacrificed to the spell, the entity's statistics are multiplied. The entity may take shape at any time after its equation has been completed, but it may never leave the locus until its intended victim is killed or the binding cipher is destroyed.

Lacking any physical form of their own, paramental entities manufacture bodies for themselves out of the nearest available inanimate matter—paper, wood, concrete, and even dead plant or animal flesh may be used. The entity sculpts the raw materials into a humanoid form determined by the innermost desires or fears of the victim (*e.g.*, a curvaceous female or a small child) with a single probing facial tentacle, to strangle the life from the enemy of the caster. The physical shell of the entity may be destroyed temporarily, but it will always reform in a number of minutes equal to 20 minus its POW. Only by destroying the cipher can a victim rid himself for good of a paramental entity.

(continued on page 88)

PARAMENTAL ENTITY

From his window there thrust itself a pale brown thing that wildly waved its long, uplifted arms at him. While low between them he could see its face stretched toward him, a mask as narrow as a ferret's, a pale brown, utterly blank triangle, two points above that might mean eyes or ears, and one ending below in a tapered chin . . . no, snout . . .no, very short trunk—a questing mouth that looked as if it were for sucking marrow.

— Our Lady of Darkness, Fritz Leiber.

	Dice	*Average*
STR	2D8*	9*
CON	3D6*	10–11*
SIZ	3D6*	10–11*
INT	2D6	7
DEX	2D6x2	14
POW	3D4*	10*
Move 8		**HP** 10–11*

**Characteristic multiplied if additional pow points are sacrificed in its summoning (e.g., if 4 points are offered, the entity's characteristics are multiplied by 2; if 7 points are offered, the entity's characteristics are multiplied by 3).*

Avg. Damage Bonus: None*

Armor: Varies with corpus material, from 0 (paper) to 10 (stone).

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 points to see it materialize, but the keeper may choose to add more (for demoralization) as it reforms again and again.

boiled crime writer Samuel Dashiell Hammett (see page 100) was employed by the agency until 1922, but ill health due to the Spanish Flu that he caught during the Great War forced him to retire. The San Francisco office is located at Room 314, 3rd Floor, James Flood Building, 870 Market Street. Phil Geaque is the Resident Superintendent.

Fictitious Cults

Three orders seeking to expand their citywide influence though the devices of the mythos.

Mater Tenebrarum

A sect that has recruited many of San Francisco's literati (including Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, George Sterling, Clark Ashton Smith, and Dashiell Hammett), this group revolves around the magic art of megapolisomancy, the wielding of paramental energy generated by the sheer mass of major metropolitan cities. The author of the book *Megapolisomancy* (privately printed, 1897), Thibaut DeCastries, presides over the cult, which seeks to divine cosmic truths through the occultist's arcane pseudoscience. DeCastries has periodically had a falling-out with one or another of his acolytes, and rumors circulate that he had something to do with the deaths of London and Bierce and the suicide of Sterling. DeCastries himself is always looking for new disciples to dominate and may have engendered dozens of independent conjurers with his book.

Megapolisomancy uses neopythagorean metageometry, which allows its masters to look into the future and to wreak revenge on their enemies by loosing a paramental entity (see sidebar) on them.

The Infinite Tapestry

A monastic order based on the Buddhist model, with an unknown number of monks secluded in a massive Victorian mansion in the hills of Colma, donated by an anonymous local philanthropist. The monks are initiates of Daoloth, the Render of the Veils, and seek to lose themselves in contemplation of the transcendental whole beyond space and time. They see the past, present, and future laid out as mathematical equations and worship Daoloth as its guardian. To accomplish this and preserve their own sanity, the monks must be blinded at their initiation. Though extremely reclusive, the monks of the Infinite Tapestry may themselves approach investigators to offer information if a man-made disturbance of the Infinite Tapestry is great enough to occasion their going to outsiders (which is itself predestined). The Infinite Tapestry recruits new members from among the scientific community, tantalizing them with offers to reveal the true mysteries of the universe.

Kung Tow Tong

A small but influential fraternal association, the Kung Tows are a holdover from the old days of Chinatown, when open wars broke out in the streets and posters advertised contracts for hatchetmen. The police watch them very close-

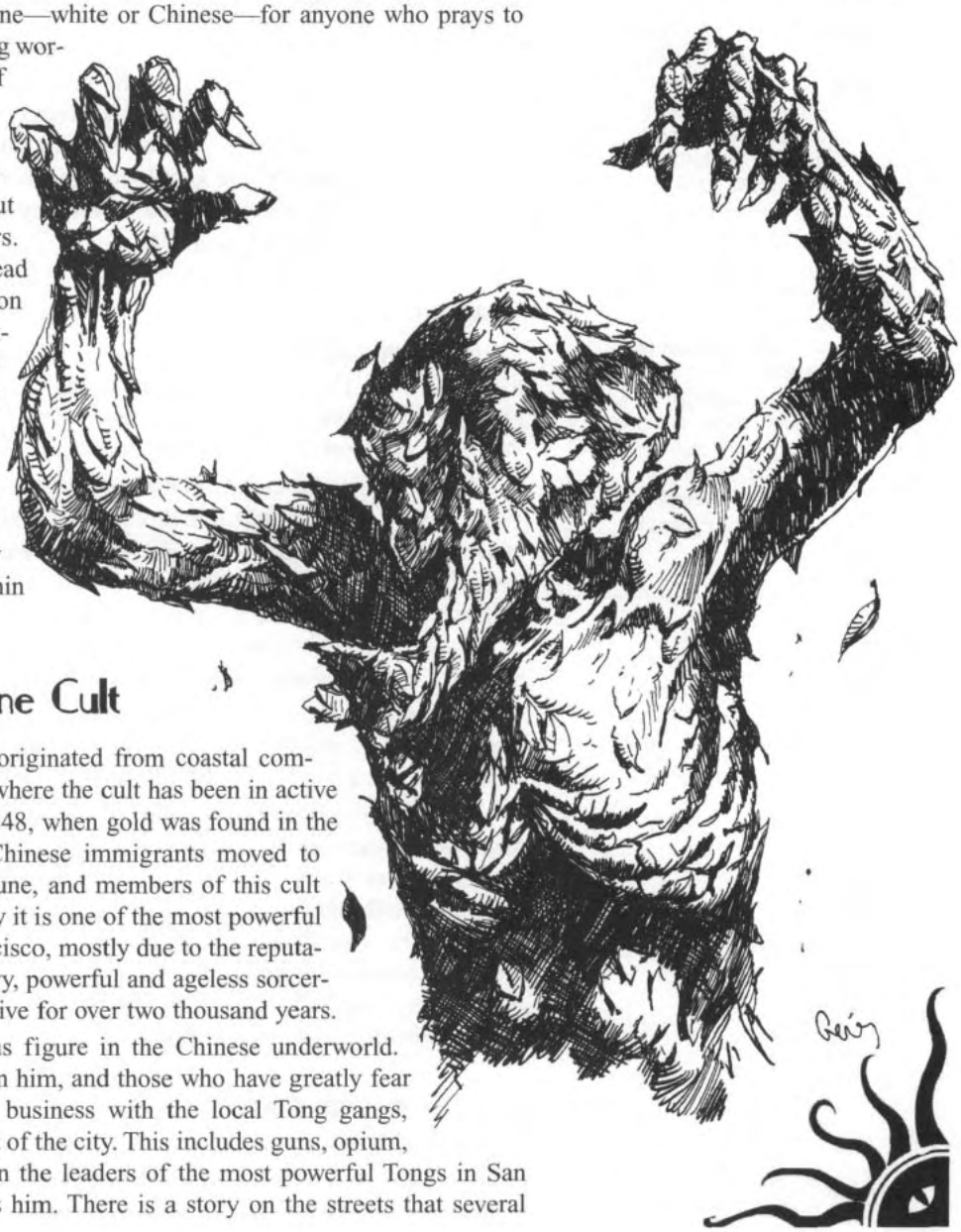
SCENARIO HOOK

Elders in Chinatown tell tales of the silk of Fu Sang, a fabric spun by gigantic "silk worms" in the fabled lost land of Fu Sang. According to legends, the Chinese traded with the natives of Fu Sang from A.D. 300 to 500; many among them claim that Fu Sang is California. The silk has fabulous properties which vary from one telling to the next—a few threads of it may hang several hundred pounds of gold suspended; a swath of the fabric is impervious to fire and may stop a bullet. Once prized by Chinese emperors, the silk appears occasionally in tiny quantities at staggering prices on the Chinatown black market and is worn by tong leaders.

The "silk" is a byproduct of molting chthonian larvae and is harvested wherever hatchlings are found, usually from deep tunnels branching off from the active San Andreas Fault line. One such crack in the earth has opened beneath Chinatown, and the Kung Tow Tong has been collecting the strange silicate threads to be woven into the silk.

ly but have never caught a Kung Tow red-handed. Whenever a murder occurs in Chinatown, all members of the tong are conspicuously present at their meeting hall on Waverly Place or at a local restaurant. Yet rumors abound that the Kung Tow will murder anyone—white or Chinese—for anyone who prays to their god. The Kung Tow Tong worships Shugoran, an avatar of Nyarlathotep; three Children of Shugoran serve the tong and kill those whom the tong wishes dead without incriminating their masters. Those who wish another dead go to an idol in a joss house on Duncombe Alley. After making prayers and a sizable donation to the temple, the supplicant writes the name of his enemy on a slip of red paper and drops it into a hole before the image of Shugoran. The named party inevitably turns up dead within 24 hours.

A paramental entity
(stats on page 90)



Lang-Fu's Deep One Cult

This ancient deep one cult originated from coastal communities in southern China where the cult has been in active for thousands of years. In 1848, when gold was found in the Sierra Nevada, numerous Chinese immigrants moved to California to seek their fortune, and members of this cult moved here with them. Today it is one of the most powerful and feared cults in San Francisco, mostly due to the reputation of its leader, the shadowy, powerful and ageless sorcerer Lang-Fu, who has been alive for over two thousand years.

Lang-Fu is a mysterious figure in the Chinese underworld. Few have ever laid eyes upon him, and those who have greatly fear him. Lang-Fu does regular business with the local Tong gangs, smuggling anything in or out of the city. This includes guns, opium, and illegal immigrants. Even the leaders of the most powerful Tongs in San Francisco know not to cross him. There is a story on the streets that several

Lang-Fu, Ancient Sorcerer, age 2000+

STR 08 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 10
INT 16 **POW** 13 **DEX** 08
APP 08 **EDU** 17 **SAN** 13
HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3

Armor: Lang-Fu's Coat of Life protects from all attacks using kinetic energy, reducing all to minimum damage. Impaling weapons will not impale.

Spells: All spells in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, plus Enchant Incense and Spirit Summoning Ability.

Skills: Anthropology 75%, Archaeology 65%. Astronomy 70%, Chemistry 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Fast Talk 85%, First Aid 95%, Geology 35%, Hide 75%, History 50%, Library Use 95%, Listen 85%, Medicine 55%, Natural History 60%, Occult 70%, Persuade 85%, Pharmacy 65%, Psychology 75%, Sneak 85%.

Languages: Aklo 30%, Arabic 95%, Aztec 87%, Cantonese 98%, Deep One 87%, English 89%, French 90%, German 89%, Greek (Classical) 77%, Hakka 96%, Hindi 92%, Japanese 92%, Latin 80%, Malay 92%, Mandarin 99%, Mongolian 96%, Polynesian 88%, Russian 89%, Spanish 87%, Tibetan 99%, Vietnamese 98%, and any other tongue the keeper requires.

years ago a Tong leader insulted Lang-Fu in an inter-gang meeting. A few moments, later in front of everyone, all his limbs shriveled into nothing and he died of shock. Lang-Fu was the only man at the meeting who didn't flinch or scream during the whole horrible ordeal. Since then, no one has crossed Lang-Fu, and today there is a saying in Chinatown, " If you somehow hear about Lang-Fu, then he knows all about you. If doesn't like what you stand for, then your days are numbered."

Under Lang-Fu, the head priest of the cult is Chao Ying, a hybrid who never completed the final change into a deep one. He is the visible face of the deep one cult, and most people who know of the cult's existence mistakenly believe he is the leader.

The deep one cult operates from a temple in Chinatown. Entrance is via an unmarked door in a dead-end alleyway. Behind this door is a long corridor which ends at a shrine that on the surface appears to be a Buddhist temple. It is really dedicated to that great deep one, Mother Hydra. The golden Buddha statue is hollow, and beneath it a golden statue of Hydra is hidden. The symbols that decorate the walls around the statue are not Chinese characters, but are representations of the deep one language, foretelling Cthulhu's imminent return.

Under the false Buddha a trapdoor leads down into the cult's lair. Storerooms down here contain stocks of weapons and drugs. Even deeper underground lies a small cavern with an underwater passage leading out into the Bay. It is from here that cultists and deep ones move illegal goods in and out of the city. Prisoners are kept here down here, manacled in iron to rungs firmly secured to the rocky wall, until ceremony nights up north on Pearl Beach call for their sacrifice (see page 80).

Lang-Fu

Lang-Fu is the aged leader of the deep one cult and has been alive for over two thousand years. For most of that time he had been involved with a cult of deep ones, first in the southern coast of China and then, with the opening of the New World, on the west coast of North America.

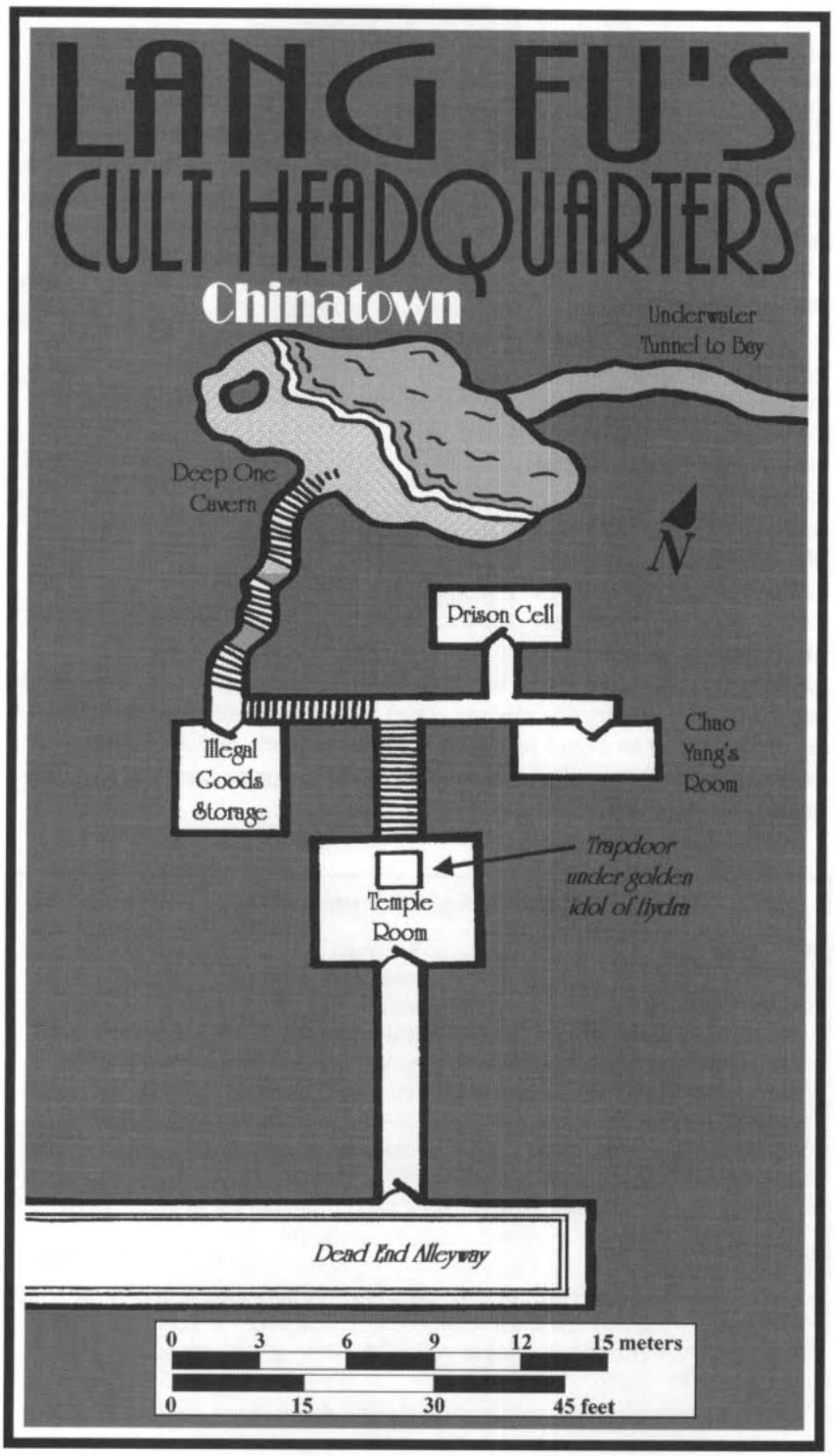
Lang-Fu first concerned himself with plots designed to keep China and other parts of Asia in a state of political instability. His greatest success was the sudden alteration of the Huang Ho (Yellow River) in 1194, which caused the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people. More recently, he promotes the shipment of NWI-produced arms to various warlords in China, sometimes utilizing deep ones to transport these items on and off ship. Lang-Fu has also been entrusted with the design and development of the Rhon-Paku temples.

Because of Lang-Fu's many connections in San Francisco, he will know of the investigators and their activities long before they become aware of him. If anyone crosses Lang-Fu, his favorite spell of revenge is Whither Limb.

Lang-Fu is a founding member of the global Brotherhood of the Beast. More information on that organization can be found in Chaosium's campaign, *Day of the Beast* or in *The Keeper Companion Volume 1*. Due to his commitments to the Brotherhood, Lang-Fu is often abroad. In a San Francisco based campaign he should appear infrequently, and then only from the shadows. Almost anyone connected to the Mythos in this city knows of him, and fears his powers. Lang-Fu is not of deep one blood himself. He uses his *Coat of Life* to extend his life; see the next page.

The Rhon-Paku Temple

Rhon-Paku is a new religion that recently sprung up around the world in the last decade, with the San Francisco temple amongst the first to be founded in 1921. Membership consists mostly of young people who are disillusioned by the friv-



olous world of the 1920's. They are attracted by a simple message of brotherly love promoted by the temples with a slight, intriguing hint of the occult. By the mid-1920's, nine other temples have sprung up around the world, located in New York, Paris, London, Berlin, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, Brussels, Sydney, and Hong Kong.

The local Rhon-Paku temple is situated in downtown San Francisco. The tenets of the temple are peace, love, and fraternity. Their mentor, Rhon-Paku, a mysterious holy man who lives in a remote village in northern India, teaches that through ritualistic prayer they can change the world, making it a better

Cult Assassins

The cult utilizes the services of an ancient Chinese sect of assassins thought to have died out long ago. A sect member can be identified by the missing little finger on the member's left hand, which is burned off when the member joins the sect. Sect members dress in black silk and are trained in the use of knives and poisons. They are fanatically loyal to the cult and Lang-Fu especially, and will lay down their lives for him without question. Statistics for a typical assassin follow.

Cult Assassin

STR 15	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 13
INT 12	**POW** 13	**DEX** 16
APP 09	**EDU** 12	**SAN** 00
HP 14		

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 2D3+1D4
Throwing Knife 80%, dam.1D4
Fighting Knife* 80%, dam.1D6+2+1D4
Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2

Skills: Dodge 95%, Hide 95%, Martial Arts 95%, Pick Pocket 90%, Sneak 95%.

Languages: Cantonese 60%, English 30%, Mandarin 30%.

** This fighting knife has a wicked curve to the blade. In the hands of a trained individual it causes 1D6+2 points of damage. The weapon is capable of impaling.*

Chao Ying

Chao Ying is the local priest of the Deep One Cult, and a deep one hybrid. He walks with a distinct hopping, shuffling movement and his features are hideously frog-like. Chao Ying has hybrids and cult members on hand to fight for him, but if attacked himself he relishes a wickedly curved knife that he keeps hidden beneath his long robes.

Chao Ying, Hybrid Temple Priest, age 74

STR 11 **CON** 12 **SIZ** 10
INT 14 **POW** 15 **DEX** 09
APP 05 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 00
HP 11

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%, damage 1D3
Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2

Spells: Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Dread Curse of Azathoth.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Sneak 40%.

Languages: Cantonese 80%, English 40%, Mandarin 40%

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 points to see Chao Ying.

Gloria Hurtado, Head of Rhon-Paku, age 38

STR 11 **CON** 10 **SIZ** 09
INT 11 **POW** 12 **DEX** 14
APP 14 **EDU** 10 **SAN** 60
HP 10

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3

Spells: Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Death Spell, Enchant Torch, Fire Dance, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire

Skills: Art (Flamenco Dancing) 65%, First Aid 30%, Library Use 30%, Occult 50%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 45%.

Languages: Arabic 55%, English 55%, Hindi 75%, Pahlavi 85%, Sanskrit 25%

place. Rhon-Paku followers happily explain that a special Holy Day is fast approaching, and on the morning of that day they will fill the temple with rituals and prayers and burn incense. Rhon-Paku is yet to announce the date of that great and glorious day.

Each temple is headed by a local follower who has received the *Revelations of Rhon-Paku* through the mail. In San Francisco temple this is Gloria Hurtado, an Argentinean immigrant. The only relationship shared by the different temples is a central financial fund into which excess funds are collected to be distributed to less fortunate temples. Investigators are welcome to join the temple. If they do, they are asked to provide generous donations on a regular basis and to attend services two nights a week, and half a day on the weekend. After six months of doing this, the investigator can receive a check against their Occult skill.

Lang-Fu's Coat of Life

This is an ancient magical garment that Lang-Fu has worn for centuries. It is made of green silk and is embroidered with magical symbols in gold thread. It is a personal item and functions only for Lang-Fu. The coat protects Lang-Fu from all attacks using kinetic energy, reducing all attacks to minimum damage. Impaling weapons will not impale. The Coat provides no protection against fire, electricity, etc.

The Coat also stores and supplies up to twenty additional magic points for Lang-Fu. The coat is the secret of his long life and prevents him from dying. If it is removed for more than a few minutes, Lang-Fu's body begins an irreversible aging process that causes him to die rapidly. Witnesses to this need successful Sanity rolls or lose 0/1D3 sanity points.

Lang-Fu's Spirit Summoning

To accomplish a summoning, Lang-Fu must be in physical contact with something that was personal to the deceased person whom he is attempting to contact. This could be a child's favorite toy, a memento from a special event, or even an organ from the deceased person's body. Sometimes Lang-Fu is able to summon a spirit merely by sitting in a favorite chair or room. In general, the longer the person has been dead, the more intimate the object needs to be, at the keeper's discretion. If an investigator dies during the course of an adventure and Lang-Fu manages to secure a body-part or personal item of the said investigator, he might summon their spirit to learn what any surviving investigators might be up to.

Once he has such an object, Lang-Fu expends fifteen magic points and slides into a deep trance, his head hanging down upon his chest. A minute or two later he will look up, his expression and attitude that of the deceased. Once the summoned spirit is in Lang-Fu's body, it takes a moment to adjust to its new home, first attempting to control muscles and senses, then remembering how to speak.

Others present at the summoning may take part in the séance. As Lang-Fu sits to one side, all others in the room must join hands in a circle (often around a table) and each expend two magic points to create a psychic field conducive to summoning the spirit. These points reduce Lang-Fu's magic point expenditure by one for every two given by the circle participants, who may donate more if they wish. If at any time the circle is broken, the spirit is free to depart.

Inhabiting Lang-Fu's body is uncomfortable, and spirits usually ask to be released before long. Physical damage will not harm the spirit, only Lang-Fu. Magic that affects POW or INT affects the spirit, not Lang-Fu. The spirit cannot depart until the séance circle is broken, or it overcomes the magic points invested in the circle with its own in an effort of will.

Although all members of the Rhon-Paku Temple are innocent and genuine believers in the teachings of their holy man, there is indeed a more sinister purpose to this global organization, which is connected to Lang-Fu's deep one cult and the dubious activities of New World Incorporated (see page 18). To learn what will really happen on that holy day see the Chaosium campaign *Day of the Beast*.

Gloria Hurtado

Gloria Hurtado immigrated to San Francisco with her husband Victor from Buenos Aires in 1919. Victor found work as a laborer at the docks, while Gloria stayed at home hoping to begin a family in this new land of opportunity. Years later, when they realized children where not possible, Gloria started Flamenco classes in Russian Hill to keep herself occupied. Their relationship fell apart and one day her husband just vanished, walking out on her. Seemingly reaching her lowest ever point in her life, Gloria turned to the Rhon-Paku Temple, finding new meaning in her life in their spiritual teachings. In a few years she denounced Catholicism and became the head of the San Francisco temple.

Gloria is an attractive woman, very thin with the grace of the dancer. Her dark hair is long and straight, and her complexion is a mixture of Spanish and South American Indian. She is a passionate woman whose moods swing quickly from happiness to depression and back again. Armed with her new Rhon-Paku teachings, she tries very hard to control her outbursts. She knows nothing about the real purpose of the Rhon-Paku temples.

Nestar Mobedan Mobed

This small cult, which originated from Persia, reveres the Great Old One Cthugha as a true god and a spiritual force. Nestar Mobedan Mobed was founded by a self-proclaimed prophet (named Nestar) and Zoroastrian fundamentalists who lived in Persia during the sixth century A.D. Nestar denounced the materialism of the wealthy priestly class and, with a small band of followers, disappeared into the wilderness. Twenty years later, when the Nestarians were forgotten and thought lost, Nestar led down from the mountains a rag-tag army of men who attacked the city, setting much of it to the torch. Before they could reach the palace — which they called the Tower of Gold — and raze it, they were counter attacked by the city-guard and routed. Nestar was amongst those killed. It was generally believed that the cult died out after that.

But the cult lived on, keeping their worship of Cthugha alive, maintaining in secret their practices, rituals, and sacrifices. The line of high priests was preserved, handed down generation to generation, unbroken to the present day. The Mobed, as he is known to his followers, leads the rites and is responsible for the safe-keeping of the liturgies contained in a book called *The Letters of Nestar*, the hand-written testimony of the original mad prophet.

The cult remained in what is now Iran until the mid-eighteenth century when they migrated to Bombay, India, there losing themselves among the Parsee population — Zoroastrian refugees driven from Persia by the Moslems. Years later, the Mobed emigrated to England, and one of his descendants then moved to America, finally bringing *The Letters of Nestar* to San Francisco in the early years of the twentieth century.

As foretold in the *Letters*, 1906 was the first year that the stars would be right. That year, Cthugha could be brought forth and unleashed upon the unholy, the greedy, and the evil. In April of that year the Mobed prepared all that was needed to bring forth Cthugha. His plans to engulf the city in flame were only partly thwarted by the unpredicted earthquake of that morning.

Mobed

This latest Mobed is a Persian man with a sunken face, sickly thin body, and numerous burn scars, some old, some more recent. Because of his scarring, brought on from too many accidents playing with fire, the Mobed's formerly thick head of hair and matching moustache now grows in clumps and has otherwise begun to thin. No one knows his real name, and few outside his cult know that he exists. Since food, shelter and clothing is all provided to him by his followers, he has no need for contact with the rest of society. This Mobed lives an unnaturally long life and will appear in "This Fire Shall Kill" in The Stars Are Right!, so purely for the sake of continuity keepers may allow for the Mobed to survive through a 1920s San Francisco campaign.

Mobed, Nestarian Head Priest, age 35

STR 10	**CON** 09	**SIZ** 09
INT 14	**POW** 22	**DEX** 15
APP 06	**EDU** 08	**SAN** 00
HP 09		

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3

Skills: Astronomy 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Climb 50%, Locksmith 65%, Natural History 20%, Occult 40%, Sneak 65%, Start Fire 95%

Languages: English 55%, Spanish 70%.

Nestarian Spells and Tomes

The Letters of Nestar – a collection of aphorisms and revelations written down by Nestar, the original mobed. *Mobed* is a Parsee term for a priest of high rank. It is the holiest of Nestarian books and is used by the various sects to guide them and their actions as each attempt to tip the balance in the direction they feel best. Copies of the *Letters* might be found in various languages – manuscript copies are used by various sects – but the most complete is the original Persian document believed to be in the hands of the centrist Nestarian faction in Bombay. A collection of seven scrolls, the text is written in Pahlavi, a dialect of Middle Persian. In its various translations, the Letters of Nestar will usually be less complete, or even faulty. The keeper should reduce the usefulness of these translations as he or she deems fit. *Sanity loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 32 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Death Spell, Enchant Torch, Fire Dance, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire. The *Letters* also tell how to Brew Draught of Phan.

Fire Dance (spell) – Causes a ball of flame to leap from an existing fire to a designated target. This spell costs 3 sanity points and 1-6 magic points, varying with the distance demanded for the jump. For each magic point sacrificed for the spell, the cabbage-sized ball of fire can leap roughly 15 yards (thus the maximum range for such a fireball is about 90 yards). The spell takes one minute to cast for each magic point sacrificed. Nestarians often use this spell to quickly spread fires through forests and urban areas. It can be cast at motionless targets, but not at moving targets.

Enchant Torch (spell) – Once the torch is enchanted, the caster may use it to cause the spell Summon/Bind Fire Vampire to bring more than one fire vampire at a time. To enchant the torch, the caster prepares an iron replica of a torch, of the size and heft desired, but one always bearing the Sign of Cthugha (a stylized ball of flame). He or she then prays loudly and continuously to Cthugha for six hours, during that time sacrificing 6 magic points and 1D6 sanity points. The torch must then be lit in the name of Cthugha.

Remarkably, this enchanted torch requires no fuel- the iron head itself burns inextinguishably and without end, illustrating the miracle of spirit over mere matter. Only the instruction in Cthugha's name to quench itself extinguishes the torch. The torch must be lit to aid in Sunimon/Bind Fire Vampire. With a successful cast of the spell, additional fire vampires each cost the caster a bargain 1D3 sanity points and 3 magic points. One rare variant of Enchant Torch is said to be able to set fire to ordinary gold, lead, iron, and other heavy metals, quickly burning them to ashes.

Brew Draught of Phan (potion) – Requires a number of hard to obtain or illegal ingredients, including fresh poppy tar and bear's spleen. Several successful **Occult** rolls are needed to ensure that directions are carefully followed. The final product is a thick ichor which pacifies and disorients the mind.

Laced into a victim's food or drink, it erodes the will of the victim a number of days equal to the character's POW statistic, leaving him or her subject to the demands of whoever has administered the drug. The victim soon adopts the viewpoints and beliefs of the manipulator. After 2-3 weeks, use of the drug is no longer necessary, and the mental alterations to the victim are complete. At no time does a victim lose his or her personality, nor does the victim's behavior exhibit changes other than those sought by the person who has administered the drug. Extended therapy might undo the alterations wrought by this hypnotic drug.

Although Cthugha was not successfully summoned, the hundreds of fire vampires that were unleashed set the staggered city ablaze. Three days later most of downtown San Francisco had burned to the ground.

The cult lives on today, led by the same Mobed who summoned the fire vampires in 1906. Membership of his cult is small and mostly consists of men with family histories originating from India. Although it is some time before this cult strike out in a big way again (see Chaosium's *The Stars Are Right!*), the cult is fond of regularly starting fires throughout San Francisco by summoning Fire Vampires in local resident's homes, sacrificing the inhabitants to the glory of Cthugha. Many Nestarians also make a regular practice of handling living fire vampires, a test of faith similar to the practices of snake-handling Christian cults in the United States. As a result many Nestarians bear unsightly burn scars.

Legends & Celebrities

WHEREIN SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO FOCUS ON, OR GIVE RISE TO THE CITY'S PERSONALITY ARE DISCUSSED.

Legends

Mammy Pleasant

Mary Ellen Pleasant arrived in San Francisco in 1848 on the steamship *Bolivia* and soon became the city's most sought-after cook and housekeeper. She was described as "a gigantic Negress, black as the inside of a coal-pit but with no Negroid features whatsoever" in one account, while another depicted her as so pale that she was forced to stain her skin with walnut oil to pass for black. A freed slave from a plantation in Georgia, Mary Pleasant had learned much along her path to California which would serve to make her the voodoo queen of San Francisco.

Mammy Pleasant at the age of 87

After marrying into the family of Marie LeVeau, the voodoo queen of New Orleans, Mammy Pleasant studied black magic with the witch, refining talents supposedly passed down to her through her ancestors, a line of voodoo wizards from Santo Domingo. She also learned the art of extortion, as her mentor used the secrets pried from patrons of her Storyville bordello, the Maison Blanche, to gain control over the city. Within a few years of her arrival in San Francisco, Pleasant had arranged a similar scam in California. She owned a string of "resorts" where prominent citizens participated in black magic orgies and were introduced to mistresses whom Pleasant blackmailed them into marrying. Mammy Pleasant maintained a spy network throughout the city, learning the secrets of those she could not seduce by subterfuge. At the corner of Bush and Octavia Streets, Mammy Pleasant erected a 30-room house, with secret exit passageways and a voodoo temple in the cellar, where she practiced her enchantments on friends and enemies alike. Guests at the Pleasant house included members of the Committee of Vigilance, who participated in orgiastic rites as an alternative to visiting the bagnios. She acquired an investment clerk, Thomas Bell, to hold her vast fortunes for her, making him one of the richest men in the state but a puppet of the voodoo queen. She had him married off to one of her prostitutes and reigned over the city until the mid-1880's. Then whatever diabolical force had aligned itself with her began to fade, and Mammy increasingly had to resort to murder to get her way. In 1892 Pleasant murdered Bell, but his widow rebelled against Pleasant and threw her out of her own house. Mammy Pleasant died penniless on January 11, 1904 at the age of 91. During the Great Fire, a gang of masked men with a water wagon protected the house from burning, desperate (or paid) to protect it, even though it stood empty. Her house stood until the 1920's, when it was destroyed by a mysterious fire which liberated her ghost, which was said to haunt the rooms, and buried the cellar, where the communicants Pleasant spoke to were said still to congregate, waiting for her return.

Winchester Mystery House

Sara L. Winchester inherited the wealth of the Winchester rifle fortune when her child and husband died in 1866 and 1881, respectively, but she also received the legacy of the blood spilled by the family product. A medium told her that the ghosts of those killed by the Winchester repeater rifle howled for her doom and would claim her unless she fulfilled a strange request conveyed to her from her dead husband: Mrs. Winchester was to build a house, and if she never stopped, she would never die.

The Only Known Photograph of Sara Winchester, Taken Without Her Knowledge

Mrs. Winchester traveled west until she came to the town of San Jose in the Santa Clara Valley, where a three-bedroom house was being constructed. Sensing that she had reached her destination, she purchased the house and immediately hired carpenters and engineers to add to it. Thus began a frenzy of construction that was not to end until Mrs. Winchester passed away in 1922. Her legacy was a sprawling, surreal Victorian palace of 160 rooms, an enigma with doors opening on blank walls and precipitous

falls, stairs leading to nowhere, an observation tower for contacting the spirits—an enigmatic maze designed to confound the undead spirits, or whatever it was, that hounded Sara Winchester throughout her life.

The Winchester House

Mrs. Winchester had an overriding obsession with the number 13 and with spiderwebs and seeded the house with these motifs. Stairs of 13 steps abound, and there are Tiffany stained-glass windows with a web pattern inset with 13 glittering stones, like a constellation snared in the web of Atlach-Nacha. The grounds were laid out with intricate, winding garden paths lined with curious statuary of supernatural subjects; a "bottomless pit" yawned in the lee of the house, stopped up with a steel plug attached to a winch.

She conducted séances, both alone and with a series of mediums, to bargain with the spirits for her life. Ever the recluse, the Widow Winchester kept a strictly disciplined staff on the grounds to run her farms and see to her needs, but above all to keep the outside world away. Whenever a laborer questioned the bizarre orders she handed down for the ongoing project of the house, she replaced him.

The 1906 earthquake struck the Winchester house with devastating force, ruining a seven-story tower and trapping Mrs. Winchester in her bedroom when a wall shifted to block the door. Mrs. Winchester believed her spiritual persecutors had broken into the world of the living and ordered the top northern portion of the house sealed off, to trap whatever had come for her.

Sara Winchester took her dreams seriously. Shortly after the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt ended in 1909, Mrs. Winchester dreamed that a terrible enemy had entered her house as a guest, meaning to do her harm. She had her front door sealed off and never allowed it to be opened again, building a new, less obvious, entrance for her trusted intimates. She did not trust anything she saw through the front windows. Roosevelt, a family friend, dropped by unannounced on the way to Yosemite and rang the front doorbell. Though some of the maids peeked at him from a window, nobody dared to let him in. Had Sara truly believed the guest to be Roosevelt,

SCENARIO HOOK

A week after Mrs. Winchester's death, her lawyer and medium gather a group of investigators to conduct a final séance to ensure that the widow's soul has found peace. The ceremony is interrupted by a violent disturbance from the sealed-off portions of the house. The participants find themselves trapped in the house; every outer door or window opens on another room or passage. The house has become infinite.

The "bottomless well" outside the house was the prison of a Colour Out of Space that called Mrs. Winchester to San Jose and drove her to build her house as a defense against its psychic assault. In 1906, the Colour flowed into the upper rooms of the house, where the widow contained it. Now, with her dead, the Colour takes over the house and warps reality to extend its new body outward. Unless it is driven back into the pit, what will stop it from engulfing the city?

she would have been happy to receive him, but she apparently thought him to be an evil interloper disguised as the former President. Suppose she was correct in that assumption. Might not an investigator unboard the front door, then innocently open it to a dark and fearsome minion?

The house is abandoned for several years after Sara's death. No map or plan of the house exists; assuming one can get in, the only way around is trial and error. Investigators should take care—with windows and doors that open onto nothing and the deterioration of the house, a false step could be fatal.

Room Descriptions

Mrs. Winchester spared no expense on the rooms and fixtures of her Mystery House. A palatial ballroom is floored in redwood parquet that never knew the step of a living foot, and a grand $2,000 Tiffany window designed to catch and prismatize the glory of the rising sun is blocked by the looming wall of a later addition. Windows are built into floors, and secret closet doors lead out of trap rooms that can be opened only from without. The house resembles nothing so much as a railroad baron's Victorian country home stricken with a form of architectural cancer, spawning random outgrowths of frenzied artifice. It is a majestic tribute to the curiosities and delusions of the human mind, or to the forces which drove Sara Winchester to erect this defense against them.

Emperor Norton

British-born financier Joshua A. Norton tried to corner the market on rice but was ruined when three ships full of rice unexpectedly landed in San Francisco. A broken tycoon, Norton vanished in 1851. He resurfaced three years later dressed in military rags and presented a declaration to the staff of the *Evening Bulletin* announcing his ascension to the rank of Emperor of North America and protector of México.

Norton lived in a flophouse on Sacramento Street but strolled the streets of his capital like a monarch, printing currency bearing his name and likeness which was honored throughout the city. Norton issued edicts in the form of telegrams to world leaders and received responses (forgeries by pranksters and well-meaning friends). He ordered the marriage of President Lincoln and Queen Victoria to reunite America with Great Britain, the execution of México's Emperor Maximilian, and the building of a bridge from San Francisco to Oakland by way of Yerba Buena Island.

Emperor Norton

The Emperor, resplendent in stovepipe beaver hat with three ostrich plumes clasped in the front to symbolize his dominion, lived off the city, which ordered an allowance for a new uniform each year. When the Emperor dropped dead on a Chinatown street corner in 1880, his remains were visited by more than ten thousand city residents, and his corpse was interred at the Masonic Cemetery. Some believed that Emperor Norton was more than a mere crackpot financier, and speculated further that the city's tolerant treatment of him was due to his status in the fraternity to which he belonged—perhaps a suborder within the Masons, such as the Knights Templar, or something stranger still.

SCENARIO HOOK

On a night shrouded in a strangely thick silvery fog, a party of soldiers dressed in bizarre garments appears on the streets of San Francisco, seeking their lost emperor to defend their city against an invasion from the Moon. The police round up the lunatics and deliver them to the urban psychopathic ward. In the morning, their cells are locked but empty. The only trace of the inmates is a single piece of antiquated currency, bearing the name and likeness of Emperor Norton.

Bummer and Lazarus, commonly thought to have been Norton's mastiffs, were two of the city's free-ranging dogs who were taken up as "column fodder" by the *Alta California*. Although the rough-and-ready miners treated most scavenger dogs as, well, targets for pistol practice and rough japes, Bummer and for a time his friend Lazarus were protected because they were story material. When Lazarus died, a formal funeral was held for him and the obsequies reported in the *Alta California*. The confusion concerning Bummer as Emperor Norton's dog came from the fact that they both took advantage of the free lunches in several of the best saloons in town.

Drake's Treasure

An early visitor to the Bay Area (although he missed the Golden Gate; see "Atherton's Theory", page 9), Sir Francis Drake landed at the white cliffs of Pt. Reyes for a six-week landfall in the middle of his circumnavigation of the globe, during which he claimed the land for England as Nova Albion. Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, was loaded down with plundered Spanish treasure from South America, and some historians believe

that he stashed a sizable portion of his loot in the region that came to bear his name.

Drake was a member of an Elizabethan cabal called the School of Night, whose other members included Sir Walter Raleigh and Christopher Marlowe. They were accused of everything from rational atheism to black sorcery. Drake himself was reputed in some texts to be a magus of no mean power. The fabled treasure was said to be cursed against anyone but Drake reclaiming it. As the treasure included sacred relics of the Aztecs, Mayans, and Incas, it might have borne its own scourge, with Drake depositing it to escape the ill fate in store for his crew and his land if he returned with it to England. Drake never returned to California to unearth his treasure, and no attempts to dig it up have yielded any results.

Celebrities

Ambrose Bierce (1842–1914)

Known as one of the most brilliant and cynical minds of the nineteenth century, Ambrose Bierce came to San Francisco in 1866 and set himself up as the first American newspaper columnist. "The wickedest man in San Francisco" cut a swath through polite society with his acidic wit and cultured misanthropy and accumulated an esteemed body of fiction, essays, and poetry, including the first observed mention of the lost city of Carcosa in a story fragment. Bierce cultivated feuds with individuals and groups the way others cultivate friendships; he had deadly enemies among the Masons, whose secret rites he delighted in ridiculing. In 1887, Bierce joined the staff of William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*, a relationship that was as tumultuous as it was famous. Ambrose Bierce continued his incendiary brand of satire in his books, most notably *Black Beetles in Amber* (1892), *Fantastic Fables* (1899), and the *Cynic's Word Book* (later to become the *Devil's Dictionary*) (1906). Bierce disappeared in 1914, supposedly while traveling in México. Legends depict a Bierce who had tired of life and became embroiled with Pancho Villa, but darker lore suggests that Bierce sought confirmation for his inspiration in writing "The Inhabitant of Carcosa".

Ambrose Bierce

Philo T. Farnsworth (b. 1906)

The young inventor of television succeeds in transmitting visual images electrically at his warehouse loft in North Beach at 202 Green Street on September 7, 1927. The 21-year-old prodigy is eccentric in the extreme and has no formal training to explain his phenomenal accomplishment. Farnsworth dropped out of Brigham Young University after only one semester and taught himself the fundamentals of electronics from science magazines found in the attic of his uncle's house. George Everson, his partner in the venture, secured investment from Crocker Bank but is always eager to forge new partnerships with potential investors. In 1930 Farnsworth transmits his television images to the Merchant's Exchange Club on California Street, a distance of three miles. Farnsworth later patents inventions such as a baby incubator, an air traffic control system, and the first electron microscope. His attempts to profit from his television invention fail as Farnsworth Television & Radio are bought out by IT&T in 1949.

Samuel Dashiell Hammett (b. 1894)

The father of the hard-boiled detective novel, Hammett serves in the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency as an operative from 1914 to 1921. However, the brutal murder of a Wobbly organizer (who, it was suspected, was killed by Pinkerton men) soured Hammett's desire to remain with the agency.

Contracting tuberculosis during a stint as a member of the Motor Ambulance Corps during World War I, Hammett settled in San Francisco with a nurse he had met during his treatment for the disease. He begins writing crime fiction for the pulp magazines and, later, detective novels such as *Red Harvest* (1929), the *Maltese Falcon* (1930), and the *Thin Man* (1932). Much of the gritty realism injected in his stories derives from his early experiences with the Pinkertons. For example, the fictional town of Poisonville which appears in *Red Harvest* was based on Butte, Montana, where the murder of the Wobbly organizer took place. Hammett creates tough, unglamorous private eyes who pursue detective work with exacting detail, giving rise to the phrase "hard-boiled".

Dashiell Hammett

Hammett is an expert sleuth in his own right and becomes intimate with the criminal element of the city. In addition, he maintains many contacts within the local Pinkerton office. John's Grill, the restaurant where he wrote part of the *Maltese Falcon* and which appears in one line of that novel, later is declared a literary landmark.

Sadakichi Hartmann (b. 1869)

Born in Japan of Japanese and German ancestry, Hartmann achieved worldwide fame and notoriety as an artist, poet, lecturer, and critic. His views and opinions are uncompromising and caustic. Often grating and confrontational, Sadakichi Hartmann nevertheless gains a legion of friends and admirers, Walt Whitman and John Barrymore among them.

His sometimes bizarre behavior got him as much notoriety as his writings. In one instance, Hartman stole a taxicab, only winning his acquittal when he was somehow able to prove that he did not know how to drive. For the sake of realism in his production of Ibsen's play *Ghosts* at the "haunted" Hanford House on Russian Hill in 1917, Hartmann burned the house to the ground. His *History of American Art* (1901) became a standard university text, but his eccentricity drove him to reject every form of paying labor.

Sadakichi Hartmann

A towering authority on art, theater, economics, and literature, he lives out the balance of his life a hermit on an Indian reservation in the mountains near Banning, California. Turning down a career as a Hollywood actor, he lives solely on the generosity of his fans, and occasional writing assignments.

Robert Ripley (b. 1893)

A Santa Rosa, California native, Ripley rose from tombstone polishing to reporting and cartooning for the San Francisco papers in 1909. Moving to the New York *Globe* in 1913, his cartoon "Champs and Chumps" first focuses on sports (Ripley was a budding baseball player before an injury prematurely ended his career), but soon transforms into "Ripley's Believe It Or Not!", influenced by his discovery of oddities from around the world. It is an instant success. In 1929, Ripley signs a distribution deal with William Randolph Hearst's King Features Syndicate, and a year later, he begins a radio show that helps "Believe It Or Not!" in becoming a national phenomenon.

In 1933, Ripley opens his first "Odditorium" in Chicago, which displays many of the strange objects and people he has uncovered in his vast travels around the globe. Odditoriums later spring up in Dallas, Cleveland, San Francisco, and New York. In search of bizarre topics, Ripley (who owns an island off Long Island called Bion, an acronym for Believe It Or Not) often stops in San Francisco en route to South America or the Far East.

Clark Ashton Smith (b. 1893)

A fantasist, painter, and sculptor of outré subjects, Smith lives a semi-hermitic existence in the mountain town of Auburn, some 100 miles east of San Francisco. Smith was born not far from Auburn, and is mostly self-educated. He taught himself French and Spanish well enough to write poetry in both languages. While focusing mostly on poetry early on (gaining fans in literary circles such as Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, and H. P. Lovecraft), Clark Aston Smith begins writing weird fiction to support both him and his parents.

Smith's submissions to pulp magazines first appear in the newly-formed *Weird Tales* in 1926, among them his short story "The Ninth Skeleton". He soon establishes himself as part of the *Weird Tales* triumvirate, along with Lovecraft and Robert E. Howard, producing about a hundred stories and novellas. A regular contributor to other pulp fiction magazines such as *Amazing Stories*, *Wonder Stories*, and the like, he has eked out a cult following with tales of Atlantis and Hyperborea, Zothique, the medieval lands of Averoigne and Malnéant, and other ancient civilizations with superscientific technologies as well as magic. He corresponds regularly with H. P. Lovecraft.

Clark Ashton Smith With Some of His Sculptures

SCENARIO HOOK

Clark Ashton Smith hires the investigators to track down a missing piece of sculpture which he made recently after awakening from a nightmare. The morning after its completion, a freakish man claiming to be an art collector showed up at his cabin and demanded that he sell him the work. There are no signs of forced entry, but inspection of his cabin turns up traces of forced exit.

Recreation

EVERY INVESTIGATOR NEEDS TO UNWIND ONCE IN A WHILE, AND THE CITY PROVIDES PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES.

For those seeking a brief respite from the rigors of investigation, San Francisco offers an assortment of diversions for every taste, from high culture to low-brow entertainment.

Fall is the season for the city's Metropolitan Opera at the Civic Auditorium, opposite the Civic Center. Dramatic and musical productions are held nightly at the Orpheum and Pantages Theaters, off Union Square.

Sports

Baseball

Recreation Park is at 15th and Valencia Streets. A rickety stadium of warped boards and chicken wire, the home of the Triple-A San Francisco Seals of the Pacific Coast League seats 16,500 and is often sold out for weekend games. Grandstand seats behind home plate cost $1.25, while bleacher seats are 50¢ for adults, 10¢ for children. Rowdy, hard-drinking Butchertown fans pack the Booze Cage, an eight-row ground-level section around the baselines screened off from more polite spectators. Prior to Prohibition, entrance to this section included two beers or one drink of whiskey. Inside, fans are free to drink smuggled bootleg whiskey, brawl, and throw epithets and seat cushions at the players, a mere fifteen feet from the fence. Uniformed policemen patrol the bleachers to recover foul balls, but betting is openly conducted in the grandstands under the proprietorship of operators such as "Pop-Off" Joe Bernstein and "Tomato Face" Harry Cook. The police turn a blind eye to infield betting as long as the bookies collect and deal with welshers outside, after the game.

The Seals won five Pacific Coast League pennants in the 1920's but came in dead last in 1926. Their best players were groomed for sale to the major leagues and included stars such as Buck Weaver (one of the infamous Chicago Black Sox), "Lefty" O'Doul, and North Beach favorite Joe DiMaggio.

Tanforan Race Track

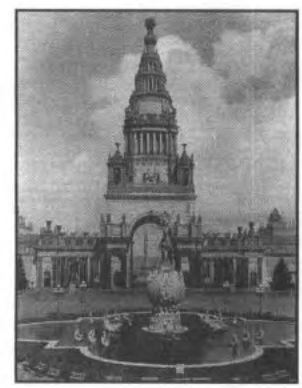
This once-popular horse track off Highway 101 in San Bruno brought gamblers from around the bay to place their bets on the thoroughbreds, but repeated fixing of races closed down the track (and betting on racing in California) in 1912. Since then, it has been used for auto racing and as a troop camp for the California Grizzlies artillery regiment in WWI. Tanforan hosts only two seasons of horse racing during this time, in 1923 and 1930; no official betting is allowed. Gambling on horses at the track resumes in 1933, when "fix-proof" pari-mutuel betting comes into use in California.

Boxing

Also made illegal in California in the 1920's, boxing survives under a veil of secrecy; like the speakeasies, the sport breaks a law few care to enforce actively. Professional fighters still square off on the waterfront in San Francisco and Oakland; beat cops are often paid to stay away or are openly invited to the exhibitions. Barge fights on floating platforms out on the bay last for fifty to eighty rounds and draw big crowds and heavy gambling action.

Panama-Pacific International Exposition

In 1915, San Francisco celebrated its recovery from the Great Fire with a World's Fair described as "the greatest revelation of beauty that has ever been seen on earth." It ran from February 20 to December 4. Staged in the three-mile-wide natural amphitheater of the Marina



Tower of Jewels and Fountain of Energy at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

SCENARIO HOOK

The empty chambers of the Palace of Fine Arts are sometimes used for latter-day pagan rituals likened to the Santería Voodoo practices of Caribbean islanders.

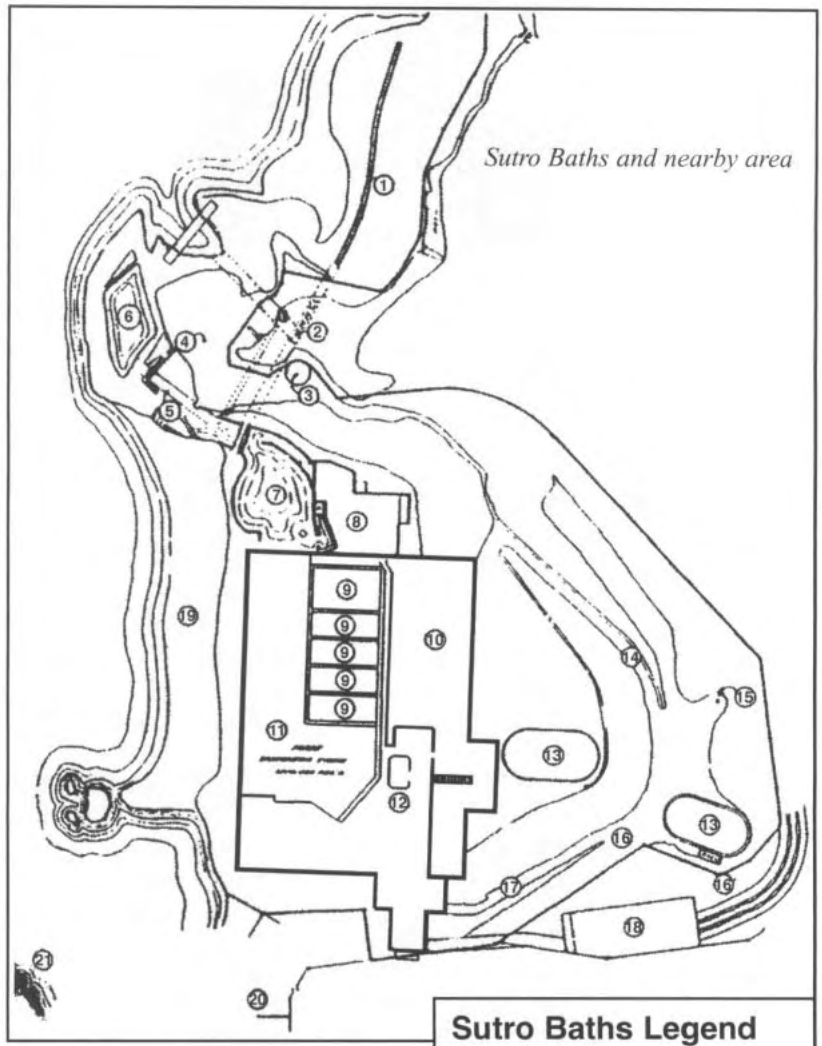
Palace of Fine Arts

District along the north shore between the Presidio and Fishermen's Wharf, the Fair had eleven great exhibition palaces, a brace of halls from 24 nations and 43 states, a racetrack, and an amusement zone lined with rides and games of skill and chance. Among the attractions was the Palace of Fine Arts, a museum of museums with rooms dedicated to all the nations participating in the fair. A brooding Neo-Classical faux ruin partially encircled by a grand colonnade, the Palace of Fine Arts was designed by local architect Bernard Maybeck. Long after the rest of the fairgrounds is torn down to make way for residential neighborhoods, the Palace is left to stand as a monument to the Fair, a strange, dreamlike anachronism on the modern skyline.

Sutro Baths & Cliff House

Adolph Sutro's gift to the city, the Sutro Baths is "the largest glass-topped building in the world", a three-and-a-half-acre pavilion south of Point Lobos, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Two Market Street railway lines run from the Ferry Building directly to a massive wooden terminal barn. Bathers disembark and walk down a tunnel into the ticket area, where admission is 10¢ for onlookers and 50¢ for bathers, which includes rental of a locker and bathing suit. The baths house seven pools, a museum, restaurants, and a hothouse botanical garden. The interior is hot and damp, even on the dreariest winter days. In the museum, visitors may gawk at a menagerie of taxidermed animals in diorama displays and other curiosities, including Egyptian mummies. Among the collection is the Musée Mechanique, clockwork constructions that tell fortunes, display moving scenes such as a miniature circus ring or band of performing animals, etc. Multitiered balconies with bench seating for 7,500 surround the pools, with eateries catering to every taste.

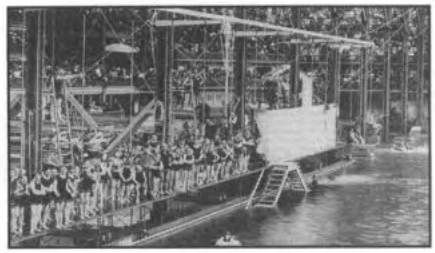
Sutro's genius for subterranean engineering is put to a new use at the baths. The pools collectively hold two million gallons of seawater, which flow into an underground catch basin and through tunnels lined with heating coils. The water is recirculated at each high tide, with an exhaust pipe dumping wastewater far out to sea. The pools range in temperature from the "polar bear" pool (which contains unheated fresh water from a spring) to the 80° "soup pool" in 10° increments. The main pool is L-shaped, 75 feet long with a 15 foot rectangular arm projecting at one end. The other pools are 25 feet long. High-diving and swimming events are held on weekends, and special events, such as tropical beach dances, are frequent evening attractions.



Sutro Baths and nearby area

Sutro Baths Legend

1. Tram Track
2. Tunnel
3. Oil Tanks
4. Look-Out
5. Canal
6. Receiving Basin
7. Settling Basin
8. Powerhouse
9. Water Tanks
10. Seats and Promenade
11. Main Swimming Tank
12. Freshwater Plunge
13. Freshwater Reservoirs
14. Driveway
15. Spring
16. Drive
17. Path
18. Street Car Depot
19. Breakwater
20. Cliff House
21. Seal Rocks



Swimmers at the Sutro Baths

Looming on the cliffs above the baths is Sutro's Cliff House, a restaurant in its fourth incarnation. Previous Cliff Houses drew the city's elite for nights of fine dining but also invited disaster. A schooner with a freight of dynamite exploded under the first Cliff House in 1887, which burned down seven years later. The next two Cliff Houses, each more magnificent than the last, also burned down shortly after reopening. The current Cliff House is a modest pillbox.

Higher still on the jutting cliffs is the estate of Sutro itself, now Sutro Park. Sutro left his mansion and its gardens to the people of San Francisco. Along a granite palisade, ranks of statues of satyrs and nymphs cavorted in a sylvan glade around the eccentric millionaire's crenelated mansion. The gardens had been open to promenading citizens every Sunday of Sutro's life. Though the house burned during the Great War, the family keeps the gardens up throughout the 1920's. On foggy nights it is said that the ghost of Adolph Sutro rides through the gardens along with his favorite daughter Emma. These ghosts would be benevolent if encountered, though it is unlikely they would become aware of living beings. Some of the statues, on the other hand, may represent cult deities, possess ancient inscriptions, etc.

SCENARIO HOOK

A young female bather drowns clinging to the grillwork at the bottom of the main pool at the baths. Her family claims she was an excellent swimmer and sound in mind. The tunnels beneath the baths are inhabited by a colony of the spawn of the Green Abyss, which lure nubile women into the depths with their siren song. The spawn have used the tunnels to seduce human women for breeding stock with the cooperation of a few of the baths' employees, who keep the victims' personal effects and thwart nosy investigators.

Sleaze

In its golden years, San Francisco's demimonde were of greater numbers and variety than anywhere else in America with the exception of Storyville in New Orleans. The prostitutes and madams of the city mingled with the social elite; mayors and city officials were frequent guests at parlor house balls, and outspoken madams promenaded their "boarders" at theaters and the annual Policemen's Ball. Reform of the city's taste for vice was fought at every turn; infamous houses such as the Marsicania, where women and children were murdered over a span of years, was accomplished only with the dual efforts of then-*Bulletin* editor Fremont Older and crusading Methodist minister Paul Smith. A statewide Red Light Abatement passed in 1914 was not enforced for three years. The legions of parlor houses, cribs, and bullpens—where new girls were "broken in" with meatball hysterectomies and hooked on morphine or opium—were effectively closed, but many parlor houses managed to lay low for years, and prostitution found a new refuge in the form of speakeasies. As late as 1925, San Francisco tries cases of white slavery. Between 1909 and 1931, Federal Immigration inspectors patrol the dens of iniquity in the city and root out countless pimps who import girls from Asia and Europe into bondage as pleasure slaves.

The cribs are the lowest in the pecking order of ill repute and occupy warehouse-like buildings on the old Barbary Coast. These sweatshops of vice housed dozens of addicts and alcoholics in filthy stalls, where they meet scores of clients in a single night. At the other end of the spectrum, the fancy parlor houses in the Upper Tenderloin, such as the Lively Flea and the Red Rooster, treat customers to elegant surroundings that echo the finest salons of Paris. The best parlor houses are three-story affairs, with a parlor on the ground floor, a ballroom with mirrored ceilings and walls on the second, and at least a dozen bedrooms on the top floor. For $3 a guest has the pick of the boarders, and he can spend the night for $6. The madams of such places are flamboyant characters who number the mayor and chief of police among their friends, if not their guests.

San Francisco officials were unusually tolerant of prostitution until a wave of popular reform crested too high to ignore. Reform never succeeded in purging the houses of ill fame, however, for a 1935 federal investigation turned up over 135 "resorts" (many within a few blocks of the Hall of Justice) paying $400,000 annually in graft to the police.

An institution peculiar to San Francisco is the "French restaurant." The Maison d'Or, the Old Poodle Dog, and others are legitimately famous for their French cuisine, served in family dining parlors on the first floor. Floors above are reached by means of a separate, discreet carriage entrance. Meals there are served in private rooms, one pair of diners to a *salon privé*. Each room includes a curtained alcove with a satin couch and bells to call the waiter when a new course is desired. Discretion is purchased as part of the price of an excellent meal. It is as much as a lady's reputation is worth to be seen going to

the upper floors of the same building where she and her family might have had a blamelessly respectable dinner the evening before.

Barbary Coast and the Tenderloin

Legends gathered about the waterfront around lower Pacific Avenue, east of Chinatown — legends that touted it as the most depraved morass of vice in America. Until 1906, the Barbary Coast did indeed harbor the lowest recreations known to Western man, with bestiality, bearbaiting, and coprophagy for entertainment and shanghaiing of sailors a common occurrence. The Great Fire, anti-shanghai legislation, and Prohibition have all conspired to turn the once-bustling Barbary Coast into a dim slum creeping with intractable shadows of its past.

The Tenderloin area, roughly bounded by Market and Commercial Streets, was once another hive of illicit activity, with fifteen parlor houses along Commercial Street alone until 1917. Efforts to close down the area have only fragmented the festivities or driven them underground. Mayor Rolph doesn't make a point of shutting down prostitution in the city any more than reformers force him to, thus the cab stand and hotel escort trade thrives in plain view.

South Park, "South of the Slot" (south of Market Street, toward China Basin), is an oval park surrounded by once-great houses of the 1860's. This district was built for the social elite before the Civil War. Many were "copperheads" or Southern sympathizers who lost their status during the war. The district never recovered, but cellars here were built deep; more than one family fortune was buried for later recovery and never found again. These spacious houses, now partitioned into apartments, might easily contain hidden cellars, tunnels, walled-up weapons, etc.

SCENARIO HOOK

A rash of disappearances among sailors in the old Barbary Coast district has led authorities and the press to suspect that shanghaiing has come back into vogue. However, none of the vanished sailors has turned up on other ships. Old salts on the Coast whisper that the Ambergris House, a former underground haunt for sailors, has reopened as a speakeasy and crib, but vice squads have failed to turn it up and have given it up as an idle rumor.

The Ambergris is a front for a cult of Y'golonac. Sailors lured in by cheap bathtub whiskey and prostitutes are slipped Mickey Finns and shanghaied, but not for ships.

Madame Giselle, Parlor House Madam

The decadent and durable Madame Giselle is a born survivor of the red-light district, having worked her way up through the brothel pecking order to run a first-class parlor house in the Upper Tenderloin. She prides herself on never having paid a penny in graft, observing with a salacious wink that there are other ways to stay in business. A grand old Marseilles dame wrapped in an elegant silk gown and encrusted with flashy diamonds, she is an obsessive collector of gaudy *fin de siècle* artifacts and racy local gossip. Her clients include several leading citizens, politicians, and policemen, and she is privy to the city's seedier secrets, which she may sell for the right price.

Speakeasies

Purveyors of liquor serve all classes, from backroom beer halls for union workers to bars that cater to reporters, from private social clubs on Nob Hill to the private booths on the upper floors of fancy French restaurants, where patrons are often encouraged to bring along—or are even fixed up with—prostitutes. Unlike other cities in the U.S., only a small minority of the speakeasies in the city are owned by organized crime figures; most are legitimate restaurant owners or former madams or pimps who have diversified to reap the windfall from the nation's latest forbidden vice. Alcohol can be bought from false storefronts, or "blind pigs", throughout the city. "Walking bootleggers" in long trenchcoats lined with flasks of whiskey cruise the blue-collar Mission District, peddling booze by the shotful.

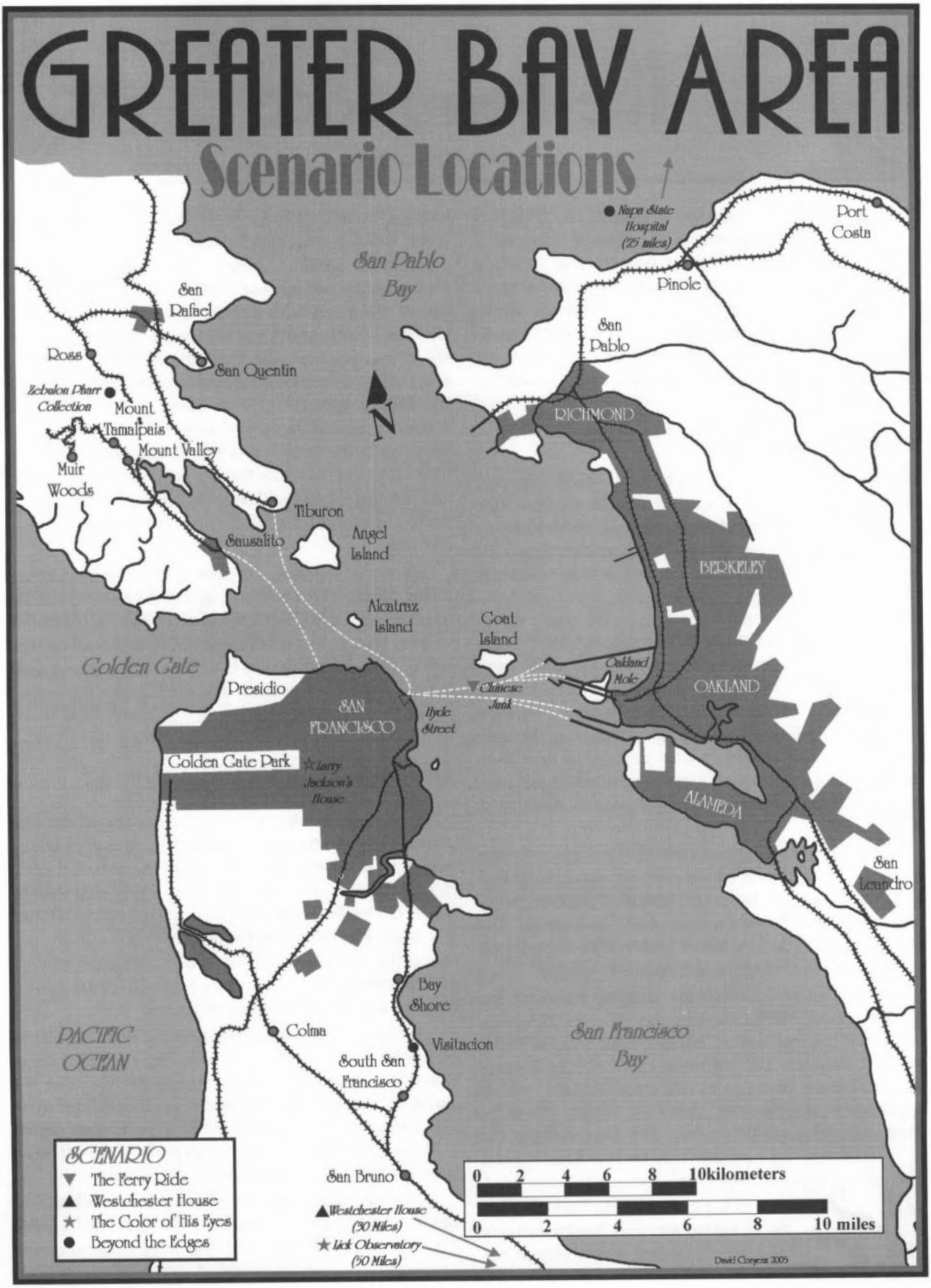
Iggy Gassaway, Speakeasy Owner

Iggy is a secret legend in drinking circles, and his speakeasy, Iggy's Gas House, a converted gasworks in a North Beach alley, is a favorite watering hole for journalists. From outside, the Gas House appears to be abandoned, and Iggy has foiled more than a few police raids by bricking up the front entrance and knocking out a new one in the rear, continuing to peddle his high-toned hooch to a packed house while the cops scratch their heads in frustration outside. Iggy is a hulking middle-aged man in rumpled suit and black fedora, with an ever-present unlit cigar between his lips. He knows more about the city than any of his clientele and serves as a walking reference library for those who earn his trust. He quells barroom brawls by offering a free round of drinks laced with knockout drops to the combatants, then has his bouncers drop the slumberers off at a cab stand around the corner.

South of the city on the marshes of San Carlos lies the Babylon Club, a speakeasy/parlor house where bootleggers hide from the law amid a perpetual drunken party. The Babylon Club was once the Ohio Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition (see page 102); transported by barge to the marshland 30 miles to the south, it failed to take root as a premier yacht club and became a den of vice soon afterward. The columned two-story showpiece boasts a bar serving bathtub gin and a gambling room with card tables and a roulette wheel; the upper floor is taken up by a series of boudoirs, where the ladies of the establishment entertain paying visitors. The Babylon Club is frequently raided by police, but the proprietors of the club always manage to dump their stock of illicit booze into the bay before the door is broken down.

Prohibition in San Francisco was never a problem for the rich and prominent. Moss Landing, 18 miles south of San Francisco, had a sandy beach perfect for landing illicit cargoes. A restaurant with a cabaret crowned the cliff; enough of the socially prominent were patrons of the roadhouse that police never dared to approach it. The Moss Beach Distillery is still in business. It is reputed to be haunted by a mysterious "Blue Lady" who may have been leaving her bootlegger lover for a piano player when she was shot down on the beach below.

Bootleggers became family friends as social drinking became more serious. There is a case on record of a Superior Court judge who was sympathetic to a bootlegger friend who was jailed over the Thanksgiving holiday. The honorable justice brooded over the plight of his poor friend, forced to miss out on familial jollity. Finally, in a burst of good spirit (real as well as metaphorical), the judge acted. Standing outside the City Jail, he serenaded the bootlegger with popular ballads of the day. Personnel of the jail kept a discreet low profile as the judge warmed the heart of the imprisoned criminal!


GREATER BAY AREA
Scenario Locations
Napa State Hospital (25 miles)
Port Costa
Pinole
San Pablo Bay
San Rafael
San Pablo
Ross
San Quentin
Zebulon Pharr Collection
Mount Tamalpais
Mount Valley
Muir Woods
RICHMOND
Tiburon
Angel Island
Sausalito
BERKELEY
Alcatraz Island
Goat Island
Golden Gate
Oakland Mole
Chinese Junk
OAKLAND
Presidio
SAN FRANCISCO
Hyde Street
Golden Gate Park
Larry Jackson's House
ALAMEDA
San Leandro
Bay Shore
PACIFIC OCEAN
Colma
Visitacion
San Francisco Bay
South San Francisco
SCENARIO
The Ferry Ride
Westchester House
The Color of His Eyes
Beyond the Edges
San Bruno
Westchester House (30 Miles)
Lick Observatory (50 Miles)
0 2 4 6 8 10kilometers
0 2 4 6 8 10 miles
David Conyers 2005

The Ferry Ride

A Short, Introductory Scenario

This short scenario provides a taste of San Francisco for novice to intermediate investigators. Because it takes place entirely on a ferryboat crossing the bay, it may serve equally as the investigators' first glimpse of the City or a disturbance in a routine commute and as the means of drawing together independent characters together into a group. It may be used as a stand-alone encounter or as the lead-in to a campaign of the keeper's devising.

Introduction

On a cold, cloudless winter night in November (the year is up to the keeper, but probably should be set some time in the 1920's), the investigators have all come to be on the last (1:00 a.m.) passenger ferry to San Francisco from Oakland. The boat, the *Stanford*, is a steam-driven throwback with a capacity of 75 passengers (no automobiles); only a dozen passengers sit in the small, drafty lounge. A handful of crewmen loiter by the doors, fortifying themselves with coffee against the chill wind sweeping the decks outside. The other commuters are laborers, party-goers, or academics returning from work or play in the East Bay. First-time riders may be confronted by an adamant regular demanding that they remove themselves from his customary seat. Some people play cards or an ongoing chess game to while away the short trip.

As the *Stanford* puts out from the Oakland Mole, the investigators hear the eerie symphony of sirens, bells, and foghorns from every hazardous feature of the bay, particularly from Goat Island, the midpoint of the crossing. The black mound of the tiny island looms in the ferry's path like a sentinel guarding the San Francisco skyline.

About midway through the crossing a wall of fog drops upon the ferry, blotting out sight of the cities before and behind it and cutting off the sounds of the warning beacons. The crewmen assure the passengers that there is no reason to be concerned, that this sort of weather is common and poses no danger. Then the steam engines grind to a halt. The ferry drifts in the opaque fog—perhaps onto the rocks of Alcatraz, perhaps out to sea.

An hour passes with no sign of either shore and no sound of any kind except the water slapping on the side of the boat and faint splashing, as of fish leaping out of the water. If the investigators demand to see the captain with a successful **Credit Rating** or **Persuade** roll, they are shown to the wheelhouse, where a salty old dog sits behind the wheel with a flask of whiskey. The captain tells them there is nothing they can do until the fog lifts. He refuses to let anyone leave the ferry on one of the four lifeboats, insisting they are safer on the *Stanford*. A **Psychology** roll allows one to observe that he is clearly fearful of something he believes is out there, but he seems to understand and is totally resigned to what is happening. He says only that the *Stanford* is "becalmed" and that the engines will begin to work again as soon as the fog lifts, "as soon as they're ready." He refuses to elaborate.

If questioned about the phenomenon, he spins a yarn or two of Bay Area sea lore: about the phantom of the wrecked *Lyman Stewart*, the vanished hulk of the *Rio de Janeiro*, and the history of ships lost at the cavern-riddled foot of Sutro's Cliff House. Finally he lapses into an alcoholic reverie, staring blankly into the fog until the investigators leave the bridge.

The Junk

After what seems like hours, the watchman on the bow gives a shout and the passengers rush the windows to look outside. Just outside, not 100 feet off the port rail, lies a ragged Chinese junk. The ship looks totally unseaworthy and as if it has been battered by storms for months on-end. The mast is splintered, the twin sails hang in tatters, and the rigging is scattered across the deck. There are no signs of life aboard the strange ruined vessel, which has no name or nationality markings on its bow.

If the investigators resolve to go out to the junk, none of the ferry's crew lifts a hand to help or hinder them. About ten minutes after the investigators leave the *Stanford*, it powers up and steams on to San Francisco. The captain will report the missing passengers to the Coast Guard, who will send a cutter to the scene within an hour. By then, of course, the junk will be gone.

The lifeboat requires at least two rowers of **STR 10** or better to maneuver it between the two ships, and a **DEX** roll may be called for to avoid ramming either craft and knocking each other overboard. A rotted hemp net hangs

over the gunwales of the junk on either side by way of a ladder; it is extremely weak, and another **DEX** roll may be in order.

The deck of the junk is clear of debris and life alike, and has a wheelhouse (deserted) and a narrow ladder leading down belowdecks. Toward the rear of the junk two gaping pits open to the hold.

Nightmare Opium of Leng

An incredibly potent variety of opium cultivated by the notorious Tcho-Tcho people, use of the nightmare opium induces visions of the Outer Gods so mind-blasting that the victim must make a roll of **CON x5** to avoid total paralysis. If this roll fails the victim asphyxiates within a number of rounds equal to his **CON**, then dies frozen in a posture of unspeakable fear. Even if the roll is successful, the smoker's mind is ripped from his body to jaunt among the Outer Gods in the court of Azathoth, to plunge into the abyss wherein are sealed Lloigor and Zhar, or to commune with Nyarlathotep. The experience costs 1D10/1D100 Sanity points and is extremely addictive. Once bitten, the victim must make a roll of his **POW x3** (**POW x2** the next time after a failure, then **POW**) to resist the temptation to use it again. In exchange for addiction, the drug confers awful Mythos lore, such as spells, a fundamental revelation, the location of a powerful tome, etc., but only insofar as it more completely enslaves the user to the Outer Gods.

So powerful is the drug that any place where it has been manufactured or stored becomes tainted with its essence and causes nightmarish phantoms and paranoid thoughts to invade the mind of anyone who comes near. After any prolonged exposure, the fear gives way to hunger to try the drug; the victim must roll **POW x5** to resist its alluring reek (**POW x4** a few minutes later, then **POW x3**, etc.). Only by wearing a thick veil saturated with a strong antiseptic can one retain his senses while in close proximity to the drug.

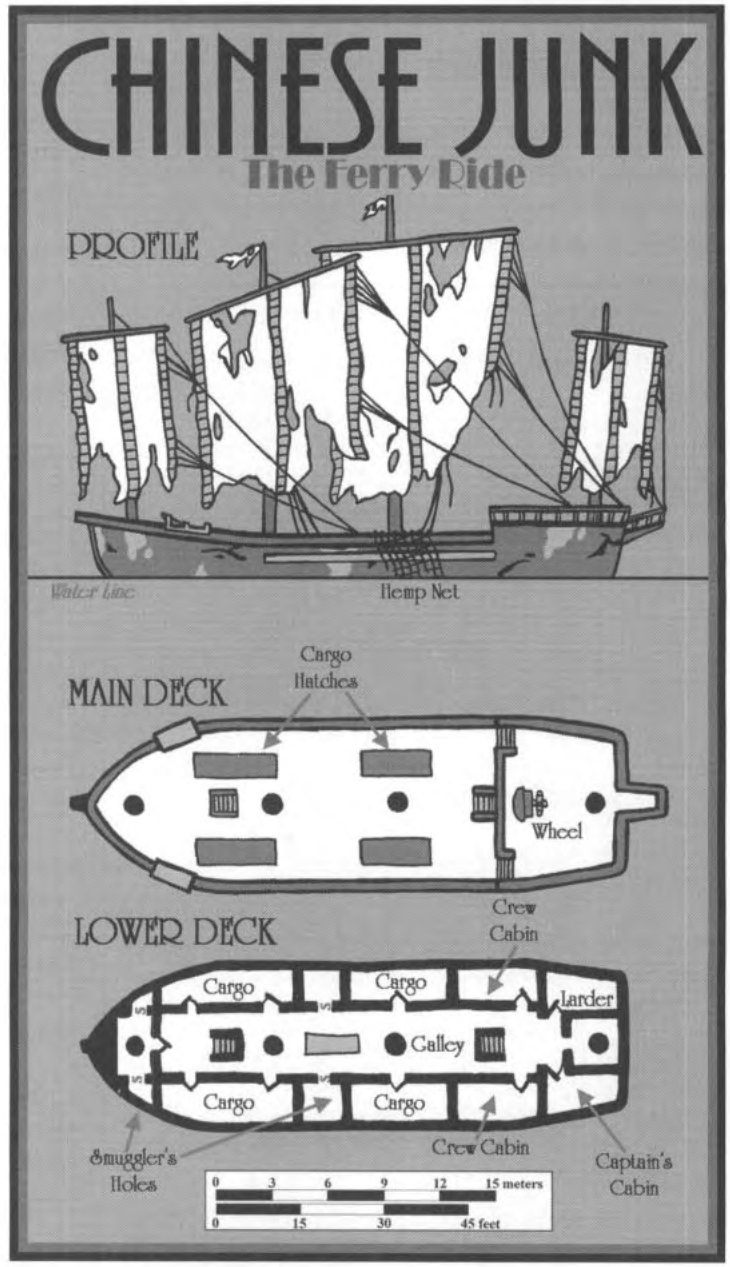
In the holds and the galley, the air of the junk is thickly tainted with the essence of nightmare opium of Leng. Investigators going below decks will succumb to its effects as long as they remain aboard. Initially, they glimpse threatening figures and passages opening on infinite corridors out of the corners of their eyes and be forced to entertain strange ideas. Take investigators aside or pass notes to them, and assure each of them that a comrade is out to get them, even drawing a gun on them. Allow Sanity checks to resist these rogue impulses, but keep the investigators doubting everything their eyes and ears tell them about the junk—and each other.

Lower Deck

The ladder opens on the galley. The air is close and rife with the stench of rotted fish and body odor, but a strange, unidentifiable odor lies beneath, at once revolting and enticing. Once the investigators bring a light to bear on the room, they discover a grisly tableau: Seated on the floor at the long, low table are eight human corpses. Seemingly mummified, the bodies sit bolt upright, frozen in the posture of sitting down to a meal. A bowl and a water cup sits before each corpse; the food has rotted to a black scum, but the decay of the corpses seems to have been retarded by some unknown process. Their faces are contorted into a uniform rictus of ghastly terror which is no less expressive for the loss of their eyes, seemingly pecked out by gulls. Seeing this horrible last supper costs 0/2 Sanity points. The crew sit where they died of sheer fright caused by the nightmare opium, into which they dipped liberally just before their meal. A small eelskin bag lies on the center of the table beside a tinderbox and a long-stemmed opium pipe; inside is an ounce of the nightmare opium, the full cargo of which is stowed in the hold below. A lantern hangs above the table, but it is out of oil. A passage leads off the galley down the center of the ship.

Curtained doorways open on the rooms detailed below and another ladder leads down into the cargo hold.

Under the floorboards of this corridor are several smuggler's holes, which a passing investigator may notice with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. The boards will have to be ripped up to get at the contents unless a second successful Spot Hidden roll is made while inspecting the floor. A seam in the floor along one wall may be pried at to get the lid off the contraband hold quickly and quietly. Inside are 200 pounds of pure Patna opium (worth 1D6 x $1,000, depending on the seller's connections and negotiating strategy), three .30 bolt-action carbine rifles, and a box of fifty bullets. The bullets are of inferior grade, and a **Luck** roll must be made each time one is fired. On a failed roll the round is a dud; on a critical failure (96–00) the round explodes in the chamber, inflicting 1D8+1 hit points of damage to the wielder.



Larder

The shelves of this tiny pantry are stocked with ruined sacks of rice and flour, salted pork and fish, a few flasks of lantern oil, and a water barrel. An Idea roll made while surveying the larder should tell the investigators that the room was stocked for only a short voyage, hardly for a trans-Pacific journey.

Crew Cabin

Three sets of triple bunks line the walls of these cramped quarters. At the foot of each bunk is a small wooden footlocker with the crewmen's personal effects, including dice, tinder boxes, opium pipes, and coin purses, all filled with small sums of Chinese coins.

Captain's Cabin

This room is better furnished than the crew cabin only in that the bed has a mattress. Soiled clothing lies strewn across the floor. The walls are densely hung with assorted trinkets and gewgaws from Asian ports: Malayan demon-masks, a cape of feathers from Ponape, etc. A sea chest stowed under the bed contains $1,050 in gold coins of assorted mintings and a .32 revolver. At the bottom of the chest, wrapped in a black cloth (**Spot Hidden** to notice), is a tiny figurine of a humanoid figure with Asian features and a beard of tentacles (a portrayal of Cthulhu as a superstitious sailor's idol).

Cargo Holds

This compartmented chamber runs the length of the ship; its ceiling is only five feet high, so investigators of **SIZ 9** or greater must stoop to enter it, losing all initiative in combat. The cargo is sparse and scattered throughout the holds: six kegs of gunpowder (10D6/5 yds.); three crates of twenty sticks of dynamite each; four 100-lb. sacks of rice, rat-gnawed and spilling onto the wet floor, creating a slippery mush (**DEX x3** to avoid falling when moving in combat). At the prow, another smuggler's hold is accessible by finding a false wall panel. Behind it is a large, extremely heavy (250 lbs.) crate.

While the investigators are belowdecks, another rowboat pulls up on the opposite side from that of the investi-

gators. Three of the four men on board, dressed in black and masked with layers of black kerchiefs, climb aboard and slip into the hold via the pits in the foredeck. The fourth waits in the rowboat; he is a spellcaster and has Contacted a spawn of the Green Abyss to destroy the junk. The mysterious boatmen have come to collect the nightmare opium from the hold. The ship driven across the Pacific in a bank of obscuring fog after the crew died. If an investigator fells one of the cultists and dons his veil, he is rendered totally immune to the hallucinogenic effects of the opium. Unless someone is so protected, the effects of the nightmare opium multiply in power in the hold. Once exposed, the investigator may make a roll of **POW vs. the nightmare opium** (see page 109), the fumes of which have saturated the hold, to resist its maddening hallucinations. Once above deck, hallucinating characters reel from an "enhanced" vision of the San Francisco skyline: One moment the skyline is a humpbacked series of sand dunes, barren as the surface of the Moon; the next it is a gloomy necropolis of cyclopean towers that twist and curl about each other like boneless limbs of monstrous black hills, colossi brooding over an ocean teeming with writhing, shadowy forms, all of it wavering like seaweed in the grip of a whirlpool in the Golden Gate, a whirlpool with teeth the size of skyscrapers. A sundered suspension bridge spans the Gate, its colossal towers seemingly rusted or daubed with dried blood. This panic-inducing vision of the city as it was and as it will be in the distant(?) future costs 1/1D8 Sanity points and could render the investigator oblivious to imminent peril on board.

Players of those investigators still possessed of their senses may make Listen rolls to hear three cultists removing the crate from the hold. The thieves attempt to ambush the investigators as they enter the hold, with one holding them back while the others lift the crate out of the hold with a pulley rig. Once the crate is on deck, the thieves will flee, as the water around the junk begins to churn menacingly, as if it has come alive.

Spawn of the Green Abyss

Within 1D10 rounds of the rowboat's departure, a spawn of the Green Abyss arrives and proceeds to crush the hull of the junk. A **Spot Hidden** roll is required to distinguish the slimy blue mass of the spawn from the surrounding water. Its bubbling, protean form enfolds the underside of the junk, wrenching the entire structure to driftwood within 1D20+4 rounds. During this time, the investigators may attempt to light the explosives in the cargo hold; going down below should take a number of rounds equal to 24 minus DEX and require a roll against INT x3 to set a long-enough fuse to get off the junk. The explosion will be sufficient to disintegrate the junk and seriously wound the spawn, driving it out of the bay.

The investigators need a **Jump** roll to reach their lifeboat. With a failure, the character falls into the water and must make a **Swim** and a **Climb** roll to avoid being dragged under. If the ferry hasn't already taken off, it will do so with all available speed the moment the spawn appears, stopping for nothing and no one until it frantically backs water into its slip at the Embarcadero. If the investigators at the oars can make four successful **Boating** rolls before the spawn crushes the junk, they manage to get out of the range of the rampaging creature. (Note: both rowers must succeed to advance the lifeboat. If one fails, the boat goes in circles; if both fail, they go backward and must make an extra **Boating** roll to compensate for it; if one makes a critical failure, he loses an oar or falls overboard; if both rowers critically fail, the boat capsizes and the investigators must then **Swim** for their lives after the departing *Stanford*.)

After the junk is crushed, the spawn may engulf the lifeboat if the investigators haven't made it out of range. Otherwise it slips back out to sea, its task accomplished. No trace of either the derelict junk or the monstrous beast that wrecked it (perhaps itself a hallucination brought on by the nightmare opium?) ever turns up. The next morning, the following small item appears in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

Fantasy Papers #1

"GHOST SHIP" SIGHTED ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE

Followers of phantoms can add one more ghostly vessel to the already impressive list our city has to offer, if the word of Sgt. Garland Fitzsimmons of the Army's 2nd Photographers' Corps is to be taken as fact. The incredulous Sergeant was taking time-lapse exposures of the full moon from the ramparts of Ft. Point late last night when, at the stroke of midnight, as he claims: "a curiously thick fog moved into the Gate like it was borne on a high wind, only there wasn't any wind at all to speak of." Sgt. Fitzsimmons then noticed what appeared to be a ship of exotic design—"like a Chinese junk," he says—entering the Bay under cover of the fog at a great rate of speed, with its sails slack and untrimmed, as if the ship were a derelict. Fitzsimmons admits that he doubted his own eyes and thus delayed alerting the Coast Guard until the following morning. Routine Coast Guard patrols failed to locate anything like Sgt. Fitzsimmons' discovery, but did comment that at midnight last night, the current of the Bay was at the peak of ebb, and flowing out of the Bay at a rate of about 15 knots. Ergo, the ghostly junk would indeed have to be either a phantom or be fitted with the world's first silent internal combustion engine. The only real mystery this reporter can't fathom is why the redoubtable Sergeant did not see fit to capture his ghost with a photograph!

Cultist Thugs

	1	2	3	4
STR	10	11	12	10
CON	12	13	7	13
SIZ	14	12	13	9
INT	10	11	9	15
POW	13	6	13	15
DEX	13	11	11	10
HP	13	12	10	11
db	—	—	+1d4	—

Weapons: Garrote 40%, strangle
Dagger 50%, 1d4+2+db

Spells: #4 knows Contact Deep Ones, Contact Spawn of the Green Abyss, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror.

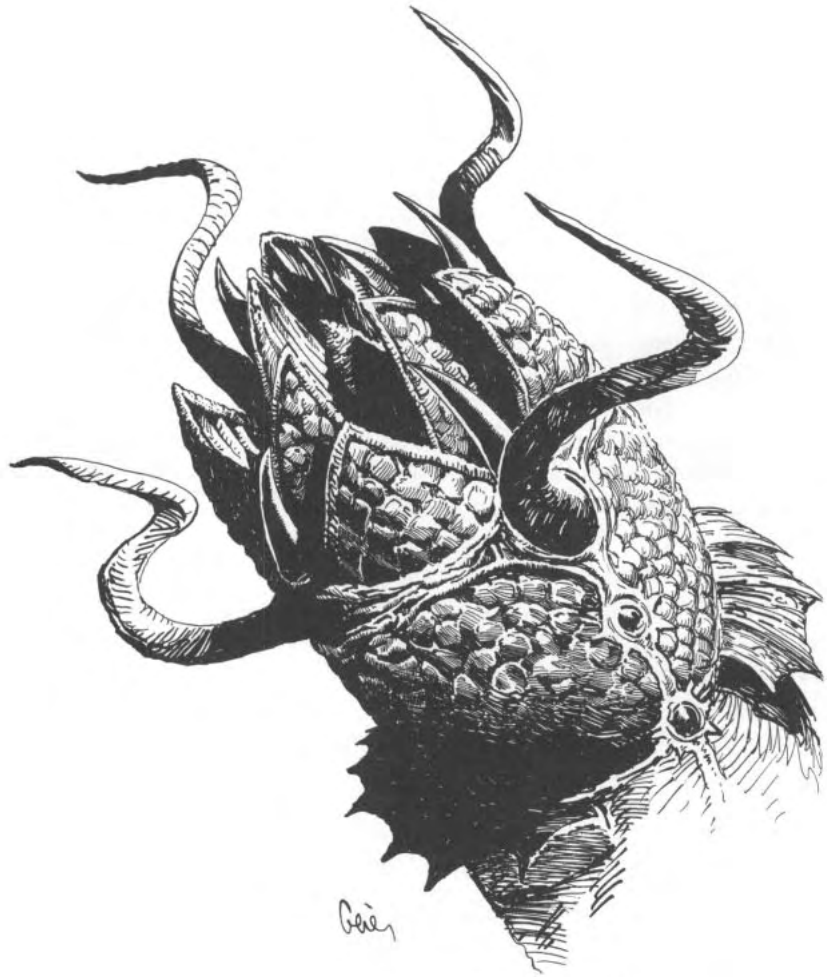
Spawn of the Green Abyss

STR	48
CON	32
SIZ	68
INT	19
POW	21
DEX	3
HP	50

Damage Bonus: +6d6

Armor: None, but only fire, electricity, chemicals, spells, and enchanted weapons inflict damage; regenerates 1d3 HP per round until dead.

Weapons: Crush 80%, 6d6
Pseudopod 60%, 3d6 or grapple



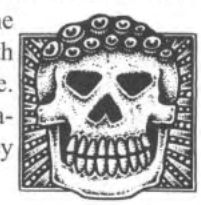
Spawn of the Green Abyss

Rewards

If the investigators manage to wrest the crate of nightmare opium from the cultist thugs and puzzle out the significance of the encounter, they may receive a bonus of 1D8 Sanity points—if and when they dispose of the opium without becoming addicted to it. They have stemmed a major plot to poison the city with a horrific drug, but the small victory raises unanswered questions. What force drove the junk across the Pacific with the cargo of tainted opium to wash up in San Francisco Bay? Who were the hooded thieves who came to it as if it were expected? How much of what they saw was real, and how much was a drug-induced nightmare? The cultists who rendezvous with the junk could be any of those outlined in this book, or others of the keeper's own devising, and the start of a San Francisco campaign that could culminate at the source of the nightmare opium, somewhere in Asia.

If the opium is successfully spirited away by the thieves, the investigators should be haunted by its mind-blasting effects and by news of escalating murders and suicides in and around Chinatown and the bohemian artists' colonies on Telegraph Hill. Police reports claim they are only the latest wave of drug-induced hysteria but have no leads on the distributors, let alone the means by which the drugs found their way into the city.

Keeper's Note: If the crate is destroyed by the explosion or the spawn, or simply dumped into the bay, the effects of the poison will spread throughout the Bay Area and the West Coast like a plague. Within a week, dolphins, whales, and fish wash up on the shores of the bay in astounding numbers. Despite warnings from the Health Department, many poor citizens of the Mission District eat the tainted fish, with results similar to those described above. If the investigators recognize their culpability in sowing the seed of lunacy, they should lose 1D8 Sanity points.)



The Westchester House

Wherein a well-known, reclusive heiress hires the investigators to examine spirit manifestations in her eccentric home

Investigator's Information

One or more of the investigators have received letters from Sarah Westchester, the well-known heiress, asking for help in examining spirit manifestations at her home. The characters may be professionals such as private eyes or parapsychologists, or simply friends of the family from the days before Sarah moved to San Jose, California.

Throughout Sarah's childhood and marriage, she lived a glittering high society life. After she lost her husband and daughter, she became a spiritualist; later she moved to San Jose, never to return to the East.

When the investigators arrive at Westchester House, Sarah tells them that the manifestations from the Other Side have continued. People have heard footsteps with no visible cause. Some construction workers saw a wounded man staggering toward the house, but when they went to help him, he vanished without a trace. Two maids saw a strange man pop into view and vanish soundlessly. Ghostly lights have been seen in a strange rock formation near the house.

Sarah wants to find out if these are true spirit manifestations or if there is a mundane explanation. Each investigator has been paid $100 as a retainer. She will pay $200 a week plus expenses to each investigator, for two weeks — plenty of time, her lawyer feels, to establish the meaning of those spirit manifestations.

Keeper's Notes

In 1906 Gregory Johnson was a San Francisco artist with great skill and little money. Then he met Elizabeth Anwell, secretary to Francis "Frank" Connington, the locally noted art collector. She had been Frank Connington's mistress and had born his daughter, Frances, but rather than marry her as he promised, Connington seemed ready to cast her off in favor of an advantageous society marriage.

Gregory Johnson and Elizabeth Anwell fell in love and decided to finance their life together by stealing one of Frank's best paintings, "The Hunter", valued at $15,000 — nearly as much as a Rembrandt.

Elizabeth contrived to get for Gregory (under an assumed name) a scholarship from the Connington Foundation. This allowed him to visit Connington's mansion and to make copies of the great masters there to improve his technique. Gregory planned to copy "The Hunter," frame the copy, take the original with him, and leave the state before anyone noticed the substitution. He planned to paint another picture over "The Hunter" to smuggle it out of the country and sell it.

By the beginning of April 1906, the forgery was complete and Gregory had bribed the guard, Jack Ramsey, for a copy of the gallery key. Unfortunately, Jack realized that Gregory was trying to steal something and decided to cut himself in. He did not know that Elizabeth was involved, nor that Gregory was trying to substitute a forgery.

On April 8, Gregory had just made the substitution when Jack entered the gallery and demanded a share. Then Connington entered the room unexpectedly and overheard the conversation. Jack panicked, and killed Connington. In the commotion, Gregory escaped with the original painting.

Gregory returned to his family farm, outside San Jose, California. There, he painted another picture over "The Hunter" to hide it until he could send for Elizabeth. In the glow of success, what he painted was a self-portrait with the words "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man" in the corner. His confidence was misplaced, however.

The police learned that Gregory Johnson was the real name of the art student who had visited the Connington house at the time of the killing.

Jack Ramsey convinced the police that he had prevented the theft of the painting, and had seen Gregory Johnson kill Frank Connington. Jack was congratulated and joined the manhunt, which, in a week, traced Gregory to his farm. There Gregory was shot and killed by an eager, inexperienced local officer.

At the farm, the police found only the self-portrait and a crude copy of "The Hunter" Gregory had made for practice. They never realized that the copy had been substituted for the original, nor that Elizabeth was involved. Elizabeth, who heard only Jack's story, did not realize that the substitution had been made. On April 18, 1906, the great earthquake devastated the area. A gigantic fire burnt most of San Francisco. The police had more important things to do than follow-up this crime, where no property was stolen and the murderer was already dead; the case was closed.

When the Connington household broke up, Elizabeth became a spiritualist medium and confidence trickster.

Jack, too, drifted into crime, of a more violent, lowbrow type. After Gregory's death, his widowed mother sold the family farm to Sarah Westchester, and took her surviving children (Robert, Betty, and Warren) to her parents' home in Pennsylvania.

In 1922, with great publicity the Connington heirs donated "The Hunter" to the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts. But shortly thereafter it was shown during cleaning to be a forgery.

Elizabeth Anwell, Jack Ramsey, and Warren Johnson (Gregory's youngest brother) realized that the original might still be at the old Johnson farm. Separately they made their way to the former Johnson farm, now West-Chester House.

Warren hid in the lesser-used places in the house. Every now and then, servants heard his footsteps or caught fleeting glimpses of him. Rumors that the house was haunted began. For their own reasons Elizabeth and Jack encouraged this belief as detailed later on. And Sarah Westchester sent for the investigators.

Sources of Information

If the investigators go to San Francisco, they will find some information about the crime. The great earthquake and fire destroyed the case records, and the lawyers most concerned have since died. *The Call, Bulletin, Chronicle*, and other such newspapers have reestablished their clipping files, however. The investigators can find out from Connington's relatives or former servants that Connington's secretary, Elizabeth Anwell, had been his mistress and had born his daughter. The art community knows that Gregory Johnson gave an unsuccessful art show in 1904, which showed "great technical skill but no original vision".

If the investigators check the local newspaper they can find reports on the murder of Francis Connington, the death of Gregory Johnson, and the recent discovery that "The Hunter" is a forgery. Charles Quill, the policeman who shot Gregory, also has copies of these articles (*Westchester Papers #1, 2, and 3*).

The Westchester House

In 1906, Mrs. Sarah Westchester bought a simple eight-room farmhouse. In the years since that time, the farm-house has grown to 145 rooms sprawling over five acres.

In those years more than 500 rooms have been built and torn out again to maintain continuous construction — necessary to keep harmony with the "spirits." There are also outbuildings; stables, bunkhouses for the

The Murder of Frank Connington

farmhands, garages, a carwash, and greenhouses. The house is built in the elaborate late-Victorian style of Sarah's girlhood, yet has modern conveniences, including three elevators, thirteen bathrooms, limited central heating, and gas stoves. Everything in the house and grounds is the finest money can buy.

The only architect of the house is Mrs. Westchester, passing along instructions and wishes from her ghostly advisors. This inexperience added to her lack of any guiding plan has led to architectural anomalies such as windows in inner walls, a door that opens to a two-story drop to the floor below, closets and cupboards two inches deep, and stairs that lead to the ceiling, but not through it. The vast house is a maze where "downstairs leads neither to the cellar nor upstairs to the roof."

The house mirrors other of Mrs. Westchester's eccentricities. Since she stands only 4' 10", she had her personal doors built but five feet high. Her favorite numbers, 7, 11, and 13, are incorporated into the house in ways such as a room with seven windows, a stairway with 11 steps, or a drain with 13 holes. Most of the classical columns have been installed upside down. There are several shallow stairways where each step is two inches high, and the stairway winds back and forth several times just to rise to the next floor.

A safe holds Sarah's ready cash, jewelry, and a $30,000 gold dinner service. Several storerooms hold lesser valuables, many of which have been sitting there for years, forgotten by everyone. "The Hunter" has been sitting in one of these storerooms since purchased with the farm. Mrs. Westchester once had a wine cellar, but she had it sealed up after being frightened by a black handprint accidentally left on the wall by a careless workman. No one (except Jack's gang) knows where the wine cellar is now. While there are no purposefully secret passages or hidden rooms, her random remodeling has left spaces, sealed rooms and forgotten places.

The investigators will be put up in the "Grecian Rooms", since several manifestations have happened in the area. There were originally 12 of these rooms on the second floor, each with a stained glass window depicting one of the signs of the Zodiac in a Greek myth motif, but two of the rooms were sealed off when a corridor went through. Warren Johnson has been hiding in these sealed rooms.

There is no partition between the walk-in closets of the Golden Fleece room and the Europa room, but Warren has cleverly fashioned a plasterboard door that casually conceals the room — but not from a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. The window with the Aries design was removed and can be found in a storeroom. Warren reaches the Zeus room by going out the window of the Oedipus room and strolling across the flat roof of the porch, then entering through the Zeus window, which is still visible from the outside of the house. Here Warren stores his make-up kit, mirror, costumes, pallet, and food. One page has fallen from Gregory's diary here.

At the end of the corridor

Westchester Papers #1

CAREER OF NOTED MURDERER ENDED

Early this morning Gregory Johnson was shot and killed outside his home when police attempted to arrest him for the murder of Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and connoisseur.

Johnson, once an artist of some note, had been visitingConnington's San Francisco mansion under the alias Norton Longville. On April 8, Mr. Connington entered his gallery to find Johnson and Jack Ramsey, a guard, fighting over a painting Johnson was attempting to steal. Johnson allegedly killed Connington and escaped in the confusion while Ramsey tried unsuccessfully to defend his employer.

Investigation by San Francisco police revealed that Norton Longville was really Gregory Johnson, who was traced to his family farm outside San Jose. When state troopers and local police approached the farm, Johnson attempted to escape from the rear of the house. Mr. Ramsey, who was there to identify the murderer, pointed out the escaping fugitive. John-son was shot and killed by Charles Quill, of our own San Jose Police Department. Congratulations, Officer Quill.

[April 15, 1906]

Westchester Papers #2

PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCAN MURDERED

Mr. Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and art collector, was murdered yesterday afternoon, reportedly when he surprised a Norton Longville in the act of stealing a painting.

Longville, a student artist, had been visiting Connington's townhouse under the terms of a scholarship from the Connington Foundation, which allowed him to copy some of his benefactor's paintings to improve his technique.

Guard Jack Ramsey was on rounds in the townhouse when he found Longville removing a painting, "The Hunter", value estimated at $15,000.

Mr. Connington, apparently attracted by the sounds of the struggle, entered the gallery and was killed by Longville, who escaped while Ramsey attempted to save the life of his employer.

Police throughout the state have been alerted to the flight of this villain.

is a four-foot round window of plain glass. The original window had zodiac signs around the border. This window was cracked and now awaits mending in one of the other storerooms.

WARREN JOHNSON

STR 09	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 11	**INT** 13	**POW** 15
DEX 17	**APP** 11	**EDU** 10	**SAN** 75	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Act 85%, Disguise 80%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 75%, Listen 55%, Navigate 45%, Persuade 60%, Sneak 50%.

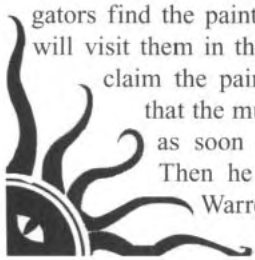
Warren is the youngest brother of Gregory Johnson, the artist who died in 1906. When he grew up, Warren became an actor specializing in impressions.

News stories about the forgery of "The Hunter" roused childhood memories of Gregory painting "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man" over another painting. Stowed unread in a trunk for many years, Gregory's diary confirmed Warren's suspicions. This diary described Gregory's affair with Elizabeth Anwell and his plan to substitute a copy for the real painting. Warren decided to return to the San Jose farm to find "The Hunter," bringing along the diary as a useful tool.

Warren gained entrance to Westchester House by posing as a new servant. Mrs. Westchester constantly fires and acquires servants, so no one is surprised by new faces.

Warren found that "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man" had never been discarded, but no one remembered where it was. In order to stealthily search full-time, Warren dropped his servant guise and hid in the older parts of the house. Occasionally people overheard his footsteps or caught glimpses of him, causing the servants to think the house was haunted. When he expects to be seen, he uses his acting and disguise skills to impersonate servants or other individuals.

If Warren is caught, his actions will depend on how much he thinks his captors know. If they are still in the dark, he will tell them that he came to look for the self-portrait of his brother, which his mother now regrets leaving behind. If the investigators know that a valuable painting is involved, but not what it looks like, Warren will offer to cut them in for a share of the reward offered by the museum (or even a share of the sale price of the painting, if he thinks the investigators would agree). If the investigators find the painting before Warren is exposed, he will visit them in the guise of a museum official and claim the painting, promising the investigators that the museum will send them their reward as soon as the painting is authenticated. Then he will abscond with the painting. Warren is not a violent person. If things go badly, he will try to escape by using stealth or a clever ruse rather than fight.



LIZA ANDREWS (Elizabeth Anwell)

STR 09	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 09	**INT** 16	**POW** 10
DEX 14	**APP** 14	**EDU** 12	**SAN** 40	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Conceal 90%, Fast Talk 90%, Library Use 60%, Listen 75%, Occult 35%, Persuade 75%, Photography 60%, Psychology 60%, Sneak 85%.

Elizabeth Anwell was Frank Connington's secretary and mother of his illegitimate daughter. When he refused to marry her, she and Gregory Johnson planned to steal Frank's most prized painting. In the confusion following the deaths of Frank and Gregory, she did not realize that the painting had already been stolen.

Elizabeth invented a dead husband to hide her daughter's illegitimacy, calling herself Liza Andrews and naming her daughter Franny Andrews. Over the years she sank into the life of a confidence trickster and phony medium. In the profusion of spiritualists emerging after the Great War, Elizabeth felt she needed a gimmick. Franny posed as a child medium, while Elizabeth acted as her manager. By the 1920's, Franny further refined the role by acting retarded as well. This not only made her unique, but diverted suspicion as well. After all, could a feebleminded person perform the complex tricks that the medium debunkers exposed? Never!

When Elizabeth heard about the forgery's discovery, she felt she could get revenge on the long-dead Frank Connington by regaining the painting that was his pride

Westchester Papers #4

A Page From Diary Found in the "Zeus" Room

April 5, 1906 — I can't wait until this is over, and I can shield Beth from the man who wronged her. Perhaps I can make the substitution this Saturday when Connington visits Miss Milstone. Beth has given up hope that Connington would ever marry her, but it still hurts her to see him flutter around a woman who isn't a patch on Beth. Perhaps, he thinks he has given enough since he has given her his bastard daughter. Little Frances is as bright and as pretty a little girl as I have ever seen, but nothing will do for Connington but to have a brood of horse-faced brats from Angina Milstone. No wonder Beth threw her lot in with me. I reckon his loss is my gain. Ramsey has taken interest in my "work" recently; the worst timing possible; just normal for that blockhead.

and joy. Since Johnson farm had been purchased by Sarah Westchester, she studied Sarah's life and eccentric beliefs. By feeding this information back to Sarah, she gained an invitation to stay at Westchester House.

Liza encourages Sarah's belief that spirits haunt the house. This has made Sarah dependent enough on her daughter for them to look for the painting. Usually Franny does the actual searching, but Liza is always near to intervene and smooth over mischances as childish *faux pas.*

Franny has urged her mother to give up trying to find "The Hunter." They aren't sure it is still in the house, but Liza is determined to stay, too obsessed with the painting to give up now.

FRANNY ANDREWS
(Frances Anwell)

STR 09	**CON** 13	**SIZ** 08
INT 13	**POW** 12	**DEX** 16
APP 14	**EDU** 11	**SAN** 60
HP 11		

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Conceal 60%, Fast Talk 50%, Listen 55%, Occult 25%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Frances is the illegitimate daughter of Elizabeth Anwell and Frank Connington. She has a professional reputation as a feebleminded medium, though her actual intelligence is above normal. Her mother acts as her manager. She is eighteen, but passes for fourteen due to her small size, and behaves as if her mental age were five or less.

Franny's mask of childlike good nature, and her current position as Sarah's darling make her the pet of Westchester House, welcome to come and go at will. She spends most of her time wandering around the house, searching for "The Hunter" and gathering information for her act.

Originally, Franny was enthusiastic about looking for the painting, but now that she sees the magnitude of the task (and Sarah's vast wealth) she would rather deepen the confidence game against Sarah than continue searching for the painting; Liza has not yet agreed.

Westchester Papers #3

FORGERY DISCOVERED

Goddard Haley, curator of the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts, announced that the museum's copy of "The Hunter" has been conclusively proven a forgery. While having the picture cleaned for display, officials became suspicious and applied the Schwartz-Howard test, which revealed that pigments unavailable before 1890 had been used.

The oil painting was donated to the Museum in February of this year by Rose Connington of the Connington Foundation for the Advancement of the Arts. Miss Connington stated that Francis Connington, her late cousin, had the painting authenticated when he purchased it, but that since she had inherited "The Hunter" upon his death, she had frequently loaned the painting to museums for exhibit, and so had no idea when the forgery might have been substituted for the original.

Our long-time readers may recall that in 1906 Gregory Johnson, a local artist, murdered Francis Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal this same painting and was killed resisting his arrest, by Charles Quill, formerly of the San Jose Police Department.

The Museum and the Connington Foundation are offering a joint reward of $1000 for information leading to the return of the original painting.

The Medium's Tricks

Liza and Franny must secretly gain information about their victims, perhaps by doing research in a library or in newspaper files, questioning former servants, and reading the victim's mail. They particularly notice small details and adeptly make Holmesian deductions. This information is then relayed back to the victim with spiritual flourishes. In game terms, this can be simulated by appropriate use of the **Spot Hidden** skill and **Idea** rolls. However, since Franny and Liza have been at their trade so long and so successfully, a successful **Spot Hidden** or **Idea** roll would tell them different things than it would to an investigator.

In formal displays of their spiritual powers they have the victim write questions or messages on a piece of paper, roll it into a ball, then seal it into an envelope. Liza substitutes another envelope and burns that in a fire, while slipping the original to Franny, who reads it in the semi-darkened room, thus being able to answer the question, seemingly through thought reading. They also perform spirit tapping, spirit photography, and other mediumistic tricks.

JACK RAMSEY

STR 14	**CON** 09	**SIZ** 16
INT 09	**POW** 07	**DEX** 09
CHA 15	**EDU** 08	**SAN** 30
HP 13		

Damage Bonus: +1D4

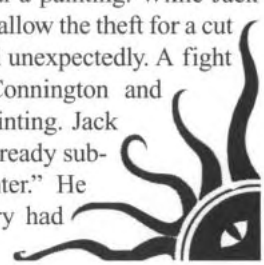
Weapons: .32 revolver 50%, damage 1D8

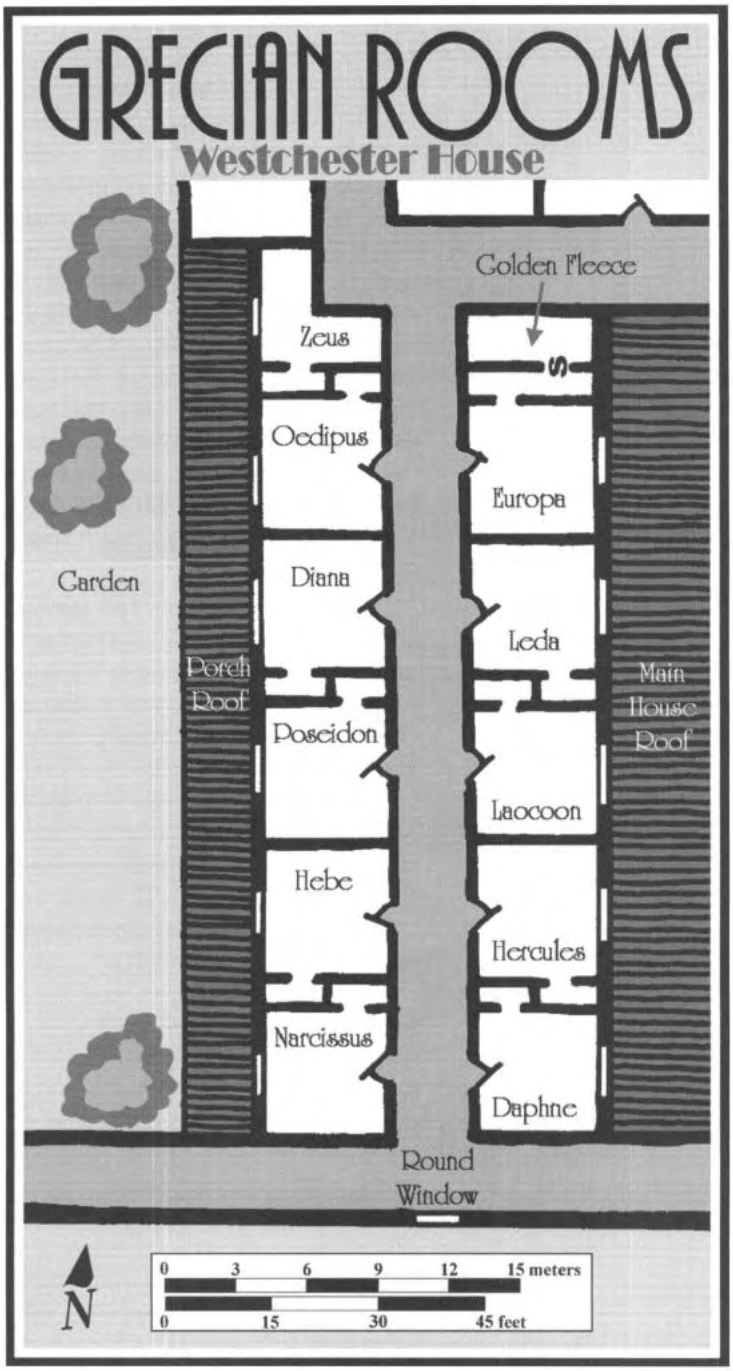
Axe Handle 45%, damage 1D8+1D6

Fist 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Fast Talk 70%, Persuade 65%.

In 1906, Jack guarded Frank Connington's art collection. When Gregory Johnson bribed Jack to give him a key to the gallery, Jack's suspicions were aroused, and he correctly believed Gregory intended to steal a painting. While Jack was telling Gregory that he would allow the theft for a cut of the money, Connington entered unexpectedly. A fight ensued, in which Jack killed Connington and Gregory escaped with the real painting. Jack did not realize that Gregory had already substituted a forgery for "The Hunter." He convinced the police that Gregory had





List of Windows In Grecian Rooms

Golden Fleece - Aries: a ram carries two children across a river on its back. This is a hidden room.

Europa - Taurus: In the form of a bull, Zeus woos Europa.

Leda - Gemini: Leda looks on with the swan while her twin children hatch from an egg.

Laocoon - Cancer: Seasnakes are attacking Laocoon and his sons. There are several crabs on the shore.

Hercules - Leo: Hercules hunts the Nemean Lion.

Daphne - Virgo: Daphne is just beginning to turn into a laurel tree to escape Apollo.

Zeus - Libra: Zeus is deciding the fate of armies, using a balance. This is a hidden room.

Oedipus - Oedipus riddles with the Sphinx; scorpions parade at their feet.

Diana - Sagittarius: Diana is seen as a huntress.

Poseidon - Capricorn: Poseidon is in his chariot, drawn by sea-goats.

Hebe - Aquarius: Hebe and Ganymede bear cups for Zeus.

Narcissus - Pisces: Narcissus gazes at his reflection in a pool. Fish dart about in the pool.

killed Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal "The Hunter," and accompanied state police to the Johnson farm, to identify Gregory. There he was able to trick an inexperienced policeman into killing Gregory, hiding Jack's crime forever.

The 1920's found Jack a small-time criminal waiting for Lady Luck to smile on him. When he heard of the forgery and realized that he still might get his hands on a painting worth a fortune, he gathered a small group of crooks and managed to get his gang hired on at Westchester House. Their job was to tear out walls (for later remodeling) in what Jack took to be part of the original house.

Searching the basement, Jack's gang came upon the sealed wine cellar. They have been sneaking the wine out and drinking it at a distinctive rock formation near the house. In order to keep people away while the gang searches or drinks, Jack got the idea of frightening them off when he heard about a ghost haunting the house. Now that Jack and the gang are into the spirit of the thing, they take a fiendish pleasure in scaring people as much as possible. One or more will report a ghastly vision or ghostly laughter, while the others offer corroboration. They started the story about a wounded man approaching the house only to vanish mysteriously when they went to help him. Sometimes the acts are more like practical jokes, such as carving monster feet and leaving monstrous footprints.

If the investigators ask Jack about the theft of the original painting and Gregory's death he will readily admit that he is the same Jack Ramsey who heroically foiled the theft

of "The Hunter" but was unable to prevent the murder of his employer. He will also admit that he was there when Charles Quill shot Gregory (as he so richly deserved). He will not admit that he is looking for "The Hunter." It's just a coincidence that he is working here now.

Jack knew that Elizabeth was Frank's mistress and the mother of his daughter as well as his secretary — it was an open secret in the household. He never realized that Elizabeth was Gregory's accomplice. He does not recognize Liza or Franny.

Jack would not admit it, even to himself, but he is credulous and superstitious. He has halfway convinced himself that the manifestations reported by other servants (not in his gang) are really Gregory coming back to haunt him for his part in the killings. If unexpectedly confronted with Warren (who now closely resembles Gregory) he may think it is the ghost of Gregory, come back for him and Jack could break down and confess. Unless this happens, Jack will not be willing to leave the house without the painting. He sees this as a chance to make it big.

Jack's Gang

TOM FORD

STR 10 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 10 **INT** 12 **POW** 14
DEX 15 **APP** 11 **EDU** 08 **SAN** 60 **HP** 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Knife 50%, damage 1D6

Skills: Climb 75%, Craft (Safecracking) 45%, Hide 50%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Sneak 65%.

DICK O'HANLAN

STR 11 **CON** 12 **SIZ** 11 **INT** 10 **POW** 12
DEX 13 **APP** 12 **EDU** 10 **SAN** 50 **HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Knife 50%, damage 1D6

Skills: Dodge 75%, Electrical Repair 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%.

HARRY MCCORMICK

STR 13 **CON** 12 **SIZ** 12 **INT** 11 **POW** 11
DEX 11 **APP** 10 **EDU** 09 **SAN** 50 **HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Knife 55%, damage 1D6+1D4
.38 revolver 55%, damage 1D8+2

Skills: Fast Talk 50%.

PATRICK O'HARA

STR 13 **CON** 13 **SIZ** 13 **INT** 11 **POW** 14
DEX 12 **APP** 12 **EDU** 08 **SAN** 66 **HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Sawed-Off 12-gauge Shotgun 60%, damage 4D6

Skills: Drive Auto 55%, Persuade 45%.

Jack's criminal friends help him in his search for the painting. Up to now they have been content to search for the painting, amusing themselves by drinking the stolen wine and watching the commotion provoked by their stories and stunts. Soon they will be impatient enough to consider the other criminal possibilities of Westchester House, such as a safe reputedly full of gold. If things go too slowly to suit them, they may mount a burglary on the safe. If they discover that someone else has found the painting, they will certainly try to take it by force of arms, grab the house's silver plateware, and scram.

CHARLES QUILL

STR 12 **CON** 12 **SIZ** 11 **INT** 12 **POW** 17
DEX 12 **APP** 11 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 85 **HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .38 revolver 60%, damage 1D8+2
Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6
.30-06 Rifle 55%, damage 2D6+3

Skills: Drive Automobile 65%, First Aid 55%, Ride 40%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 50%.

Charles Quill is a San Jose police officer. In 1906 he was on the local police squad sent to aid the state police arrest Gregory Johnson for murder. Charles was guarding a back door and saw Gregory put the finishing touches on "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man." When the police came, Gregory tried to sneak out, but suddenly Jack Ramsey appeared, firing a pistol and yelling, "Don't let the killer escape!" The inexperienced Charles started shooting also, killing Gregory. Ironically, Charles used a Westchester rifle. Within days, the great earthquake ended the practicality of further investigation, and the case was quietly closed as solved.

This was Charles' first big case. He has several newspaper clippings dealing with it. He also has a recent clipping of the discovery of the forgery and the reward the museum offers.

RUTH LORD

Ruth Lord was a neighbor when the Johnsons lived on the farm. The Johnson family consisted of Widow Johnson, Gregory (the eldest), Robert, Betty, and Warren (the youngest). All the children were clever and talented, especially Warren and Gregory, but none were more honest than they had to be. Gregory once sold a "long-lost painting" by a famous deceased local artist. When it later turned out he had paint-

ed it himself, he passed it off as a practical joke. Warren was about 10 years old when Gregory died, and already showed signs of acting talent, used in playing tricks on anyone he could fool. After Gregory's death, Widow Johnson sold the farm and moved back east to her parents' home.

Ruth is now one of the cooks at Westchester House. If she sees Warren out of disguise (who is now the same age as Gregory when he died, and bears a close resemblance) she will think it is Gregory's ghost. If she could study Warren closely in a calm atmosphere, she might be able to see the difference, but Warren, who remembers Mrs. Lord, does his best to see she won't get such a chance.

SARAH WESTCHESTER

STR 08	**CON** 15	**SIZ** 08	**INT** 13	**POW** 17
DEX 10	**APP** 12	**EDU** 14	**SAN** 23	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Skills: Accounting 15%, Art (Architecture) 23%, Persuade 80%, Occult 55%.

Sarah is the widow and heiress of arms manufacturer Wade Westchester. After the deaths of her husband and daughter, she developed an interest in spiritualism. She became convinced that the spirits of those killed by Westchester rifles were haunting the family. Spiritualists persuaded Sarah that she would die, too, unless she propitiated the spirits by building them a house without end. As long as the house was being built, the story went, Sarah would live and prosper, but if the house was ever finished, or the work stopped, disaster could ensue. Sarah promptly bought the Johnson farmhouse and began adding to it.

Blessed with a $20,000,000 fortune, Sarah is thought only to be eccentric for keeping a small horde of carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters, and craftsmen working on the house 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Parts of the house are constantly torn out and rebuilt. The sole designer of the house, Sarah relies on direction from the spirit world rather than formal architectural training, and the result is a bizarre madhouse.

Counting the domestic servants, construction workers, gardeners, and farmhands, there are about 100 hired help. Most are hired and paid by the day. They never know when they will be let go, and are often fired without cause. Still, Sarah pays top wages, so she has no trouble getting new recruits. Sarah also insists that the different groups of employees eat, sleep, and work in separate accommodations. The foremen of the different groups report directly to Sarah and receive instructions from her. There is little formal communication between groups, and rumors fill the vacuum of real information.

Sarah is almost convinced that the manifestations at the house are, indeed, the spirits she fears. Yet she is not so otherworldly that she can ignore the possibility of some more mundane cause. (A frightened burglar has actually been arrested, hopelessly lost in the maze of the house.) Over the objections of Liza Andrews, she has called in the investigators.

Note to Keepers

This change-of-pace scenario deals with detection in the mundane world rather than encounters with Cthulhoid monsters but, to throw the investigators off the track or just to provoke their paranoia, here are a few stock situations from Cthulhu Mythos stories. Use them or emphasize them at will.

Sinister Foreigners — There is already a Chinese butler, several Japanese and Mexican gardeners about the house. Jack's gang is Irish.

Strange Stones with Unknown Writing — Jack's gang drink their stolen wine while concealing themselves in a serpentine rock outcropping near the house. There are no other formations like this anywhere near, since the house is built on new sedimentary deposits in the valley, but a **Geology** roll will yield the information that this is not uncommon in earthquake country. Jack's gang has been keeping a betting tally by chalking a cryptic code on the gray-green rocks.

Weird Chanting — People who have heard a drunken rendition of "Asleep in the Deep" by five men (all with singing skills no greater than 5% each) might describe it as an inhuman outcry, and one of the gang (O'Haran) is fond of parodying Gregorian chants he has heard at mass.

Unearthly Geometry — Emphasizing this in a house where "downstairs leads neither to the cellar nor upstairs to the roof" should be easy.

Outré Paintings — "The Hunter" portrays a man on horseback paused, with two dogs crouching at the horse's feet. The dogs are looking over their shoulders toward a primal forest. The overly sensitive say they can make out something in the forest looking out at the unsuspecting horseman, but that's silly, isn't it? Just because the painter is the mysterious, murderous artist Gregory Johnson, and just because several owners died violent deaths, why, there's no reason to think that the painting is cursed, is there?

Impostors — Question: When is your friend not your friend? Answer: When he is being impersonated by a monster, or by Warren Johnson the skilful actor. He may appear as a known investigator to a servant, as well. It won't do for this to work too well, since the fun comes when they realize later that someone has been impersonated.

The Colour of His Eyes

In Which a Noted Astronomer Stumbles Upon a Curious Telescope

Background Information

Dr. Robert Garrick was an astronomer at the world famous Lick Observatory (see page 72) and a noted member of the Mechanics' Institute (see page 29). It was in this latter capacity that Dr. Garrick stumbled upon something that would change his life forever.

After a late Spring dinner with fellow Institute members, Dr. Garrick was made aware of the fact that, in the basement of the Mechanics' Institute's nine-story building, there were file cabinets of papers from old members and numerous boxes of half finished inventions and mechanical bric-a-brac. Now, while nearly all the members of the Institute are packrats, they still must conform to the laws of the third dimension. the basement's storage area was reaching critical density. Because of this, the Board of Trustees decided that some members should sort through the basement and try to dispose of any material twenty-years-old or older that did not belong to an existing member. Other such junk, if no owner was to be found, was only to be thrown out if the material in question didn't look interesting or show some promise.

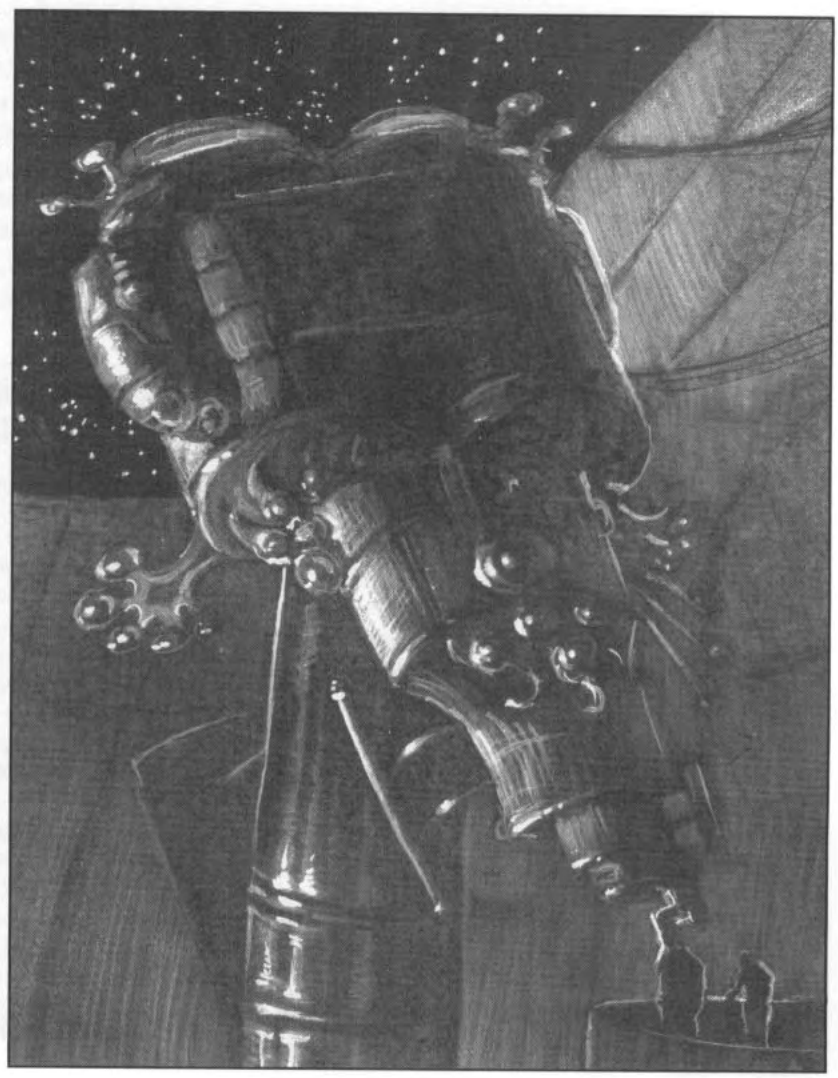
Dr. Garrick, ever curious, was one of the men who volunteered for this task.

Days later, Robert found a large wooden crate showing signs that it had survived the '06 earthquake. The tembler had all but destroyed the Mechanics' Institute's first building. Inside the box were many carefully packed and protected glass lenses of various shape and size, some oddly concaved mirrors, sets of gears and pulleys, and a couple of large magnets. This odd collection of equipment intrigued Dr. Garrick, so he looked up information on the box in card catalogue files.

Documents showed that the crate belonged to Raymond Campbell, a member of the Institute from 1868 to 1871. Also found was a detailed inventory of the crate's contents and, more importantly, blueprints that showed how to use those parts to assemble a large and impressive looking telescope.

Robert took the plans home with him, and after studying them for days was captivated by the strange device. The telescope looked impractical and almost impossibly convoluted on paper but somehow Dr. Garrick just knew that it could work. He called in some favors, played a lot of politics, and in the end, the Mechanics' Institute allowed Robert to borrow the blueprints and the crate of strange parts. The

Dr. Garrick's Telescope



Lick Observatory granted him permission to assemble the telescope at their lofty perch on Mt. Hamilton. One of Garrick's best friends, fellow Institute member Larry Jackson, was asked by Garrick to assist in the construction.

Upon its completion, Dr. Garrick was given the honor of being the first to gaze through it into the night sky. To say that he was amazed at what he saw would be an major understatement.

The telescope could see farther and clearer than any telescope ever created. It was even vastly superior to the Lick's famous 55' long, 36" refractor telescope. The images seemed brighter and more vivid than any other scoped image, almost as if the telescope was somehow drawing more light into it and projecting that light through the binocular eyepiece.

Dr. Garrick was thoroughly enjoying this otherworldly glimpse of the heavens . . . that is until a strange, pulsing splash of colors crossed his field of vision. That's when he fell back, grasping his eyes in agony.

When the other observatory members managed to pry Garrick's hands away from his screaming face, it was clear that the astronomer had been stricken blind.

After Dr. Garrick was taken to San Jose Medical Center for treatment, the other members of the Lick team carefully attempted to study the telescope, hoping to find the cause of Dr. Garrick's sudden blindness. Unfortunately, the Mechanics' Institute soon heard about what happened. Using political pressure (and veiled threats of lawsuits), they requested the return their telescope returned so that they could study it for themselves. The Lick Observatory had no choice but to capitulate, and surrendered the telescope to the Institute.

The Mechanics' Institute now possessed the strange telescope, but could not make headway into the mysterious blinding of Dr. Garrick. Eventually, one member advanced the theory of "cosmic rays" as the cause of the accident, and the Institute's Board of Trustees thought that that was a good enough explanation for the tragedy. It was decided that the telescope should again be dismantled and stored in the basement of their building indefinitely.

Dr. Garrick spent some months at San Jose Medical Center, studied and scrutinized by doctors. Not only was he bizarrely stricken blind, but his sightless orbs now had a faint, unnerving, unexplainable glow to them in the dark. No adequate explanation, or cure, to his ailment was found, and because all Dr. Garrick could do was scream and wail in pain, he was sent to Park Sanatorium (see page 35) for evaluation.

That was three years ago.

Keeper's Information

The telescope Garrick stumbled upon was the masterwork of a mad genius from England named Raymond Campbell. Like Robert, the Englishman was an astronomer, but he was also a member of an esoteric society that believed in the theory of a rogue planet in our solar system; a planet that had an abnormally large orbit, and only came close to Earth every aeon or so. This planet was called Ghroth; the Nemesis Star (see *Malleus Monstrorum* or *The Creature Companion* for more information) and was mentioned in a number of black books and dark grimoires such as the *Necronomicon*.

After much studying and tinkering, Campbell and his fellow stargazers had created a telescope that belonged to that shadowy realm where magic met technology. The telescope used enchanted lenses, oddly curved mirrors, and incomprehensible magnetic fields to actually capture, draw in, and magnify the faint light of outer space in a specific way.

When the telescope was completed and the astronomers finally found Ghroth, they saw the Outer God open its gigantic eye and glare back at them The visage caused a night of madness, murder and mayhem that left few men alive. Raymond Campbell was one of those survivors.

Campbell, knowing what he had witnessed, and now fearing the more frenzied members of his own esoteric society, managed to dissemble and steal away with the important parts of the telescope and its blueprints, lest it do further harm. He fled to America where he settled in San Francisco, joining the Mechanics' Institute in attempt to study his infernal creation in relative safety. He died of a completely mundane heart attack just a few years later.

When Dr. Garrick peered through the rebuilt Campbell telescope, he had the bad luck of having a powerful alien

Mythos Biology 101: The Eye & The Colour

The retina of the human eye is a light-sensitive layer at the back of the orb. It covers about 65 percent of its interior surface. Photosensitive cells called rods and cones (because of their shape) in the retina convert light energy into signals that are carried to the brain by the optic nerve. In a nutshell, this is how we see.

Of the two kinds of photoreceptors, the rods are more numerous, as there are about 120 million of them. While they are more sensitive to light than the cones they are not sensitive to color. The task of processing color signals falls to the 6 to 7 million cones within the retina.

Because of the completely alien nature of the Colour Out of Space (that being a living light pattern), combined with the magical light amplification of the Campbell telescope, the rods and cones of Dr. Garrick's eyes have been strangely stricken and mutated. Their photosensitive nature have been infused with the taint of the Colour, which in essence has trapped an alien intelligence within the poor astronomer's head.

Mr. Barker Meets the Colour

entity composed completely out of unearthly light cross his path. This creature is known as a Colour Out of Space. While it was cruising through the cosmos, minding its own incomprehensible alien business, the magical light-capturing effects of the telescope ripped a part of the Colour away from itself, hurtled it millions of miles through space, and magnified it a hundredfold into Robert's eyes. It was seared into the rods and cones of Robert's retinas. This caused the man's sudden blindness and his unreachable mental state, as the essence of the Colour had become entrapped within his ruined eyes.

This is the hell that Dr. Garrick's life has now become: he's blind, unable to communicate with the outside world as an alien "buzzing" fills his head, and he's in constant pain as his besieged optic nerves continuously misfire. He has spent the last three years in the Park Asylum with his odd eyes bandaged, as not only does their bizarre glowing make people (both fellow patients and hospital staff) uneasy, but they actually feel ill and almost drained of energy in Robert's presence. This is due to the fact that, even unfocused and greatly defused, the essence of the Colour still wants to feed on human life. It can only do so when Robert looks at someone and bathes them in the unearthly glow of his eyes.

Things have now changed. After three long years the original Colour Out of Space has tracked down its stolen essence to Earth. Unfortunately for the alien, just as our atmosphere keeps the Colour a prisoner here until it builds up a significant charge of power, the atmosphere has likewise made tracking the lost piece of itself rather hard. The Colour will have to play bloodhound and follow the three-year-old trail from its starting point on Earth to Robert's present location.

The Colour began its search at the Lick Observatory, where it encountered a night watchman named Ted Barker. After such a long journey, the Colour was famished for energy. It quickly consumed the life of Mr. Barker before picking up on the trail again and starting off in the direction of San Francisco. Having substantial, if alien, intelligence, it has learned to hide itself during the day so as not to give away its presence. This will give Dr. Garrick (and the investigators) some time to act, and act Robert will, as he has felt the arrival of the Colour.

When the Colour entered Earth's atmosphere, a strange change occurred in Robert. The insistent buzzing in his head calmed, and Robert could actually feel 'something' from the alien trapped inside his head. Not really emotions nor thoughts, but a weird combination of the two, Dr. Garrick was nevertheless

able to understand them somewhat. The message he got was this: something was coming for him. It wanted what was stolen from it. It wanted what was in Robert's eyes, and when it found Robert it was going to kill him. Worst of all, that something was close and getting closer. This was why the buzzing in his head had stopped; its close proximity of the other Colour had sharpened and strengthened the alien invader in his eye. It had become almost aware and more importantly to Robert, through it he could see again. In fact, he could see like no other human had ever seen before him. Due to the Colour's presence in his eyes, Dr. Garrick could now see infrared and ultraviolet light spectrums, as well as radiant heat — even X-rays if he concentrated hard enough. This means that Robert can see in total darkness, detect body heat and even look through slighter walls.

Reacting to his impending doom, Robert began to scream for help. When nurse Mary Burroughs and orderly Alexander Wilson came in to calm the frenzied man, Robert tore the bandages from his eyes and glared at the two. The hungry Colour was all too happy for the meal and it instantly began to feed. Robert watched in horror as the pair withered in front of him. Orderly Wilson managed to crawl into the hall and out of the killing light that poured from Dr. Garrick's eyes, but Nurse Burroughs wasn't as lucky. Before Robert knew what was happening or what to do, she was completely drained of life.

Robert was horrified at what he had done, yet was also oddly exhilarated. The Colour in his eyes had enjoyed the feeding, and so too had Robert. Yet as grief stricken and confused as he was over the nurse's death, Dr. Garrick knew he had to get away. He had to find someway to free himself of the alien thing that lived inside his eyes. His only hope was the strange telescope that had done this to him in the first place so he took the keys from the nearly dead orderly (not looking at him while he did so), and fled into the night.

It is after this event that the investigators enter the story.

Game Notes for the Keeper

The investigators can get involved with this mystery in many ways. First is happenstance. They could be at the Park Asylum visiting a friend (as investigators in *Call of Cthulhu* often know many crazy people) and stumble upon the horrible scene of Dr. Garrick's escape just moments after it happened. If this is the case, then the investigators will have a pristine crime scene to explore (although there's not much information to gather from it) and first hand access to the withered witness and survivor, the orderly Alexander Wilson.

The investigators can be called into the investigation the next day by the asylum itself, or they can invite themselves if they read about the bizarre events in the morning's paper. Additionally, they could have been friends or relatives with one of the victims or have been contacted by the victims' families and asked to look into the matter. The best possible scenario is if the keeper had the ability to introduce Dr. Robert Garrick to the investigators far in advance and hopefully even build up a friendship between them and the doomed doctor. Why would this be the best choice? It is important to remember that Dr. Garrick isn't a bad guy. At least, not yet. He killed Nurse Burroughs by accident but he will kill again if he has to. Additionally, the astronomer might start to get an addiction to the "high" that comes after the Colour in his eyes feeds off of someone. That possibility is left for the keeper to use or ignore as they see fit. Dr. Garrick isn't a murderer by choice, he's only a very scared man who will do anything to survive.

Last but not least, this scenario is written in an unconventional style. It will begin with the assumption that the investigators are at the asylum the day after Dr. Garrick's escape. If they are on the scene before or after this, then some slight changes to pacing may have to be made. The actions of both the Colour and Dr. Garrick will be given as each follows their own course; neither are just waiting around for the investigators to come by and "activate" them. Possible lines of inquiry that the investigators are likely to follow will also be listed, but they are by no means bound to this list or the suggested order of events. If they figure out where either the Colour or Dr. Garrick is going to next and can get there before them then the keeper should play that encounter out as they see fit. Again, the course of actions listed here are just likely possibilities, not a linear path that can't be deviated from.

What Dr. Garrick Did

After fleeing into the night dressed only in hospital pajamas and terrified out of his mind, it didn't take long for Robert to lose his adrenaline rush and become exhausted. He wanted to push on but couldn't, so he hid in the back alleys of the city to sleep for the night, as he knew that without money or proper clothes, the civilized world was closed to him.

A couple of homeless thugs, jealously guarding their territory and seeing an easy mark in the disheveled doctor, accosted him. Robert tried reasoning with the men. He then tried running again, but was too worn out. When neither method of escape worked, he turned to his hated eyes and gazed upon the two mean-spirited drunkards before him. The wretches were in poor health, and they quickly fell before Garrick's withering stare. Feeling both sickened with himself and exhilarated again, Robert took the men's clothes and what little money they had. He then went to another alley and finally fell asleep.

Dr. Garrick's First Victim

The investigators can learn about this attack the next day after they finish with their initial investigations at the Park Asylum (see below). Their discovery of these murders can be made in several ways. One source could be through the local newspapers. The investigators could also hear of the murders if they go looking for Dr. Garrick in the back alleys (correctly guessing that he would have to stay the night there). Or perhaps a homeless person is brought into the Park Asylum for a quick assessment after running through the streets, screaming that he saw two of his friends killed by a man with "Jack O' Lantern eyes".

Early the next morning, Dr. Garrick will go into a nearby pawnshop and buy a pair of black-tinted, strap on welding goggles that completely wrap around his eyes and therefore keep at bay the killing light.

At the Park Asylum

Unless they have an official reason to do so, like working for the asylum or the police, the investigators only get resistance and silence to any of their questions about the strange attack and escape of last night. **Persuade** and **Fast Talk** rolls can help with this, as can liberally bribing the right people.

Investigating the scene of the murder gleans nothing as there are no clues to be found.

Asking about the missing patient requires an official reason or a successful **Persuade** roll when speaking to Dr. Van Hyne, the psychoanalyst in charge of Dr. Garrick's treatment. If Van Hyne cooperates he gives the investigator's Dr. Robert Garrick's name, a brief history of his odd condition and a stack of papers (but no personal papers or notes on treatment) that will impart the information below. The keeper can decide how this information is shared, either verbally or in the paperwork.

- Dr. Robert Garrick worked and lived in the Lick Observatory. This living arrangement is common for the astronomers of the Lick. One night three years ago he had a strange accident that caused him to go blind and to be driven insane.
- The physiological reasons for the blinding were never officially reported, but exposure to great light, heat, or radiation have all been theorized. The reason for his insanity and his complete withdrawal from the real world is also a mystery, but Dr. Van Hyne believes it to be due to sensory deprivation.
- One psychical anomaly due to the blinding remained constant and a mystery throughout Dr. Garrick's stay at the Park Asylum: his eyes exhibited a strange phosphorescent quality that was so bright it could been seen even in daylight. Because this eerie condition unnerved the hospital staff and the other patients, Dr. Garrick's eyes were always kept bandaged.
- Before the night of the breakout, Dr. Garrick was always one of the best behaved patients at Park, rarely doing much except softly whimper to himself. Because of his behavioral record, he was kept in the Low Threat ward. This made his escape rather easy once he was out of his room.

Asking about what happened the night of the attack and escape gets the following information:

- The attack happened sometime after 11:00 p.m., but a more specific time cannot be ascertained. Nurse Mary Burroughs and orderly Alexander Wilson were the only two staff members in the Low Threat ward at the time. Because of that the only reliable witness to what happened is Mr. Wilson who was badly, and bizarrely, injured in Dr. Garrick's escape.
- Mr. Wilson has been taken to Doctor's Hospital at 1065 Sutter Street (see page 36), where he is in critical condition. Nurse Burroughs' body has also been taken to the morgue there.

No one at the hospital can explain how the nurse was killed, as the cause of death cannot be determined. The doctors and nurses at the Park Asylum only say that the victims were gray, dried out, shrunken looking, and had numerous cracks in their peeling skin. They all agree it was the most horrible thing any of them had ever seen, and they are at a loss to explain it.

If the investigators try to talk to some of the other patients in the Low Threat ward who might have witnessed the attack and escape, they will be denied access to them under the guise that such questioning could be detrimental to the patients' already fragile mental health. A successful **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll could change this, as would a bribe of $5 to a cash-strapped orderly.

If the investigators do get to talk to the patients, only old Mr. Franklin, who has a room directly across from Dr. Garrick, will talk as the others are far too disturbed or didn't witness anything. All Franklin will say about the attack is this: "Mr. Creepy Eyes killed 'em. He killed 'em with his Creepy Eyes. He started yellin' and bangin' on the door and when poor Mary and that bastard Wilson went in to quiet him down, Mr. Creepy Eyes looked at 'em. I saw the light, the Creepy light. I felt it on my face as I looked through my door window and it burned. It burned cold. Creepy Cold. Creepy Cold. CREEPY COLD!!!" Then Mr. Franklin will go into a fit of shrieking laughter and become unresponsive after that.

Visiting Doctor's Hospital

The investigators very likely come here to speak with the stricken orderly or to see the body of the dead nurse.

Additionally, the hospital can be the place where the investigators learn about the similar withered, gray bodies found at the Lick Observatory and/or in the back alleys, as the corpses could have been brought here. A confused pathologist could then be studying more than just Nurse Burroughs' body. This gives the keeper the ability to link one attack to all the others, thereby giving the investigators many paths to explore.

Inquiring About a Corpse

Getting information on, or perhaps even seeing, the body of Nurse Burroughs or any of the victims will be hard to pull off, but not impossible. Just getting past security and into the basement morgue without definite clout (such as being a police officer or doctor) will require **Fast Talk** rolls, or some official-looking paperwork. Once inside, the majority of morgue attendants, doctors and med school students will not be able to help the investigators with much. They haven't seen the badly desiccated body, but they have all heard how hideous it is. When the investigators arrive, they can find out that the Chief Pathologist, Dr. Cleggman, is personally doing the examination in Autopsy Room 4 in a few minutes.

The door to Autopsy Room 4 is easy to find, but locked. Dr. Cleggman will answer anyone knocking at the door, but will be very upset at the interruption. Again, either an official reason or a successful **Persuade** roll is needed to get the pathologist to talk about the body of Nurse Burroughs. If the investigators are very successful in their persuasion, or one of them is a medical doctor, then Dr. Cleggman may invite them in to see the corpse first hand.

If the investigators try the sneaky way of gaining access to Nurse Burroughs' body, or Dr. Cleggman's notes on the autopsy, they will have to break into Autopsy Room 4, and into the locked "cold case" where the body is stored just to get a look at Nurse Burrough's remains. Getting an opportunity to look at the notes, which will only be available after the autopsy is completed, requires more larcenous activities, as they are kept in an adjoining office in a locked desk drawer. The keeper should remember that a security guard walks past the autopsy room and Cleggman's office once every hour. He will notice open or broken doors, see the investigators inside the room, or hear them sneaking around with his **Listen** 60%.

Nurse Burroughs' Corpse & Other Victims

The following information can be learned by studying any of the victims of the Colour or Dr. Garrick's deadly gaze. The keeper can decide how this information is imparted to the investigators, either through first hand examinations by experienced doctors, a conversation with Dr. Cleggman, or by reading his notes.

- The cause of death is as yet unknown. The body is desiccated and no moisture remains in the corpse. The flesh is dry, very brittle, and cracks off when touched. The skin has taken on a grayish hue and exhibits signs of being burned, yet there is no telltale charring. In fact, some of the darker areas on the skin look a lot like frostbite. Many veins and arteries have ruptured, as if the blood within them was suddenly superheated. The internal organs are withered and appear only 3/4th the normal size. The body is very light; the nurse's corpse only weighs 71 lbs.

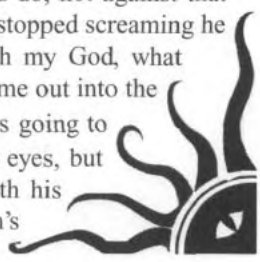
An Important Note About the Deaths

Once the investigators find out about the death of night watchmen Ted Barker at the Lick Observatory, they may successfully deduce that the death of Mr. Barker happened on the same night of Dr. Garrick's escape, but happened around 9:00 p.m., about two hours before Dr. Garrick attacked the nurse and orderly in the asylum. This is an important clue, as it is proof that there's something else out there killing people in the same manner as Robert Garrick. If the players do not deduce this on their own, the keeper may want to call for an **Idea** roll to impart this point on them.

Speaking with Orderly Wilson

Wilson is kept in a heavy canvas oxygen tent, visible only through two little glass windows. His entire body is wrapped in seeping bandages and he is kept constantly medicated to alleviate the horrible pain. Wilson's answers to questions will be muffled, mumbled and sometimes incoherent. The keeper should remember this when running the character. Wilson can impart the following information:

- Nurse Burroughs and Nelson went into Dr. Garrick's room to calm him down as he was shouting and banging on the door, something he never did before. He was screaming that something was coming for him and that he had to get out of the asylum. When Wilson approached to grab the patient, Garrick ripped the bandages off his face, releasing the weird light from his eyes; only now, it was a hundred times brighter than before. The light had a color that Wilson couldn't describe. The color shifted and changed like a rainbow from hell, and he could feel a cold, slimy, burning sensation. Wilson fell back and managed to crawl away into the hallway. He heard Nurse Burroughs screaming inside the room, but there was nothing he could do, not against that killing light. When Burroughs stopped screaming he clearly heard Garrick say, "Oh my God, what have I done?" Then Garrick came out into the hall and Wilson thought he was going to finish him off with his killing eyes, but instead Garrick bent down with his eyes shut and patted Wilson's



body down until he found the orderly's keys. Before Garrick ran off he said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know."

Checking Out the Alley

If the investigators have learned about the dual deaths that Dr. Garrick caused in the alley on the night of his escape, they may wish to examine the scene. There's not much to be found. If the keeper wishes, a homeless woman named Bethany could have seen the horrible attack, and for five dollars (she can be bargained down to one dollar by cheapskates) she's willing to tell what happened. Unfortunately, all she's able to do is relate the very basics of the attack. Her rough description of the man with the glowing eyes seems to fit Dr. Garrick's. She can also state that the man changed from his hospital pajamas into one of the dead men's clothes, and ran off into the night.

Dr. Garrick Goes Home

Since both the investigators and Dr. Garrick are likely to go to the Lick Observatory during the course of the scenario, the keeper will have to decide when both parties make it there. Keepers who want the chase to go on for a bit more will have Dr. Garrick arrive first, take care of his business, and leave. Optionally, keepers may want to give the investigators a chance to catch up with Dr. Garrick, especially if they make a beeline to the observatory right from the Park Asylum. This possibility is detailed in the next section. The purpose of this section is to detail what Dr. Garrick will do if he's not interrupted by the investigators.

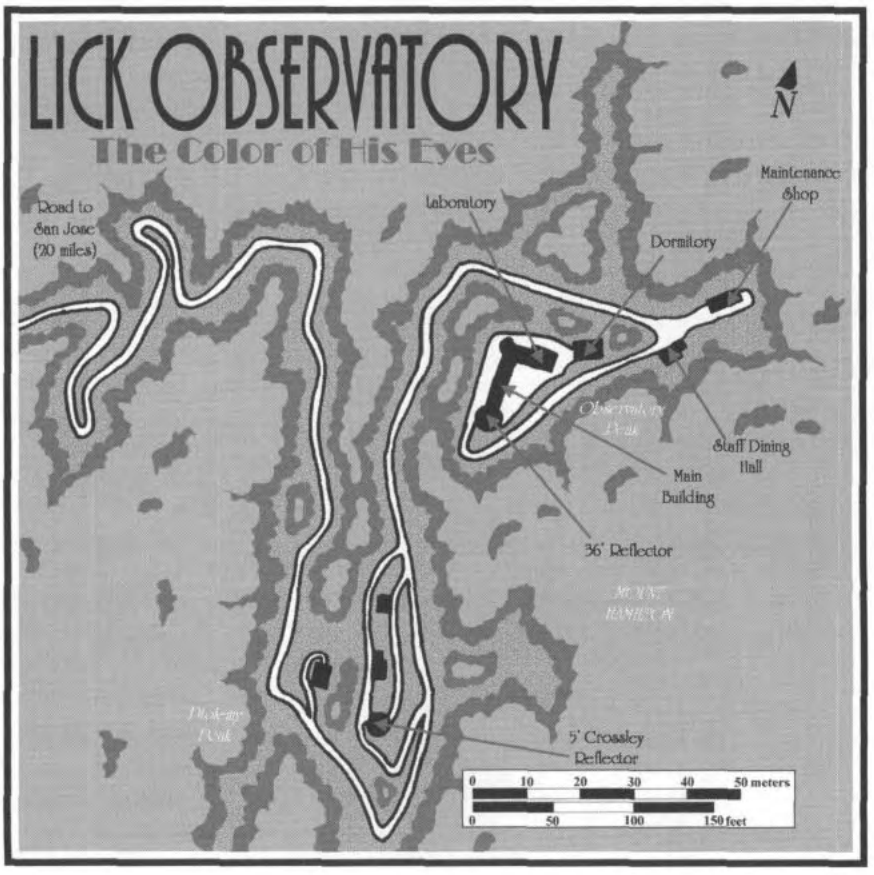
Dr, Garrick finally makes it back to Lick after a three year absence. He has returned not for a sweet homecoming, but to read his notes on the strange telescope that has caused him so much misery, and to hopefully study the mysterious contraption once more. Imagine his rage when he discovers that both the telescope and his notes are nowhere to be found. Cornering one of his former colleagues, Dr. John Preston, Dr. Garrick learns that the telescope and all material pertaining to it was returned to the Mechanics' Institute. With that, Robert leaves the Lick, heading for the Institute.

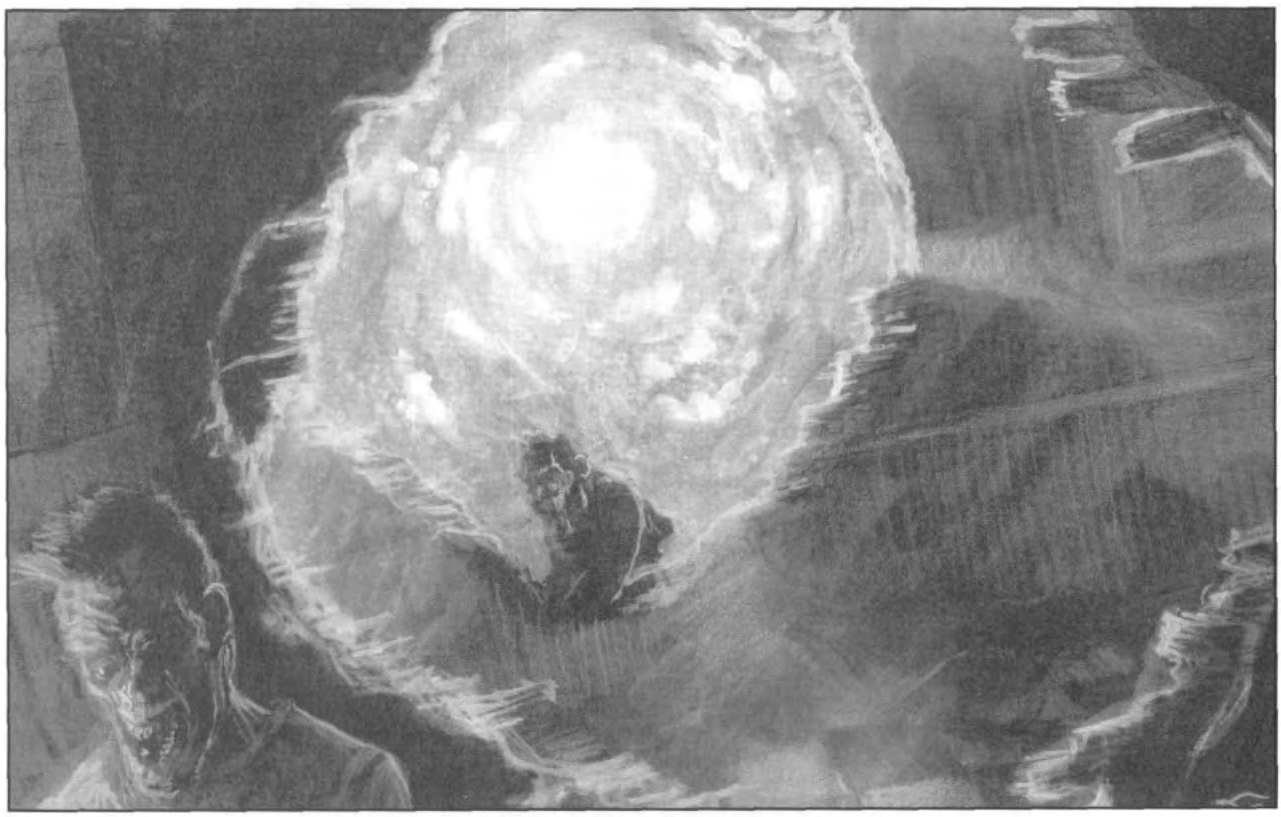
A keeper who wants to add more to the carnage and mayhem could have a police detective at the Lick looking into the death of night watchman Baker notice Dr. Garrick's odd behavior when he arrives, and confront him. This leads to Dr. Garrick having to use his deathly gaze to avoid an arrest or questioning downtown, and this could result in the policeman's death or serious injury. Keepers who want to keep the body count high, or who want Dr. Garrick to start to like the killing high he gets when the Colour in his eyes feeds, should use this option.

Going to Lick Observatory

Arriving before Dr. Garrick, the investigators meet Dr. John Preston. They can ask him about Dr. Garrick, learn the story of what happened to him three years ago (detailed in the background information section), and be told that the strange telescope was given back to the Mechanics' Institute after the accident.

The investigators can also learn about the death of the night watchmen Ted Barker if they haven't already, and that it happened hours before Dr. Garrick escaped from the sanitarium. Asking questions about this attack reveals little, as Mr. Barker's lifeless body was discovered by





The Colour Checks Into the Hospital

another night watchman who heard and saw nothing, but who had talked with Ted just twenty minutes earlier. The body was found twenty feet from the front door to the main observatory. The death of Mr. Barker occurred at approximately 9:00pm.

If the investigators arrive after Dr. Garrick, they can still meet Dr. Preston and learn what's listed above. In addition they will be told that Dr. Garrick was just at the observatory. He was dressed in filthy, ill-fitting clothes and wearing odd, strap-on dark glasses, similar to welding goggles. He was very nervous and frantic about getting access to the same strange telescope that blinded him so that he could "fix his eyes". Preston told Garrick that the telescope and all papers pertaining to it were at the Mechanics' Institute. Upon hearing this, Dr. Garrick left in quite an agitated state.

If keepers had Garrick attack a policeman here, then the investigators will also learn of this now. Since the attack probably took place out in the open and in daylight, the chances of witnesses are high.

If the investigators get to the Lick at the same time as Dr. Garrick, then a confrontation is likely. Dr. Garrick is very frightened, feels remorse for the people he killed, but is determined to save his own life from whatever is coming for him. If the keeper would like the investigators and Dr. Garrick to join forces against the Colour, now would be a good time to have that play out, provided that the investigators don't have other ideas or blow it with rash actions. Dr. Garrick will be happy to accept aid as long as the offer is sincere. On the other hand, he's more than willing to use his killing Colour gaze to fend off his attackers and trying to make good his escape (this would possibly entail Garrick stealing the closest automobile, which very well could be the investigators' if they left the keys in it).

The Colour Goes to the Asylum

Since the real Colour is still looking for its stolen being, it follows the trail to the Park Asylum. This will most likely happen on the second night after its arrival on Earth, but it could arrive earlier or later, as the keeper desires.

The Colour announces its presence by disintegrating a hole in the wall of a patient's room in the Low Threat ward. That patient, a Mr. King, cowers in his corner screaming and is ignored by the alien menace as it disintegrates the door to the room and spills into the hallway. The Colour then disintegrates the door to Dr. Garrick's former room, which is three rooms down the hall, and goes inside. Not finding Dr. Garrick, it then leaves the asylum the way it came.

While all this is happening, the Colour is still feeding on anyone within thirty feet of it. Since it has its "mind" on other tasks at hand, this feeding is almost an automatic response to having yummy life forms near it. It is not a conscious attack,

A Clue About Magnets

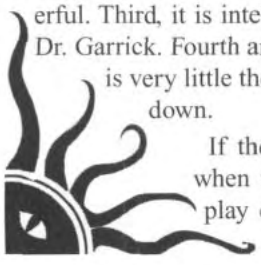
Since the full-sized Colour out of Space is such a formidable foe the keeper should try to give the investigators some clue to its only weakness, that being magnetic fields. Strong magnetic fields cause the Colour extreme pain and discomfort. While they don't actually cause any damage to the creature, the pain is so bad for the Colour that it will avoid strong magnets at all costs. This is one of the only ways the investigators can protect themselves from the Colour. It won't drive the alien away for good or keep it a bay forever (as it is a smart creature and will figure out some way around the magnets if given enough time), but some protection is better than nothing.

So how do the investigators learn about this weakness? Simple: when Dr. Garrick examines the telescope his eyes begin to hurt whenever he's around the scope's magnets. The closer to the magnets he gets, the worse the pain becomes He can even go blind again for a short period of time, as the Colour in his eyes becomes too wracked with pain to focus. If the investigators are there to witness this event then they should hopefully figure out that magnets hurt the Colour. If not, feel free to have Dr. Garrick make the leap of logic if need be.

so the Colour's POW for this form of passive feeding is halved. If the Colour beats a person's **POW vs POW resistance roll**, then he or she is fed upon as normal. If the Colour fails, then the lucky person only feels a sickly, cold sensation radiating from the Colour.

If anyone actually tires to fight the Colour, they soon discover that there is very little one can do to stop a living and sentient light source. Again, because the alien is in quest mode and not feeding or kill mode, it will largely ignore all feeble attempts to stop it unless the keeper decides that someone has really gotten the Colour angry. If that happens, then the Colour will take a round to focus on the offending individual and actively feed off them. It has an 85% chance of success and a full **POW vs. POW** match on the Resistance Table. Regardless of the results, if the victim flees afterwards, then the Colour will go about its business. If the brave fool continues to fight or resist, then the Colour will feed off of them until they are dead or the alien is somehow driven off.

By having the Colour behave this way, investigators who either witness the attack or hear about it later may learn a few things. First, there is something else out there killing people besides Dr. Garrick. Second, it is very powerful. Third, it is intelligent and has a purpose: to find Dr. Garrick. Fourth and most disheartening of all, there is very little they can do to stop it or even slow it down.



If the investigators are at the asylum when the Colour arrives, then let them play out the encounter as they see fit, but use the guidelines above as a reference. If the investigators are not there, they will learn of the attack after the fact by either reading about it in the next day's newspaper or by being telephoned by their employer. Perhaps even by a terrified Dr. Van Hyne who witnessed the attack. Also, none of the hospital staff or patients are crazy enough to mess with the Colour. Most will flee in terror if they can. Therefore this attack should leave very few dead bodies in its wake.

The Mechanics' Institute

Eventually everyone will arrive at the institute. Dr. Garrick will most likely arrive first and head straight to the basement, knowing that is where he will find the telescope and paperwork. In doing so, he bumps into an old friend and fellow institute member named Larry Jackson. Garrick knows that he needs help studying and assembling the telescope; one man cannot physically do it on his own. Since his old friend is a capable engineer with a keen understanding of physics, and had assisted him three years ago when the telescope was first studies, the frightened astronomer tells him the whole story, shows him his strange eyes (but does not look directly at him) and begs Larry for help, to which Larry agrees.

The two men spend a few hours in the basement going over blueprints and examining the telescope's odd mirrors and lenses, until they decide to pack everything up and take it back to Larry's house in Diamond Heights. Larry makes the request to study the telescope in depth at home, and after some politicking with some members of the Board of Trustees he is given permission to do so. A moving company is then called to move the large crate holding the heavy telescope parts. This will take place first thing the next morning. Dr. Garrick and Larry will spend the rest of the night in the Institute's basement studying the telescope.

The investigators can enter into things at any point during the above list of events. How they alter them depends on when they reach the institute, what they find out and on what they do about it. Such variables are many but some things will be constant. First, the investigators will not immediately go to the basement as they won't know that is where the telescope and/or Dr. Garrick are. To uncover that information, the investigators have to speak with some institute members. The Institute is closed to non-members, but becoming a member merely requires a half-yearly membership fee of $3.00. Even once they are members and the investigators learn where the telescope is, they will be told that the basement is off limits to new members, as the works of others are kept down there for safe keeping. Access to the basement is only granted to members of good standing, *i.e.* those who have been with the Institute for years or those who have made significant contributions to it. It will take some persuasion or care-

fully placed bribes to gain access to the basement in an open manner. Sneaking into the basement is always an option, but the investigators may run into other Institute members down there who don't recognize them, and could possibly raise an alarm.

Staking out the institute from the outside is also a possibility. If this is done, then early the next morning the investigators see a flatbed moving truck pull up to the side of the building where a large sliding door leads into the basement. Three movers then load up a huge box onto the truck as two other men watch (Dr. Garrick and Larry Jackson).

At any time, the investigators can confront Dr. Garrick here (perhaps for the second time). How things play out depend on the investigators. If things go bad then Garrick will use his killing eyes on the investigators and to try to escape. If that happens the investigators may then be able to confiscate the telescope and hold it hostage thus forcing Dr. Garrick to come to them. Of course doing this is illegal as the telescope belongs to the Mechanics' Institute, and Larry Jackson will have no problem phoning the police.

If Garrick flees, but the investigators do not confiscate the telescope, then Larry will still have it moved to his house and Garrick will go there at a later time. This gives the investigators another chance to capture the runaway doctor later at Jackson's house.

If the investigators and Dr. Garrick want to join forces, now would be a good time to do it. But they will need to convince the scared man that they really want to help him. If they can pull this off, then Dr. Garrick invites them to Larry's house where they can all study the telescope together. He is convinced that the strange telescope is the key to his salvation.

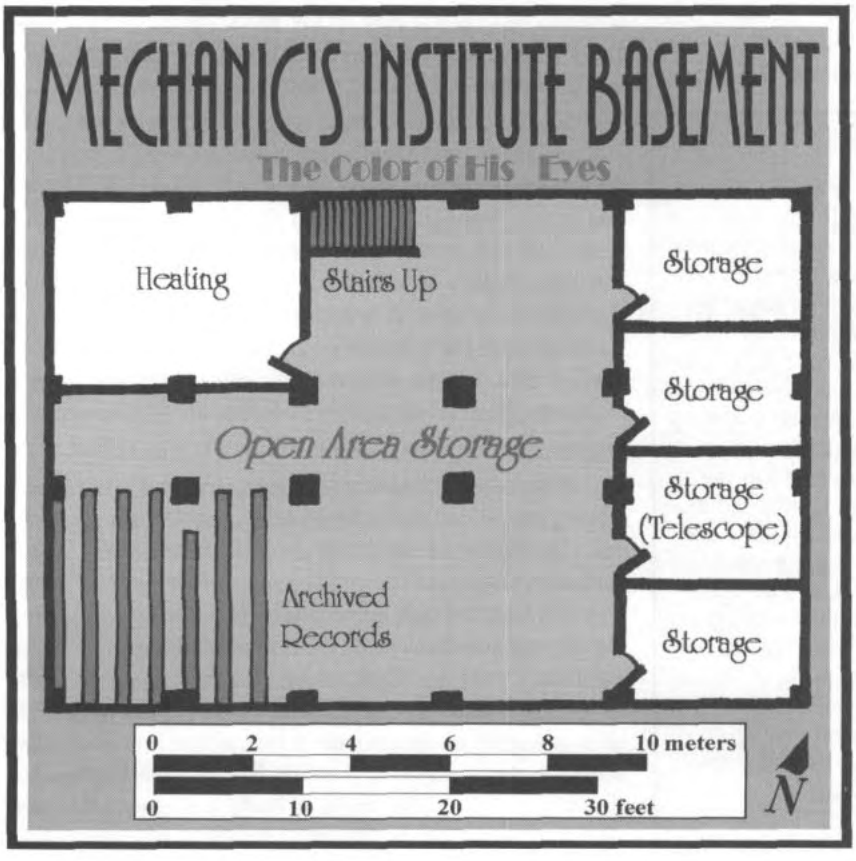
Laying Low

Larry Jackson lives in Diamond Heights, a secluded and somewhat remote part of San Francisco. His deceased family left him a sizable piece of land complete with an old barn that Larry has turned into a large work shed. Such a place is perfect for Dr. Garrick and Larry to study the strange telescope. The bad news is that they soon discover they cannot fully assemble it here as it is too large (over thirty feet long) and requires special mounting. Luckily they know a place perfect for raising huge telescopes — the Lick Observatory. The two men plan to assemble the telescope into three large pieces, move it to the Lick, and fully assemble it in Lick's secondary observatory dome, which is currently not being used. They hope to convince the Lick personnel to allow them access to the observatory and give them a hand raising the telescope, but they are desperate enough to use Larry's shotgun to force the issue if needed.

Dr. Garrick and Larry will stay here and study the telescope for as long as the keeper wishes. If the keeper wants to move the plot along, then it could only be a day or two, but if he wants to give the investigators time to catch up, follow up on clues, or get much needed rest, then it could be a week or so.

During this time, the Colour will also lay low, as it has lost the trail of its smaller self that it seeks. This is due to the close proximity of the exposed magnets of the telescope to Dr. Garrick and the "scent" being masked and diffused by them. Too bad the doctor and the investigators are not likely to figure this out; however, some hint as to the usefulness of magnets to their plight is discussed in a boxed section on the opposite page.

In the unlikely event that Dr. Garrick leaves Larry's house for more than an hour, then the Colour will pick up the scent and again start to follow it. Additionally, once the telescope is assembled



into three parts, the magnets will be significantly shielded and they will no longer protect the doctor from the persistent alien bloodhound.

End Game

This is where the keeper must decide how all the threads of this adventure come together. First, the basics: the plan that Dr. Garrick and Larry Jackson came up with is simple in theory. After studying the telescope, they have discovered a way to reverse its special light capturing properties. They plan to set the scope up at the Lick Observatory, have Dr. Garrick look through the eye piece, and have the invading alien light drawn out of his eyes and shot back into space. This is a long shot, and the two men still don't fully understand the principles behind it but it's the only way they can think of to remove the Colour from of his eyes.

The keeper must take into account if the investigators are working with Dr. Garrick or still tracking him down. If they are still after him, then they must get wind of his plan and make their way to the Lick. The investigators could also barge in on Dr. Garrick and Mr. Jackson just when they are putting the telescope back together, and keep them from completing it until the Colour arrives, at which point all hell breaks loose.

The keeper must decide how Dr. Garrick and company gains access to the secondary observatory dome at the Lick. Do the personnel at the observatory allow him access, as he was once a colleague of theirs? Or do they turn him away and even possibly send for the state police if they know Dr. Garrick is a murderer? If the Lick Observatory denies the doctor access to the dome, then he and Larry will use force and guns to get what they want. They'll take some of the workers hostage to help them assemble the telescope and barricade themselves inside the secondary observatory dome. Of course, if the investigators are with Dr. Garrick at this time then they might be able to persuade the observatory to help or come up with another, less drastic plan. If the investigators are not helping Dr. Garrick, then they could face a hostage situation and a barricaded building when they arrive at the Lick.

Last but not least, the keeper must decide when the Colour shows up. Ideally, the creature should make its appearance once the telescope has been set up, Dr. Garrick has looked through it, and had the alien light in his eyes drawn out and shot back into deep space. This should give the investigators an idea on how to get rid of the almost unstoppable Colour. It will require having the Colour get really close to the eyepiece of the telescope so that it can be sucked into it and shot out the other side into space. However, the alien isn't likely to do this on its own so it will require planning, fast action and possibly human bait.

If the keeper doesn't want the story to end at the observatory, then it will move beyond the scope of this scenario, but with the aid of the information presented here a whole mini campaign could be constructed. Perhaps the investigators will have to track down where the Colour stays during the day and somehow bring the thirty-foot-long telescope to the alien. Or the investigators can always try to use magnets to somehow trap the Colour. This would require quite a bit of planning on the investigator's part, as the Colour can disintegrate almost anything it wants. One possible strategy for the investigators is for them to build a magnetic box and lure the Colour into it. The great minds at the Mechanics'

If Dr. Garrick Dies

If the investigators or the Colour Out of Space kills Dr. Garrick, then the tiny essence of the Colour within in him will no longer be trapped inside the rods and cones of his eyes. It will leave his eyes as a shimmering little blob of light, then race off to merge with its larger self. If that happens, then the story will go beyond the boundaries of what is written here, but here is a summation. The Colour will no longer be hunting the dead doctor or the investigators. Instead, it will find a nearby place to hide (like an abandoned building), and begin its usual slow feeding off of locals around it until it builds up enough POW to break free of the Earth's atmosphere and return to space. Investigators already familiar with the withered corpses in this strange case will soon read stories in the newspapers of similar bodies being found nearby. If the investigators decide to do nothing, then the keeper should penalize the investigators a 1D6 SAN loss for each grisly, dessicated body discovered; this stems from the realization that their inaction has cost the lives of innocent people, lives that could have been saved if they had persued clues and leads.

If the Investigators Study the Telescope

There is always the possibility that the investigators will attempt to discern the plans and machinations of the telescope. A successful **Physics** roll, or an **Idea** roll at 1/3rd the normal level will enable the character studying the plans that, while seemingly impossible in its design, the telescope can indeed function properly. This knowledge will grant the investigators +2 each to their Cthulhu Mythos, and will cost them 1/1D4 SAN.

Investigators who actually look through the telescope will suffer no ill effects, but will be treated to a spectacular vision of the night sky that few on earth have ever seen. Those of an astronomy or physics background will be particularly amazed by the power of the telescope, and may in fact become obsessed with using the telescope to further their own studies of the planets and stars. Those investigators foolish enough to attempt to view distant Mythos-related celestial objects, such as Yuggoth or the Nemesis Star, should suffer the appropriate Cthulhu Mythos bonuses and SAN losses, to be determined by the keeper.

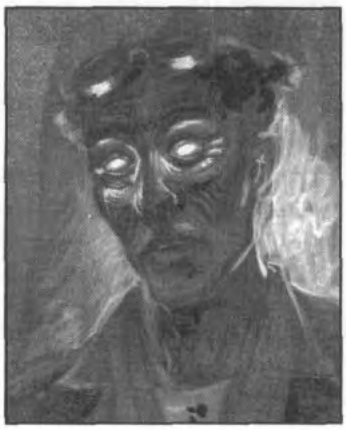
Institute could be a big help in the technical aspects of this plan if needed.

Rewards

For defeating or driving off the Colour Out of Space, each investigator gains +1D8 Sanity. For not killing Dr. Garrick and saving him from the Colour, each investigator gains +1D6 Sanity.

Characters

DR. ROBERT GARRICK, age 42, the man with looks that kill



Robert is of average height with a bit of a belly and brown hair. His eyes were once brown but now they are filled with an indiscernible, glowing color. Robert has just spent three years in hell with an alien life form living inside his head. To make matters worse, he knows something bigger and meaner is coming after him. This has driven the already mentally unstable man crazy with fear and he will do anything to save his own skin. He's not a murderer by choice but if anyone gets in his way, God help them.

STR 11 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 13 **INT** 17 **POW** 15*
DEX 15 **APP** 09 **EDU** 19 **SAN** 32 **HP** 14

**note: Dr. Garrick's POW has been modified by the Colour in his eyes due to their symbyotic relationship and it will continue to grow. Each person who dies due to Robert's gaze increases his POW by 1. If the Colour can be purged from his eyes without killing him then his POW reverts to his normal score of 12.*

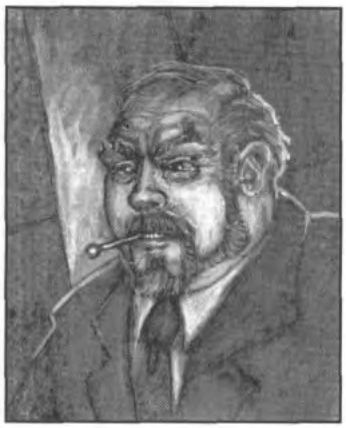
Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Fist 55%, damage 1D3.

Colour Gaze 90%, damage 1D6+characteristic loss. This attack has a range of 30 feet. After that the intensity of the Colour begins to fade. Dr. Garrick matches his POW (as it's a combination of him and the Colour inside him) against the victim's current magic points. For every 10 full points by which the Colour succeeds, it permanently drains 1 point each of STR, CON, POW, DEX, and APP from the victim, and costs him or her 1D6 hit points as well.

Skills: Astronomy 70%, Hide 50%, History 45%, Library Use 60%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Persuade 50%, Spot Hidden 80%.

DR, ALBERT VAN HYNE, age 51, a learned psychoanalyst



Albert is a big man of Dutch extraction. His eyes are blue, his hair is blond and thinning, and he wears a neatly trimmed beard and mustache. He is partial towards light browns and tans and often dresses in those colors. He has only one vice: hard rock candy. He is always sucking on those sweets no matter what he's doing. Albert is a good psychologist in the strictest sense but his interaction with his patients (that is, his bedside manner) leaves much to be desired. It's not he doesn't care; it's just that he's too analytical and emotionally removed him the tortured minds that need him. If the man had an Empathy skill it would be at 01%.

STR 12 **CON** 12 **SIZ** 14 **INT** 18 **POW** 10
DEX 09 **APP** 13 **EDU** 20 **SAN** 50 **HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Fist 50%, damage 1D3 + DB

Skills: Credit Rating 70%, Library Use 70%, Persuade 65%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychoanalysis 70%, Psychology 80%.

Languages: Dutch 60%, English 50%.

DR. IAN CLEGGMAN, age 43, a tight-lipped pathologist

Ian has short cropped red hair, green eyes, a thin moustache, and is a chain smoker. His eyesight is also failing at an alarming rate so he always wears glasses with very thick lenses. The man is unsociable with most people unless they are fellow doctors. In that case Ian loves nothing more than to talk shop. With non-medical people he would be considered a "cold fish", if not outright rude.

STR 10 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 12 **INT** 17 **POW** 11
DEX 10 **APP** 08 **EDU** 19 **SAN** 55 **HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Fist 50%, damage 1D3 + DB

Skills: Biology 75%, Credit Rating 65%, First Aid 75%, Ignore Gore 90%, Latin 50%, Medicine 65%, Pathology 80%, Pharmacy 55%.

LARRY JACKSON, age 39, a devoted friend

Larry is a heavyset man with curly light brown hair and brown eyes. He dresses and talks plainly despite being independently wealthy. Since Larry has always been financially well off he never had a real job, but instead pursues his personal interests with zeal. The fact that he has an endless list of interests doesn't seem to slow him down. In that regard he sees himself as a modern-day Renaissance man. He has attended Stanford University for years now, taking a class here and there but never really focusing on any one thing. His greatest passion is building things; from homemade automotive engines to designing buildings. He is quite good at any construction despite not having a formal degree in any field. He is also a very steadfast and loyal friend who believes in helping others whenever possible.

STR 13 **CON** 13 **SIZ** 15 **INT** 16 **POW** 12
DEX 14 **APP** 10 **EDU** 18 **SAN** 60 **HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3 + DB
Double Barrel 12-gauge 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Chemistry 45, Drive Auto 55%, Electrical Repair 50%, Engineering 75%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Persuade 65%, Photography 45%, Physics 60%.

THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE

STR 08 **CON** N/A **SIZ** 12 **INT** 14 **POW** 12
DEX 19 **HP** N/A
Move: 12 pouring/20 flying

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Feed 85%, damage 1D6+characteristic loss
Mental Attack 100%, damage 1D6 magic points + 1D6 SAN
Disintegrate 100%, damage physical disintegration
Grasp 85%, no damage

Armor: none. Invulnerable to physical attack except by strong magnetic fields, which can imprison it. Vulnerable to magic.

Spells, Skills: none

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 to see a Colour; 1/1D8 to see its victim

FEED: The Colour matches its POW against the victim's current magic points. For every 10 full points by which the Colour succeeds, it permanently drains 1 point each of STR, CON, POW, DEX, and APP from the victim, and costs him or her 1D6 hit points as well. Each POW so drained increases the POW of the Colour. Therefore the POW rating for this creature stats off at 12 but the keeper should increase it with each successful feeding. During this feeding the victim is aware of a burning, sucking sensation and his skin withers, grays, wrinkles and cracks until he is only a shriveled husk.

MENTAL ATTACK: A Colour of low POW can weaken the minds of nearby sentient beings. For each day of residence in the Colour's vicinity, each person must match his or her INT against the Colour's POW or lose 1D6 magic points and 1D6 Sanity points. Magic points destroyed cannot be regained without leaving the area, but the Colour's influence is so strong that a victim who decides to leave the area must make a current magic points x5 or less on D100, or stay.

DISINTEGRATE: A Colour can focus its energies to disintegrate a hole through almost any material. This ability is used primarily to excavate an underground lair but it could be used against a human being. However, the Colour feeds on humanity so it wouldn't destroy a source of food unless the individual was particularly troublesome.

GRASP: A Colour can concentrate and solidify a part of itself. That part becomes translucent. It can then use its STR to grapple humans, to grab weapons, or to manipulate other objects.

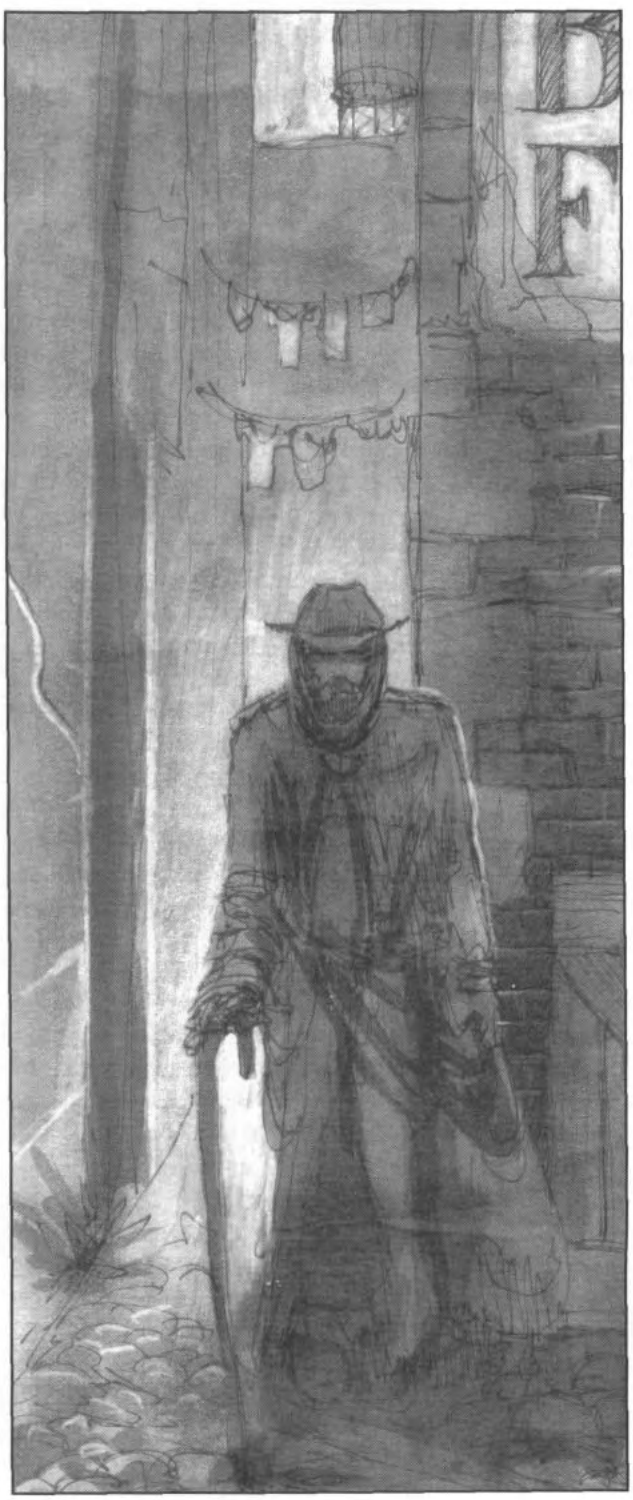
Beyond the Edges

Wherein the Investigators Explore Society's Fringe

Despite the growing understanding of the sciences and the ever increasing rationalism in the world, few people actually ever comprehend the horrible truths underlying the cosmic forces that shape our universe. Despite the efforts spent in learning the truths hidden behind all cosmic laws, few realize that what waits behind the knowledge are the Outer Gods, the core of all things. Despite the madness that such knowledge brings, some even learn that Azathoth is chaos and the energy that created the universe itself, that Shub-Niggurath represents growth and change, being countered with Abhoth, who is stagnation and decay. But probably most terrifying of all is Yog-Sothoth, the all in one. Yog-Sothoth permeates the universe. Yog-Sothoth is the Outer God who not only can travel through all space and time, but *is* all space and time. Yog-Sothoth is all around us everywhere, touching everything.

Mercifully for the most part, life on earth is unaware of Yog-Sothoth's all-invasive influence. But there are places on this earth where the barriers are thin, where the dimension of Yog-Sothoth crosses the boundaries and this god becomes very real indeed. The Tenderloin district in San Francisco is one such place.

"Beyond the Edges" is a lengthy scenario. Most of the action occurs in downtown San Francisco with two excursions into the greater Bay Area. It is designed for a group of experienced investigators with some knowledge in the Cthulhu Mythos, and hopefully a spell or two, although no particular set of skills are required to complete the adventure successfully. A challenging investigation, it is probably better attempted after the investigators have completed one or two of the other scenarios in this book. It also helps if they've developed a contact or two who might lend a hand. Expect three to four evenings of play to complete this tale.



Keeper's Information

The homeless are a problem in any city. Yet no matter what can be done to eradicate the problem, most know that the homeless will never truly disappear. Everyone knows the causes; they are the victims of an uncaring community, abusive households, tragic financial circumstances, crippling mental problems, and long-term drug or alcohol abuse. Yet despite their continuous presence on the streets of all large cities, it is almost as if the homeless are invis-

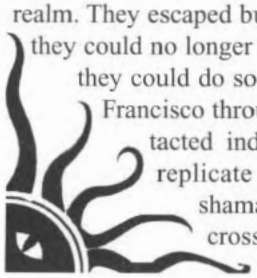
ible to the rest of society. Most upright citizens ignore them, look the other way, pretend that they do not exist. Secretly, many of the normal citizens know that the homeless cannot be helped. They are unable to find work themselves to bring the money required to put a roof over their heads. They say it is best just to let them be. Inevitably the homeless resort to begging, stealing and scrounging to live, forced into a society separate from the rest of the San Francisco community. In this, San Francisco is just like any other city in the world.

Yet in the Tenderloin, homelessness can strike quickly for reasons other than just human woe. This is because here the barriers between our world and the realm of Yog-Sothoth are thin. These sleazy streets feel the touch of this Outer God, a touch that does not kill or burn, but does transform. Locally it is known as the "Black Madness", a shadowy infection which takes to a victim, transforming their perceptions into another world while trapping their body in this one. Gone are the streets, the lights, other people, and a sense of place and time. In the space of a single day, those who are touched soon find themselves amongst gray bubbles and endless nothing, a shifting and changing world, growing and shrinking until this is all that can be seen. They become trapped in a place without corners, beyond the edges of our dimension. Such victims fall into despair, madness, and destitution, and all quickly join the ranks of the homeless.

And yet these victims survive, for humans aren't the only objects to cross into Yog-Sothoth's grey world; bits of food, clumps of grass, dirty puddles of water, old trash cans, crumpled magazines, stray cats, old cars, and even entire houses end up lost here. The food and water that crosses over sustains the infected, until despair, ill-health, and the horrors of Yog-Sothoth's realm finally claim all.

The thinness between Yog-Sothoth and the Tenderloin are not entirely accidental. Over the millennia long before Columbus reached the Americas, a small sect of Grizzly Bear shamans (see page 11) began worshipping the Outer God. Their rites and practices were horrific, and other tribes shunned them. The stone monoliths that the shamans built for their god further weakened the barriers, and soon the Grizzly Bear shamans became powerful. It was only with the arrival of the Spanish in the eighteenth century that saw the demise of this cult, when they began slaughtering and enslaving the American Indians who live here.

Knowing that their time was at an end, the Grizzly Bears hid not on this earth, but rather in Yog-Sothoth's realm. They escaped but their powers waned, and in time they could no longer permeate the Earth. The only way they could do so was to contact individuals in San Francisco through their dreams. If one such contacted individual was an artist who could replicate images of the Grizzly Bear shamans, then that shaman could again cross the barriers, and with him bring the Black Madness. Throughout San Francisco's history, the shamans have for short periods crossed over, but many lost their lives doing so. Now only a single shaman survives, and for the last few months he has acted through the will of a new and emerging artist, Jonathon Colbert, as the investigators are about to discover.



Investigators' Information

The starting date for this scenario is unspecified, since weather, seasons, or history does not affect play. The story begins on a weekday when the investigators are approached by someone well known to them and who is also well connected and respected in San Francisco. The identity of this person is left to the keeper to determine, potentially drawn from characters presented throughout the rest of the book. This person says she or he has a potential investigative assignment for them. This is not one of their usual escapades involving the occult and the bizarre, but a straight missing persons case for a wealthy San Francisco banker, Timothy Whitman, a senior manager at the American Union Bank. The investigators are encouraged to take the job, since Whitman is well connected and influential, a worthy contact to have.

Their contact has arranged an appointment for the investigators with Whitman at his bank tomorrow morning at 10am. Although investigators are free to refuse the case, it is only courteous that they at least hear out Mr. Whitman (if the investigators don't go, have some doors previously opened to them in polite San Francisco society suddenly close. Reflect this with an automatic drop in **Credit Rating** by 1D10 points).

American Union Bank

105 Montgomery Street, Financial District, Downtown

Arriving on the fifth floor of the American Union Bank, the investigators are met just before 10am by Whitman's secretary, Daniel Fairbanks. If they are late, Fairbanks will not be impressed, and a **Credit Rating** roll will be required to convince him to reconvene the meeting to later on that day. Before the investigators enter Whitman's office, Fairbanks informs the investigators that the job pays $25 per day per investigator plus expenses, which will only be paid with the appropriate receipts. A bonus of $300 will be offered if the case can be satisfactorily concluded inside a week. If investigators don't like the terms they can leave now, although Fairbanks warns that this is a very generous offer (an **Accounting** roll confirms this). Once the investigators are in agreement, Fairbanks shows them into Whitman's office.

As the investigators enter Mr. Timothy Whitman's office, they find him busy reading reports. Behind him the office windows offer a panoramic view of California Street. No introductions are made; Whitman gets straight

to the point, stating clearly that the investigators are only seated before him now because he was told that they are particularly good at what they do. Despite his considerable success as a banker, today he is speaking to them as a father, and then quickly asks the investigators if they have children. If they do he is impressed, saying that they must then understand the troubles that face any parent. If not, he snubs those investigators, asking what is wrong with them, for it's his opinion that it is every man and woman's duty to continue the family name and provide good solid citizens for future generations. At this point, give each investigator a **Psychology** skill roll. Those who succeed recognize that Whitman is a man under stress and is doing his best to hide this fact.

Whitman, assuming that the investigators have already agreed to take the case, explains that he has two daughters. The first is the beautiful, sweet, adorable Louise, aged twenty, who is in need of a good suitor. If only she were interested in the upstanding men Whitman constantly introduces her to! The second daughter is his troublesome, defiant, and opinionated Clarisse, who has just turned eighteen and needs some straightening out. Clarisse seems to be involved with too many men, and none of them the right sort. Now she's missing, and he wants to get her back before she strays into serious trouble.

Whitman believes that Clarisse has fallen in with the wrong crowd. She keeps the company of musicians, artists, and writers, all of which are spoken of with contempt by Whitman, just before he asks the investigators if any of them artistically inclined. However the investigators answer, Whitman pronounces that artistic types are a waste of space, costing this country more money than they ever return. He doesn't want his daughter marrying some penniless artist; he wants her back in his house, where he can place her under the hopeful eyes of the right sort of men. Whitman is hiring the investigators to find Clarisse – wherever she has run off to – and then bring her back home.

At this point investigators can ask questions, but Whitman will answer only some of them. Before they get into details he states that he has another appointment shortly, so they better be quick. Some players might feel that this assignment is legally questionable, since Clarisse is free to make her own choices in the world; however this is the 1920's, and a **Law** roll confirms that both of Whitman's daughters are under age, and he remains their legal guardian.

As for any leads Whitman has, he knows through contacts that Clarisse has been seen in some so-called French restaurants in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco. His

Mr. Whitman's Secret

There is a lot Whitman isn't telling the investigators. The first is that Whitman knows Clarisse is an opium fiend, learned from searching her room on numerous occasions. Each time he discovered the drugs he destroyed them.

The second and probably more important secret is that Whitman is being blackmailed. A couple of days ago Whitman received an anonymous parcel in the mail with several photographs of his daughter posing nude. The ransom note says that if Whitman doesn't pay up $10,000, the photographs will be released to the press. Whitman was able to find out where the package was mailed from by bribing the postal worker who had picked up the package in the Tenderloin area for delivery.

So far, Whitman hasn't been called by the blackmailers to arrange a trade of the money for the negatives and his daughter. Whitman suspects that day is not far away, but the truth is this will never happen since Clarisse has disappeared again, this time vanishing from her kidnappers.

Whitman thought about contacting the police, but he is worried that by doing so the photographs will make their way into the hands of other unscrupulous individuals who will make Whitman's life a living hell. He could easily end up dealing with corrupt cops.

During the course of their work the investigators are likely to uncover all of the above information. If they confront Whitman with these facts, he explains that he didn't initially tell the investigators the whole truth, because with all this stress he naively hoped it wouldn't get out. He hired the investigators because he was reliably informed that they are upstanding citizens who understand the value of discretion. A **Psychology** skill roll confirms that Whitman is telling the truth. At this stage he will show investigators the blackmail letter (see handout *Beyond Papers #1* on page 138) if they visit him at his home, but under no circumstances will he allow them to take the letter with them.

With the cat out of the bag,Whitman will negotiate a new fee. He can be bargained up to $50 per day each, plus a bonus of $1,000 if his daughter is recovered safely and a case file is prepared by the investigators that he can use to successfully prosecute the kidnappers. However, one catch is clearly specified; the case file has to be prepared in such a way that the photographs are not included as evidence, and that the negatives and all prints "vanish without a trace". This is legally questionable, but investigators who succeed in **English**, **Law**, and **Persuade** rolls can indeed write a case report meeting the above requirements, one that will satisfy the district attorney. If the investigators achieve all this and keep the Whitman name out of the mud, then Whitman will forever be in the investigators' debt, helping them out in future whenever he can.

Unscrupulous investigators who try to blackmail Whitman will find private investigators (possibly Mack Hornsby encountered later in the scenario), and perhaps even the tongs on their trail to "sort them out". The latter only occurs if Whitman starts seeing the investigators as a real threat. Investigators should already know better; Whitman doesn't respond well to threats and blackmail.

family last saw Clarisse five days ago. Whitman can't name any of Clarisse's friends or acquaintances (he had no reason to, being the lay-about no-good loafers that they are). In fact he knows nothing useful except that his daughter is probably slumming in the Tenderloin. But a successful **Persuade** roll for an investigator prompts another lead, with Whitman recalling that she was interested in one particular artist whose name he can't remember. If they want more background on his daughter, her mother knows more. Whitman will arrange a meeting with his wife this afternoon if the investigators wish to interview her (he has Mr. Fairbanks telephone through and set a meeting for 3 pm).

After a few questions have been asked, players who notice that Whitman is avoiding questions can receive another **Psychology** skill roll, and those who succeed realize he is deliberately not telling them the whole story. If pushed, he will come out and say he's worried that Clarisse might be prostituting herself, and then gets angry with the investigators that he was forced to say so. The meeting quickly concludes after that. A third **Psychology** roll suggests that there is even more he's not saying, but right now the investigators won't get the chance to probe him deeper.

After the meeting's conclusion, the investigators are met again by Fairbanks, who arranges the paperwork for their fees and an employment of services contract. Investigators who check the fine print and succeed in a **Law** roll realize that the contract is all above board, basically designed to protect Whitman from all liability should anything unforeseen pop up in the investigation. For example, Whitman himself is protected from any damages should the investigators get sued. Whitman will only change this clause if the investigators succeed in a **Law** and a **Credit Rating** roll, but he'll stall payment for a few days until they have gathered some concrete evidence to show him that they are worth paying. Fairbanks also provides the investigators with Mr. Whitman's private address in Pacific Heights if they've arranged to speak to Whitman's wife, confirming that their appointment is at 3pm.

Just before the investigators depart, Fairbanks insists that the investigators call him every morning at 9:00am with a summary of their day's activities and an estimate of their expenses to date. Failure to do so results in their forfeit of fees for that day. Have one investigator keep the books, and if he or she fails the **Accounting** roll the investigator finds that half the expenses are improperly receipted. Whitman and Fairbanks are shrewd businessmen.

The Whitman Estate

2022 Greenwich Street, Pacific Heights

Whitman's home is a magnificent three-story Victorian mansion that survived the 1906 earthquake. Neighbors were not so lucky. Commanding a splendid view of the Presidio and the Bay, the property is surrounded by a ten foot high fence with an iron gate that is unlocked during the day (STR 40). Knocking on the door brings butler Montgomery Phelps, demanding to know the investigator's names and business if they wish to enter. Only if investigators have a pre-arranged meeting will they be let in, such as the 3 pm meeting organized by Daniel Fairbanks. If investigators turn up at any other time they will not be admitted.

If invited in, Phelps shows them to a parlor while he informs Mrs. Whitman of their arrival. Investigators will wait twenty minutes while she re-does her makeup. Refreshments of chilled lemonade are offered while they wait.

The investigators are shown into a drawing room where both Mrs. Whitman and her eldest daughter Louise wait silently with straight backs and stiff complexions. If it is the summer, a window is open allowing in the cool breeze and a magnificent view of the Presidio. Mrs. Whitman is nervous. Not expecting that the investigators would want to speak to her and her elder daughter, she feels unprepared. Not sure how to approach such a situation, she asks them for personal identification, such as business cards, private investigation licenses, or anything else they can provide. Not being an expert, she'll accept whatever the investigators show her, even if they are fakes or bluffs (such as expired library membership cards).

After introductions are made, secretly roll each investigator's **Credit Rating** and note the results. Mrs. Whitman directs her conversation to those investigators who succeeded. Failing that, she speaks to the best presented and wealthiest appearing investigator. She doesn't speak to any female investigators who are present, except in the course of normal pleasantries, because she believes that they have risen above their stations, thinking that they could take on the traditional roles of men. Investigators with failing **Credit Rating** rolls or who are just unfortunately female find that all further communications with Mrs. Whitman have only half normal chances for success.

Phelps serves tea and cookies before Mrs. Whitman gets down to the business concerning her absent daughter. She proceeds to complain about Clarisse; how she doesn't know her place in society like sweet, considerate little Louise; how she has a habit of speaking her mind, not realizing that nice young men don't like women who contradict or challenge them all the time, not like obedient, thoughtful Louise. Clarisse might think those bohemian arty types she keeps company might be amusing, but they are certainly not of the right breeding stock. Mrs. Whitman talks on and on about Clarisse sneaking out at night, and on some nights not coming home at all She emphasizes the shame it has brought her family, despite all the love they have shown her.

While criticizing Clarisse, Mrs. Whitman also talks about Louise as if she is not there, or that she is nothing

more than another expensive ornament, while stating that Louise is a prime example of how a young lady should behave. Louise is always at home, helping around the house, seen at the right kind social functions, and so on. Investigators should quickly notice that every time they direct a question at Louise, her mother always answers. Timid, Louise will say nothing during the whole conversation. A successful **Psychology** roll shows that Louise would like to say something important, but will not do so in front of her mother, or father for that matter.

Just when the investigators are ready to give up, Mrs. Whitman finally breaks down. Between sobs, she says that Clarisse was keeping the company of an artist named Johnny. She doesn't know his name, but knows he slums it in the harlot houses in the Tenderloin. Mrs. Whitman knows nothing about the kidnapping or the blackmail notice, and would be horrified if she did find out (her husband is managing the return of the daughter exactly the same way he manages his business; without involving his wife).

Mrs. Whitman's other use to the investigators is in providing them with a recent photograph of her youngest daughter, and in allowing investigators to examine her room for clues. The latter will only be permitted after Mrs. Whitman has had a chance to check for incriminating evidence first, and then will only allow female investigators to go through her daughter's drawers and cupboards. This is the only decent and proper thing to do.

Meeting Mrs. Whitman

Talking to Louise

Louise is the best source of information in the house, but the trick is to get her away from her mother. This is a challenge, since Mrs. Whitman is keen that her daughter not speak without being chaperoned. Investigators might spill their lemonade or tea on Mrs. Whitman "by accident" so she has to go and change, or asking to be shown around the house while one of the other investigators makes an excuse to use the bathroom, instead slipping off to speak to Louise. Let the investigators be creative, and have a little fun.

Louise will only talk to one or two investigators at once, and she is more likely to open up to females rather than males. Investigators not meeting these criteria have communication skill rolls halved. On the other hand, characters voicing empathetic understanding about dominating mothers increase their success chance by 20 percentiles. **Persuade** and **Fast Talk** work on her; **Credit Rating** and **Law** rolls or threats clam her up.

Once talking, Louise says that she is secretly jealous of her younger sister. Clarisse is constantly sneaks out at night to "have fun" always leaving her at home with "dreadful mother!" And there is no way she's marrying any man mother pushes in front of her. A **Psychology** roll suggests more; that Louise doesn't have the nerve to go out with her sister. If investigators point this out, she admits she'd like to be able to stand up to her parents like Clarisse does, or at least sneak off behind their backs, but she is afraid of her mother's wrath. If asked about Clarisse's nightly activities, Louise knows that her sister is currently seeing an artist called Johnny who has had some of his art displayed at the Palace of Fine Arts. Lastly – she just remembers – Johnny recently asked Clarisse if he could paint her nude, and the silly girl was thinking that she might just do it. She thinks some of those paintings might be on display at a gallery in North Beach, but she is not sure.

Exploring the Mansion

There are two means by which the investigators can explore the mansion. The first is achieved through permission from the owners, while the second is not.

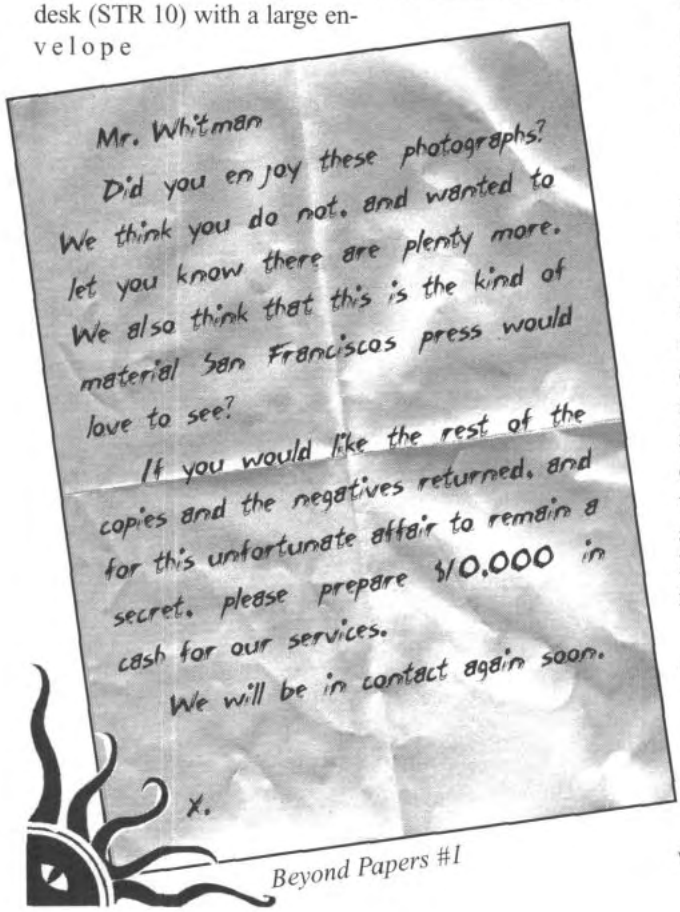
If the investigators ask to search Clarisse's rooms for clues, Mrs. Whitman agrees, but only after she has inspected the room herself. Female investigators can convince her to leave the bedroom as it is given a **Persuade** roll; players of male investigators must succeed at half normal skill. If she attends the room on her own, Mrs. Whitman goes upstairs, but not before she sends Louise on an errand to get her out of the way. Mrs. Whitman takes about fifteen minutes, after which she returns downstairs pale looking. A **Medicine** or **Psychology** skill roll will confirm she is in mild shock. This is because Mrs. Whitman discovered the opium in Clarisse's room, flushing the evi-

dence down the toilet before the investigators have a chance to find it.

The second option is to break into the house to see what they can discover on their own. They can attempt this themselves, or if they have the right criminal contacts, hire a professional burglar to do so for them. If the latter option is chosen, the cost of the job is either $150 for a burglar who has a 70% chance of finding each clue listed below, or $75 for a burglar who has only a 30% chance. Smart investigators will arrange for the burglar to rob the house while he's inside so that the break-in is not obviously connected to them, but let investigators think of this on their own.

Breaking in themselves will require observation to see when the family goes out (there is a 20% chance per night that the whole family leaves for a social function at 8 pm for 1D4+2 hours). **Sneak** and **Hide** rolls are needed to avoid being spotted by the neighbors, **Climb** rolls to get over the outer wall, and **Locksmith** or brute strength to break the STR 40 doors. The mansion consists of three floors and a small wine and coal cellar. Only the rooms listed contain information pertinent to the investigation. If they want to steal anything, there is 1D4 x 100 dollars in cash, and 1D10 x 100 dollars worth of jewelry. Mr. Whitman is careful to ensure that real valuables are kept in a safety deposit box at his bank.

The Study: Located on the first floor. Investigators searching Mr. Whitman's study find a locked drawer in his desk (STR 10) with a large envelope


Mr. Whitman

Did you enjoy these photographs? We think you do not, and wanted to let you know there are plenty more. We also think that this is the kind of material San Franciscos press would love to see?

If you would like the rest of the copies and the negatives returned, and for this unfortunate affair to remain a secret, please prepare $10,000 in cash for our services.

We will be in contact again soon.

X.

Beyond Papers #1

postmarked two days before the investigators where hired. Inside the envelope there is anonymous blackmail letter written on notepad paper (*Beyond Papers #1*) and several photographs of Clarisse posing nude on a double bed in what looks like a cheap hotel room. The letter is handwritten in block letters. Mr. Whitman will show the investigators this letter if they later confront him about his blackmail, but not before. He will not let the letter leave the house. If the letter is somehow dusted for prints, there are few matching those of a small time local crook called Andy McKenzie. However, since there are no criminal databases in the 1920's, investigators won't be able to track McKenzie by checking police records (assuming they have the required contacts). If they later encounter McKenzie and manage to take his fingerprints, they have their match providing the evidence for criminal prosecution.

As for the photographs, a halved **Spot Hidden** or **Medicine** roll notices that Clarisse appears drugged, while an **Art** or **Photograph** roll notes that the pictures are well composed, as if shot by a professional artist or photographer. If the photographs are dusted they contain two sets of prints; those of Andy McKenzie and the other of painter and photographer Johnny Colbert. Again, investigators won't learn the painter's identity until they obtain known samples of the artist's fingerprints and compare the two.

A second letter found in this drawer is written by the mutual friend at the scenario's commencement, referring the investigators to Mr. Whitman if he is indeed in "need of a few good men and women of the right moral fiber". If only this mutual friend knew the investigators were breaking into the Whitman Mansion, he or she would never recommend them again!

Also in the bottom drawer there is a recently cleaned .45 revolver and twenty bullets, legally registered to Timothy Whitman.

Clarisse's Room: Situated on the second floor. If the investigators get here before Mrs. Whitman does, or if they manage to convince her of the importance of searching for clues, with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll they'll find a stash of Patna opium at the bottom of Clarisse's undergarments drawer. If Mrs. Whitman managed to flush the opium down the toilet, only a **critical Spot Hidden** roll will find traces of the drug. A **Natural History, Chemistry, Biology, a halved Know** roll, or an investigator with personal knowledge of addiction will identify the opium for what it is. This satchel shows sign of frequent use.

On Clarisse's bedside table is a fountain pen, envelopes, stamps, and a notepad. Nothing is written on the pad, but if an investigator examines it closely and makes a **Spot Hidden** roll, they notice the imprint of Clarisse's most recent letter. A pencil rubbing or some other means of revealing the text provides them with a letter to a man called Johnny (*Beyond Papers #2*). Investigators familiar with the criminal side of San Francisco whose players make

a **Know** roll recognize the references in the letter to brothels in the Tenderloin district.

Checking the window with a successful **Track** roll shows that the window has been regularly used as a means in and out of the house. The gutter pipe has been climbed regularly, and footsteps matching those of Clarisse's shoe size have regularly passed to and from the house, past the servants' entrance, and out the back entrance. Investigators who follow the tracks and receive a successful **Spot Hidden** and an **Idea** roll realize that the tracks pass Phelps' room, It seems possible he would have noticed Clarisse's comings and goings. If investigators confront Phelps, they will draw a varied response depending on how they approach the situation. Confronted in front of the Whitmans the butler will say nothing, but if the investigators have a quiet word with him, he explains about his friendship with Clarisse and how he often looked the other way because of her kindness. Investigators might use this information to put pressure on Phelps to recover one or two clues in the house otherwise beyond their reach, saving them from breaking and entering.

If investigators appear genuine in their interest in recovering Clarisse safely and haven't passed judgment upon her, Phelps may be inclined to reveal he knows about Clarisse's drug addiction, particularly if they failed to miss this important clue earlier.

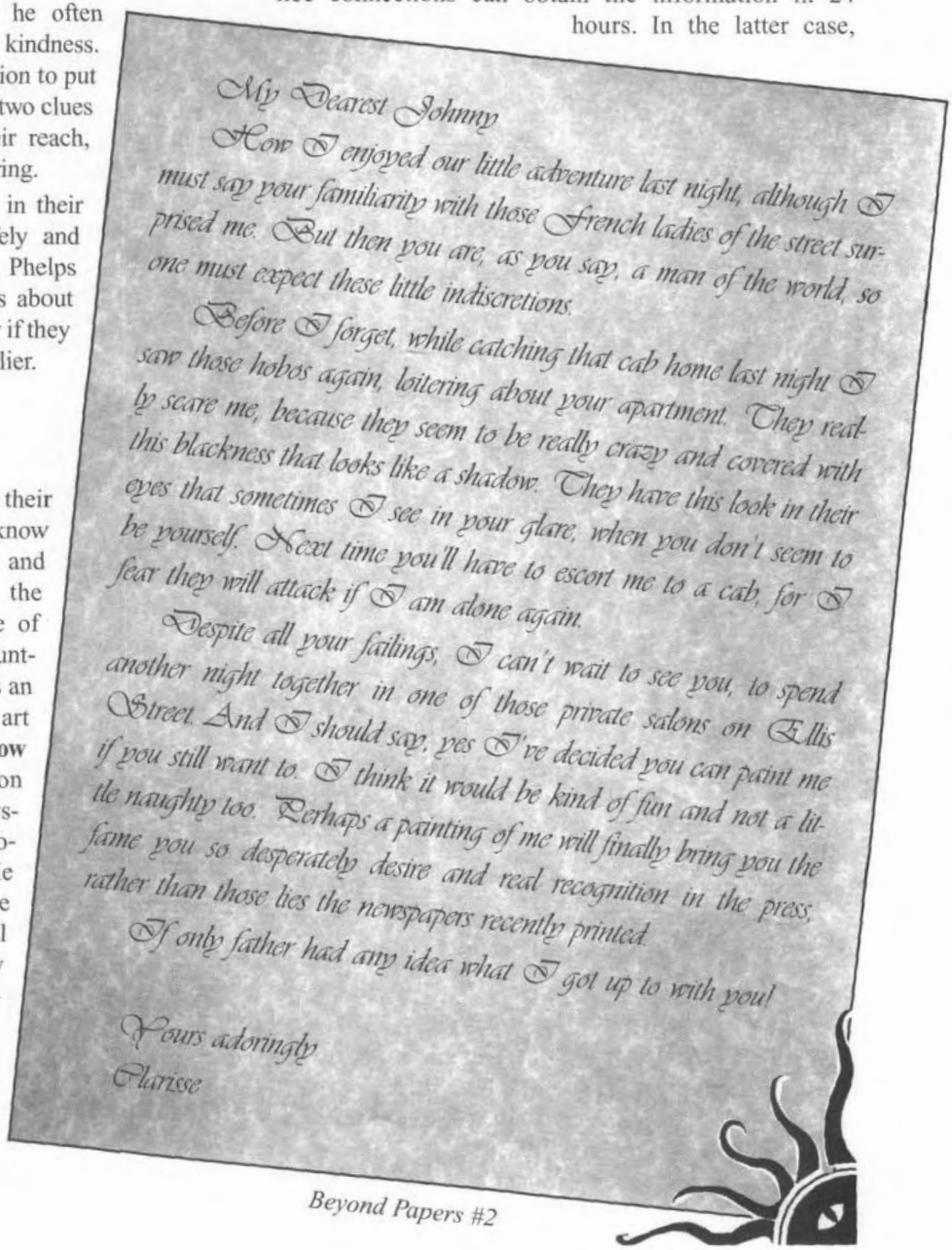
Finding Johnny

If investigators have been diligent in their preliminary research, they should know that Clarisse was seeing a painter and photographer who resides in the Tenderloin, and goes by the name of Johnny. This might seem to be a daunting task, but any investigator who is an artist or who has connections in the art scene and who succeeds with a **Know** roll recalls the work of Jonathon Colbert. This painter was in the newspapers recently because of a controversial exhibition of his works. He might be the Johnny that Clarisse was dating. Other investigators will have to be drawn to the press by Clarisse's cryptic letter, or from normal investigative procedure.

With a little bit of leg work, each of the following pieces of information can be found with a successful **Library Use** roll after 1D3 hours of research.

Birth and Death Records: As luck would have it, the Great Fire of 1906 didn't destroy Johnny Colbert's birth certificate; Jonathon Bradley Colbert, born March 28th at the San Francisco Hospital. His father is Doctor Harold Colbert, his mother Mrs. Judith Marie Colbert. Players of investigators who make an **Occult, Anthropology, or Archaeology** skill roll realize that Jonathon's father could be the renowned Professor Harold Colbert, who lectures at the Jesuit College teaching theology. Any player who succeeded in the first roll and then makes a **Know** roll has an investigator who recalls that Professor Colbert is a leading authority on European Medieval Symbolism.

Police Records: Investigators who are active members of the police force can find the following information in 1D3 hours; otherwise, only investigators with strong police connections can obtain the information in 24 hours. In the latter case,



My Dearest Johnny

How I enjoyed our little adventure last night, although I must say your familiarity with those French ladies of the street surprised me. But then you are, as you say, a man of the world, so one must expect these little indiscretions.

Before I forget, while catching that cab home last night I saw those hobos again, loitering about your apartment. They really scare me, because they seem to be really crazy and covered with this blackness that looks like a shadow. They have this look in their eyes that sometimes I see in your glare, when you don't seem to be yourself. Next time you'll have to escort me to a cab, for I fear they will attack if I am alone again.

Despite all your failings, I can't wait to see you, to spend another night together in one of those private salons on Ellis Street. And I should say, yes I've decided you can paint me if you still want to. I think it would be kind of fun and not a little naughty too. Perhaps a painting of me will finally bring you the fame you so desperately desire and real recognition in the press, rather than those lies the newspapers recently printed.

If only father had any idea what I got up to with you!

Yours adoringly
Clarisse

Beyond Papers #2

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEWEST RISING STAR

PAINTER JONATHON COLBERT EXHIBITS AT THE PRESIDIO

San Francisco's latest gifted painter and photographer, Mr. Jonathon Colbert, age 22, will be exhibiting a collection of paintings at the Palace of Fine Arts in the Presidio this month.

Mr. Colbert, fresh out of study at the California School of Fine Arts, will be displaying forty-eight of his paintings, mostly of the human form. Colbert's lecturer, Professor Nicolas Robinson, who assisted in promoting the exhibition, stated today that "Colbert is a very talented young man, one of the best pupils I've ever had the fortune to teach. He should go far."

Prominent artists and gallery owners have all stated that Mr. Colbert's work is remarkable, and to exhibit at such a young age is credit to the man's talent. Mr. Colbert himself said that he was ecstatic with this opportunity, and hopes to follow up with an exhibit of his photographs of the City of San Francisco later this year.

The exhibition will be open to the public 9am to 5pm Monday to Saturday until the 26th of this month.

Beyond Papers #3

NEW EXHIBITION OFFENSIVE

JONATHON COLBERT CONDEMNED BY COMMUNITY LEADERS

After opening for only two days, the exhibition of the works of painter Mr. Jonathon Colbert, aged 22, at the Palace of Fine Arts in the Presidio have been closed to the public because of the indecent subject matter of the paintings.

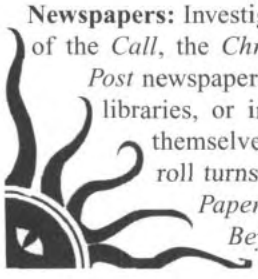
Church groups, prominent citizens, government officials and respected business heads all united in their stance against the lewd and immoral nature of the so-called art; provocative paintings of women of the street.

Colbert, who could not be contacted for comment, is believed to have been aggressively vocal against the community's decision. He had to be escorted from the Palace by security guards.

Prof. Nicolas Robinson, who helped to organize the exhibition, stated that he had no idea of the content of the paintings, expecting instead to see Colbert's wonderful landscapes of our great City by the Bay. Prof. Robinson went on to say that he was very disappointed with Colbert, who had a promising career ahead of him until today's unfortunate events transpired.

Beyond Papers #4

give the appropriate investigator a **Persuade** roll. Success means the contact provides the information freely. Failure requires a "payment" (*i.e.*, bribe) of $20 for their time and the risk. It turns out that Jonathon Colbert does indeed have a police record; he was charged with the possession of alcohol three years ago and fined $30. His father Professor Harold Colbert paid the fine. If investigators think to ask, the fingerprints on Jonathon's files match those on the photographs found in Mr. Whitman's study. Together this information is enough to obtain a warrant for Jonathon's arrest, should it come to that.



Newspapers: Investigators can go through back issues of the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, *News* and *Post* newspapers at either one of San Francisco's libraries, or in the offices of the newspapers themselves. Each successful **Library Use** roll turns up one of three articles. *Beyond Papers #3* is dated four weeks ago, *Beyond Papers #4* three weeks ago, and *Beyond Papers #5* late last week.

Palace of Fine Arts

Marina Boulevard, Presidio

The Palace of Fine Arts was constructed in 1915 for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition by Bernard Maybeck, when waterfront marshland was reclaimed to create the exhibition grounds, and is now a prominent landmark in San Francisco. Investigators mentioning Jonathon Colbert's name to any of the staff here only brings expressions of exasperation and annoyance. Curators and senior staff will make a brief statement that the Palace had been misinformed of the content of Colbert's work. However, a successful **Fast Talk** roll will get the following further elaborations:

- It was a terrible mistake to exhibit works that are so condemned by public opinion.
- The paintings have all been collected and removed from the building.
- No one knows where Colbert can be found.

One person even complains about what a rude and obnoxious young man he is, especially when he doesn't get his own away. Everyone here is decisively unhelpful.

If investigators are persistent and talk to some of the younger college students who frequent the Palace, and their players make an **Art** or halved **Persuade** roll, they will learn that Colbert had another exhibition, at the Russian Gallery in North Beach, although they don't know how long that one will remain open for either. Investigators may already know; it too has been closed.

The Russian Gallery

408 Francisco Street, North Beach

After the Presidio, investigators will find that the Russian Gallery in the bohemia district of North Beach to be an easier place to obtain answers. This gallery of only eight rooms is situated in a small modern townhouse. It displays

the works of new and emerging artistic talents from San Francisco, the likes of which that don't make it into the larger galleries. An entrance fee of 50 cents is asked at the door, placed in a collection jar. Any investigator who succeeds in an Art roll will note that the paintings are good, but nothing outstanding. Their price tags range from $25 to $75 apiece, which is very reasonable. None of the paintings depict anything remotely related to the Mythos or the occult.

If seeking assistance, the investigators will be met by the owner, Irena Kreniak, who still speaks with a strong Russian accent of her homeland. She does confirm that, until recently, eighteen of Jonathon's paintings were hung in two of the rooms, but were removed because of that terrible and unnecessary public pressure to take them down. Irena is forthcoming when she says they were indeed mostly nude paintings of prostitutes, but that is beside the point. They were very good, better in fact than most paintings hanging in her gallery now. Not that she'd say that out loud in front of her current exhibitors and patrons.

If the investigators ask if she still has Colbert's paintings, she says that she does, and will show them to the investigators if they succeed in a **Persuade** or **Art** roll, or if investigators hint that they might be willing to buy a painting or two. All Colbert's paintings are of nude women, very well executed, captivating and definitely erotic, but there are now only seventeen pictures. She did plan to exhibit some of Colbert's photographs as well, but it looks like that is not to be. She never received any of them anyway. Irena says that none of Colbert's paintings have yet sold, so the artist remains penniless. Unfortunately this the only way artists make money from the exhibit. Investigators who make an **Art** skill roll confirm that Colbert's works are far superior to the other works on display, and they would do well to purchase a painting or two as an investment. They are selling at between $25 and $50 apiece.

ANOTHER COLBERT EXHIBIT CLOSED

Lewd Paintings Raise Their Ugly Head in North Beach Gallery

Controversial artist Mr. Jonathon Colbert has had a second collection of his paintings closed in the small Russian Gallery of North Beach, again when the public complained about the lewd and immoral content of his work.

Russian immigrant and gallery owner Mrs. Irena Kreniak said she was disappointed that the public condemned the works of what she considers to be a very talented young man. However, public demand being as it is, she did agree to close the exhibit.

The eighteen paintings were amongst Colbert's earlier works, and were on sale to the public. Colbert himself was again not available for comment.

Beyond Papers #5

Investigators who mention the missing eighteenth painting catch Irena's attention. She says she still has that one, but it was something very different from his usual subject matter, and agrees to show them the painting. From the back of her storeroom, hidden under numerous blankets, she brings forth an extremely well executed painting of an old American Indian man with a bear skin over his head. An **Occult**, **History**, or **Anthropology** skill roll identifies this as a Grizzly Bear shaman of the Rumsen tribe who lived in San Francisco before the Spanish arrived. The picture however is very disturbing, as if it was real and that it would be very easy to step into it. The eyes of the shaman seem to follow individuals as they move about the room. Investigators who fail a **Sanity** roll lose 1D3 points for the experience.

Investigators brave enough to examine the painting closely notice that the dark background behind the Shaman consists of numerous sickly-hued spheres of varying sizes. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies this as a possible depiction of Yog-Sothoth. Irena quietly says that she hung this picture for a few hours, but too many of her patrons looked ill just from being in its presence. Irena will then ask if investigators have seen paintings of this subject matter before, because Grizzly Bear shamans turn up from time to time in other works. The last one was another disturbing painting from 1920, although she cannot recall the artist's name. She'll sell this Colbert painting to the investigators for $100.

It does not matter if investigators keep the painting intact or destroy it, since the painting has already served the purpose of allowing the last Grizzly Bear shaman to influence this world through Johnny Colbert.

If investigators ask if Colbert was dating anyone, or show Clarisse's photograph, Irena doesn't recognize the woman. She doesn't remember Colbert mentioning her, nor did he seem to be a man in love. "Russians have a tradition of knowing such things," she says.

Another **Persuade** roll (or an automatic success if a painting is purchased) will prompt Irena to offer more information on Colbert. The last time she saw him was over two weeks ago. At the time, he was very bitter and angry about the church and the industrialist elites, mumbling that he'd make them pay for their mistakes, and one day soon. She also remembers Colbert saying that he had a friend in the Tenderloin who had an idea for a new business venture which would make him a lot of money fast. A **Psychology** roll shows that she feels uncomfortable recounting this encounter, and if asked why, she says it was the way he said it that really scared her, as if he was going to do something stupid and dangerous.

Irena regrets that she does not have a photograph of Colbert to help

them find him. She will however, if asked to do so, call the investigators when Colbert turns up to collect his art, or pass on any calling cards investigators leave behind. However, in the proceeding course of events, investigators are likely to find Colbert first, since he won't show up here for many weeks to come, if at all, depending on how the scenario turns out.

California School of Fine Arts

800 Chestnut Street, Russian Hill

Investigators will easily track down Jonathon Colbert's lecturer, Professor Nicolas Robinson, at the California School of Fine Arts (see page 31), but actually speaking to him will prove to be more difficult. Attempts to interview Robinson during the day while classes are on will require a wait of 1D4 hours until he has a spare window of time between lectures. After hours he stays at his home in Nob Hill, and if interrupted there, Robinson will be most put out, only agreeing to see them in his office on the next working day if they succeed a **Persuade** or **Credit Rating** roll.

When investigators finally pin Robinson down, he does indeed have a few words to say about Colbert. The young man was a very gifted artist who was also popular with the girls, although they tended to fall more for him rather than the other way around. Robinson doesn't remember any of the young ladies that he dated, and wonders if Colbert did either. Robinson goes out of his way to point out that Colbert was arrogant, intense, and (in recent months) felt particularly victimized by the world at large. Colbert used to hang around student groups that proclaimed Bolshevistic beliefs, but Robinson is certain that Colbert wasn't the type to actually organize any protests or action meetings; he was too much the artist. If asked what he means, the Professor explains Colbert was moody and manic depressive, like many gifted artists, constantly in emotional pain, and in love with his art. He could barely organize himself enough to paint, let alone do anything practical or make any other kind of living except through his painting and photography. He talked a lot about revolutionary change, but that was all he did, talk.

If asked about his comments in the newspapers, Robinson explains that basically Colbert lied to him, claiming that he was going to display his landscapes rather than his nudes. Robinson had only seen a few of the nudes painted during Colbert's time as a student, and always encouraged him to steer away from this kind of depraved work, especially if he wanted to make a name for himself. Investigators who have successful **Psychology** rolls realize that Robinson is lying on this point. With a **Persuade** or an **Art** roll while stating something along the lines that they've seen Colbert's nudes and found them to be rather good, Colbert grudgingly admits he agrees, but he won't say so publicly because it is not worth losing his position at the school by doing so. Robinson does know that Colbert used to pay prostitutes from the French brothels on Ellis Street in the Tenderloin to pose for him. They were cheaper than the models available at the school. Robinson disparagingly hints that Colbert was probably into more than just painting the young ladies.

Professor Robinson has no idea where Colbert is now, and as far as he's concerned if they never meet again it's too soon. The only lead Robinson can give the investigators is the Marlowe Café, across the road from the college. It is a popular hangout for the students. One of them might know something.

If checked, the school records have a photograph of Colbert, which Robinson can arrange for the investigators to examine.

Professor Harold Colbert

Apartment 3, 1120 Clay Street, Nob Hill

Investigating Colbert's family turns up his parents, Professor Harold Colbert, a teacher at the Jesuit College, and his wife Judith. Both are still alive and well, and live quietly and comfortably in a small house in Nob Hill. Investigators receiving a successful **Occult** skill roll, or whose investigators who are academics themselves and make a **Know** roll recall that Professor Colbert is a leading authority on Medieval Symbolism. A second **Know** roll confirms that he is considered to be on the fringe on accepted doctrine, only just tolerated by his Catholic masters because of the suppositions he teaches.

Meeting Johnny's parents at their home, they are both happy to offer some initial information on their son, stating that he was doing well until the papers decided to victimize him with their bad press. Neither parent knows of his current whereabouts because they had a falling out, and have not spoken to him in several months. Professor Colbert says that he doesn't believe his son has picked a very fitting career path as an artist, but if an investigator succeeds in a **Psychology** skill roll, they realize the Professor isn't saying everything. The truth is he is afraid his son might be influenced by the Cthulhu Mythos, information which he will only share with the investigators if he gets to know them very well.

If investigators have been involved in previous investigations into the Mythos, then keepers might decide that Prof. Colbert has heard of their exploits, and says as much, but only recounting what could have conceivably been reported in the newspapers.

At some point during the conversation Judith breaks down and cries, excusing her self from the room. Once she disappears, Harold Colbert is willing to discuss further details, but first he wants to know their intentions. If it is to help his son, then Harold will aid them; otherwise, he wants

Marlowe Café

This small university café caters to the student population of the California School of Fine Arts. Investigators who ask patrons about Johnny Colbert who succeed in **Luck** roll get talking to a pretty young woman named Jane. She is finishing her final year, a year behind Johnny, and says they dated for a few weeks. She says that disparagingly. If asked to explain further, Jane says she didn't like it when he indecently proposed that she model for him nude. That was last year, but she saw him again recently (approximately a month or go, she's not sure), and he had changed. He was much more bitter, and there was something strange about his demeanor, as if he was sick or something. He didn't say much, only that his art was now being influenced by American Indian culture. The way he talked about his new work, it was like he was possessed or something. Jane hopes never to see Johnny ever again.

nothing to do with them. He is straightforward about this. Let the investigators tell their tale. If they tell him lies then give Harold a **Psychology** roll, and if he succeeds, he decides not to trust them and concludes the interview.

Colbert and his son fell out a long time ago and until he disappeared, they only barely tolerated each other. The Professor's sanity, shaken by what he has read and witnessed over the years, has affected his nerves. He has barely managed to maintain a relationship with his wife, let alone with his son. He knows nothing about his son's relationships with his teachers, fellow students or young ladies, although if he gains a favorable impression of the investigators, he will provide them with a photograph of Jonathon, dated from a year ago. He had hoped his son would become a banker or a lawyer, professions that were unlikely to draw him into the same shadowy world in which he lives. In his time Professor Colbert has seen too many artists touched by mad dreams of the Great Old Ones.

(If this scenario is to be set sometime after 1925, Colbert mentions that his son became extremely moody between late February and early April of that year. Investigators with successful **Idea** and **Cthulhu Mythos** rolls realize that these dates match the time that R'lyeh rose from the Pacific Ocean for a brief period of time. Professor Colbert has already made this connection, but would not readily share this information with the investigators.)

Investigators might learn of Prof. Colbert's true nature by examining some of the titles in his library, which includes *The Zanthu Tablets* and his own book, *Symbols of the Elders*. Under no circumstances will he lend these or any other of his books to the investigators. If he is mistrustful of the investigators, then both books will have vanished from his shelves the next time they visit. A **Spot Hidden** roll while examining the shelves reveals a space for a missing title amongst the books on American Indian culture. If asked what that book was, the Professor says it was *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans* by Pedro Maldonado, a rare collectors' item and he is saddened by its disappearance.

If Professor Colbert trusts the investigators, he says that the Maldonado tome was probably taken by his son. The last time they met, Jonathon proclaimed to have discovered a new-found interest in American Indian culture. Colbert is worried now, because this book contains information on Outer Gods and their minions, and holds dangerous information for those inexperienced in such matters. Later, if the investigators are desperate to view a copy of this book hoping to stop the Black Madness in the Tenderloin, Prof. Colbert knows that a second copy can be found at the Zebulon Pharr collection.

Professor Colbert's Library

Zanthu Tablets — Written by noted American archaeologist Harold Hadley Copeland in 1916 and printed by the Sanbourne Institute of Pacific Studies in Santiago, California. This slim 32-page brochure purports to be translations from carvings in black jade tablets discovered in Indo-China. References many Great Old Ones and Outer Gods, but contains no spells. This book is a gift from New York Mythos scholar Dr. Rudolph Pearson of Columbia University, with a little personal note from Pearson to Colbert in the front cover. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; average 8 weeks to study and comprehend/16 hours to study.*

Symbols of the Elders — Professor Harold Colbert's own book, also published by the Sanbourne Institute, which is an academic study of the pentacle throughout history and pre-history. Topics include the Ancient Egyptians and Ancient Chinese, who both used a five pointed star as a sigil warding against great evil. The Egyptians sometimes referred to this symbol as the Sign of Kish, while the Chinese called it a Star of Mnar. Contains the spell Elder Sign. *Sanity loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend/8 hours to study.*

The Tenderloin District

Eventually, the investigators should be drawn to the brothels, prostitutes, and crime of the Tenderloin, along Ellis Street in particular. If they cannot find Clarisse here, they might just find Johnny Colbert. Streetwise investigators will know they should be looking for a French restaurant, a common front for a brothel in San Francisco, only to discover dozens of them. See the section on "Sleaze" on page 104 for more information on the French brothels and the illicit activities of the Tenderloin.

Investigators can ask around on the streets if anyone has seen either Clarisse or Johnny. For each interviewee, allow the interviewing investigator's player a halved **Luck** roll, or a **Luck** roll at normal chance if the investigator has photographs of either Johnny or Clarisse to aid them. Since most people in the Tenderloin are always on the look out for opportunities, information might come at a price, of which $1D6+4 would not be unreasonable. If successful, they are directed to La Petit Prince where the person being questioned remembers seeing Johnny drinking at the bar, complaining about the Fascist industrialists who rule this city. Only a few remember seeing Clarisse, hanging off Johnny's arm when she was around, and more often than not she was intoxicated or high on opium. The last time anyone saw her was about a week a go, maybe less. One man remembers seeing a woman of her very description hiding out with some hobos in an alleyway, just around the corner. He can give directions.

Another Missing Woman

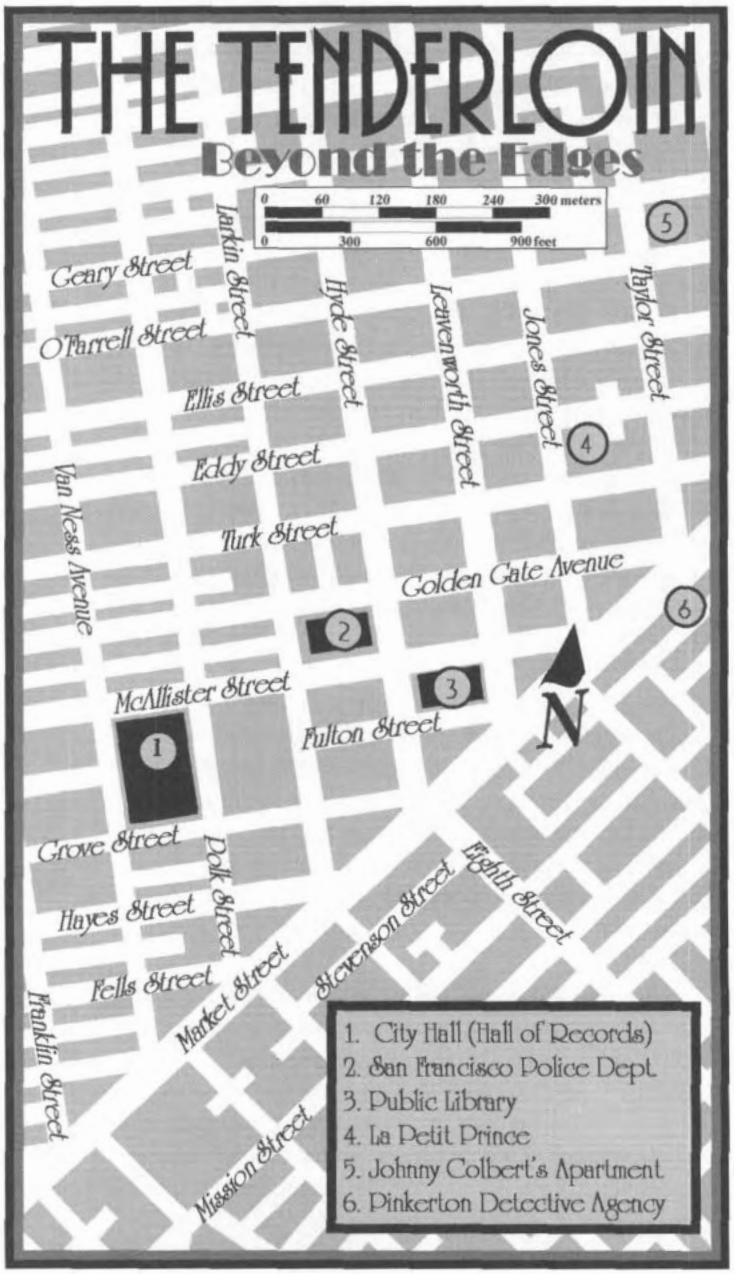
If the investigators follow the directions to the said alleyway, they disturb several sickly looking men and women; hobos. All wear smelly, tattered, and old clothes. Several grip tightly on flasks of spirits. As the investigators approach, they appear fearful, and if given the time and opportunity they will move on. If investigators state that they are here to help find a missing woman and succeed in a **Persuade** roll, or as a last resort offer money or alcohol, one wild-looking man says that they rescued a young pretty girl from an assault. He says she turned up naked several weeks ago, but she is crazy in the head, and no one can make any sense of what she says. They've done the best they can to care for her, but those who offer the most help seem to later vanish. No one knows why, but the homeless come and go all the time anyway. She is with them right now. The homeless men say if the investigators are concerned for her well-being, they should take her to a hospital.

This woman is one of the Cursed of Yog-Sothoth (see page 148), but she is withdrawn and nearly catatonic. Her only motivation is to scrounge for food and water, to sleep and to hide. She is not violent, and as she is withdrawn, she has not passed on the Black Madness to too many of the homeless here. These remaining homeless have dressed her in ill-fitting pieces of clothing, and her once pretty face is now dirty, bruised and cut, as is the rest of her body. Examining her with a successful **First Aid** or **Medicine** skill roll reveals that she is undernourished and weak, and should be hospitalized immediately. Her skin has a shadowy cast to it that cannot be explained. The homeless keep their distance from her because they believe she is infected with something. If investigators touch her skin, they may become infected with her condition (see later).

If taken to a hospital, the doctors and nurses who examine this woman quickly identify her condition as what is locally known as the "Black Madness". After a day or two, she is relocated to Napa State Hospital under the care of Doctor Hadley Barrows, who is a minor authority on this disease (see later in the scenario). This information is freely available to the investigators if they ask.

As for the identity of the woman, a day's leg-work checking missing person records with the police reveals

(continued on page 148)



Attacked by More Homeless

At some point during their wanderings in the Tenderloin the investigators will encounter the more violent of San Francisco's homeless infected with the Black Madness. When this happens exactly is up to the keeper to decide. The event occurs as investigators pass by a dark alleyway, and they observe several homeless men attacking someone or something. From the investigator's vantage point, it is impossible to see the victim because the people completely encircle their target. What can be seen are clubs fashioned from rusty pipes and broken splinters of wood fitted with jagged nails. As the clubs are raised up and down, blood can be seen splashing off into the air.

Any attempts to call off the attackers are ignored. Forcefully breaking up the crowd brings responses of blank stares and crazed expressions. Seen up close, the men and the few women are haggard, diseased and sickly, wearing dirty clothes and smelling of decay and old sweat. They are covered all in blackness, as if a deep shadow had permanently passed over their skin. Their eyes do not focus, their mouths are pits of blackness, and when they speak, they howl as if in pain or desperate for something. One speaks, "He . . m . . pl . . . , I ca.' . . . nd . . wa . . . . ho . . .", and then "Yo.- . . th . . h h . . s . . . e". What he's trying to say is "Help me please, I can't find my way home", and "Yog-Sothoth has me", which will be understood if a successful **Listen** roll is made.

If the homeless group is somehow dispersed, a mangled dog, bloody and broken, tries to run free. Unfortunately it doesn't get very far, since two legs are broken, one eye is a bloody, pulpy mess, and its intestines hang from its guts. In a few minutes it is dead. If left to their own devices, the homeless turn on the dog, tearing at its flesh, eating it as fast as they can. The horrible sight costs 1/1D4 Sanity points to witness.

If the investigators are touched by any of these people, then they are infected by the Black Madness (see later), but it is advised that keepers avoid having the investigators infected at this stage, or at least allow the majority of investigators to escape unscathed. There are still important clues for them to uncover.

Homeless Attackers

Assume all have the same statistics.

STR 10	**CON** 09	**SIZ** 12	**INT** 12	**POW** 10
DEX 09	**APP** 07	**EDU** 10	**SAN** 25	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Grapple 40%, damage none but victim must roll POW x2% or become infected with the Black Madness.
Club 20%, damage 1D6

Skills: Dodge 05%, Listen 0%, Spot Hidden 0%.

CURSED OF YOG-SOTHOTH, Lesser Independent Race

Not even an adult, and yet his breath smelled like a dumpster and the clothes he wore shone with grease from their years without a wash. He wasn't looking at her, but through her. Even his words sounded distorted, as if half of what he said was lost into the void. Inside his mouth were a few remaining yellow stained teeth amongst a blackness that seemed endless. It was if there was nothing inside him. That he truly walked amongst the lost souls of the world.

— David Conyers, "Vanishing Curves"

The Cursed of Yog-Sothoth are normal humans who have been infected with the Black Madness, an infection that is identifiable as a shadow over an entire person's body. This blackness seems to penetrate their insides as well, seen when they open their mouths. The Cursed exist in two dimensions, one in the dimension of the earth where all their senses are denied to them, and the other in a world of shifting bubbles and curved landscapes of grays, a dimension contained within Yog-Sothoth himself.

As a result of this lack of earthly perception, victims fall into a state where they become almost helpless. Since humans aren't the only objects to fall into Yog-Sothoth's netherworld, they still find bits of food, misplaced pets, and dirty water similarly transformed into their world, thus providing nourishment and liquids for the Cursed to survive, if just barely. The lower characteristics for the Cursed are reflective of those who have been trapped for some time, as their health has degenerated.

Although the Cursed can no longer perceive their own dimension, they can still attack, but do so wildly and without perceiving their attackers. The Cursed can be harmed physically in both dimensions. Anyone who comes into physical contact with the skin of a Cursed of Yog-Sothoth must roll POW x2 under D100. Otherwise, they themselves become infected. Over the next day or so, victims lose one magic point and a temporary 5 percentiles off all perception-based skills every two hours, until they reach a single magic point. During this time, the world begins to darken, sounds become distant, and touch becomes unreal, until their perception of this world is completely lost. At this point, as far as their senses are concerned, they are trapped inside Yog-Sothoth's realm and become one of the cursed.

CURSED OF YOG-SOTHOTH, Prisoners of the Curved Dimensions

Characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	2D6+1	8
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+1	8
APP	2D6+1	8
Move 6		**HP** 11

Av. Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Grapple 40%, damage none but victim must roll POW x2% or become infected with the Black Madness

Club 20%, damage 1D6

Armor: none

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: none normally, but witnesses who realize that the shadows over the Cursed of Yog-Sothoth's bodies are not natural lose 0/1D2 Sanity points.

continued from p. 146

that her name is Lucy Farnsworth, daughter of wealthy shipping magnate Arnold Farnsworth. Farnsworth does not wish to speak with the investigators, but does arrange for a reward of $600 for his daughter's safe return. All that the police will tell the investigators is that Farnsworth's rebellious daughter was taken by some artist in the Tenderloin, but their trail of clues ran dry. They thank them for their time.

La Petit Prince

282 Ellis Street, Tenderloin, Downtown

La Petit Prince is a French restaurant downstairs and a brothel upstairs. Open from 6pm until very late, downstairs is a noisy crowded restaurant, selling reasonable meals for $3 to $5, and alcoholic cocktails from $1 to $3 per glass. On any night, there could be up to seventy guests eating and drinking here. If investigators desire an upstairs private room, this can be arranged, but at a surcharge of $1 included in the price of everything ordered. Investigators who are familiar with Colbert's work and succeed in a **Spot Hidden** roll notice several of the painter's nudes hanging on the walls (a form of payment for the frequent use of the upstairs rooms when Colbert was short on cash). The most prominent picture is a portrait of Emperor Norton above the main entrance, dressed in all his splendid regalia.

If any of the waitresses are questioned about Colbert, they say (with fake French accents) they do not know such a man, but a **Psychology** roll detects that they are uncomfortable being asked such things. If the investigators are discrete and offer a generous tip, one waitress named Jeanne says that the man in question does frequent the restaurant, and if they hang around continuing to buy drinks from her, she'll let them know when he arrives. She also says that sometimes Colbert eats in the main restaurant, but mostly he heads straight upstairs with one of the ladies of the house.

The Man From Pinkerton

Staking out the restaurant for the night requires the constant purchase of drinks throughout the evening. After waiting an hour or more, any investigator's player who succeeds in a **Spot Hidden** roll notices another man conducting surveillance in the crowd. Investigators who are private detectives, or are with the police force who succeed in a **Know** roll recall that this man

is a private detective from the Pinkerton Agency. A critical success gives them a name, Mack Hornsby. If the investigators fail to notice him in time he'll spot them, and might ask to join them for a chat. If any of the investigators are private eyes, or if their photographs have been in any of the San Francisco newspapers of late, he'll recognize them.

Hornsby has been hired by a wealthy San Francisco property owner, Byrd Reece, to find his missing daughter Bridget, unseen for three days now. Bridget had an unnamed boyfriend who spends a lot of time drinking and whoring at La Petit Prince. So far he's connected her to a low-life criminal called Andy McKenzie who seems to be into some kind of blackmail operation with a former artist, now turned pornographic photographer. McKenzie was seen with Bridget two days ago dining in one of the upstairs salons. Hornsby's been here two nights now and so far he's seen no sign of either of them.

Mack Hornsby is offered as a wild card in this adventure. How he is presented to the investigators is up to the keeper, but it is suggested that if the investigators are having a hard time, Hornsby can steer them in the right direction with a clue or two. Conversely, if they investigators are having too easy a time, this detective can become a thorn in their side, suspecting their involvement in the disappearance of Bridget. He might start tailing them about town, checking out their backgrounds or, with his numerous contacts, stonewall their own investigations.

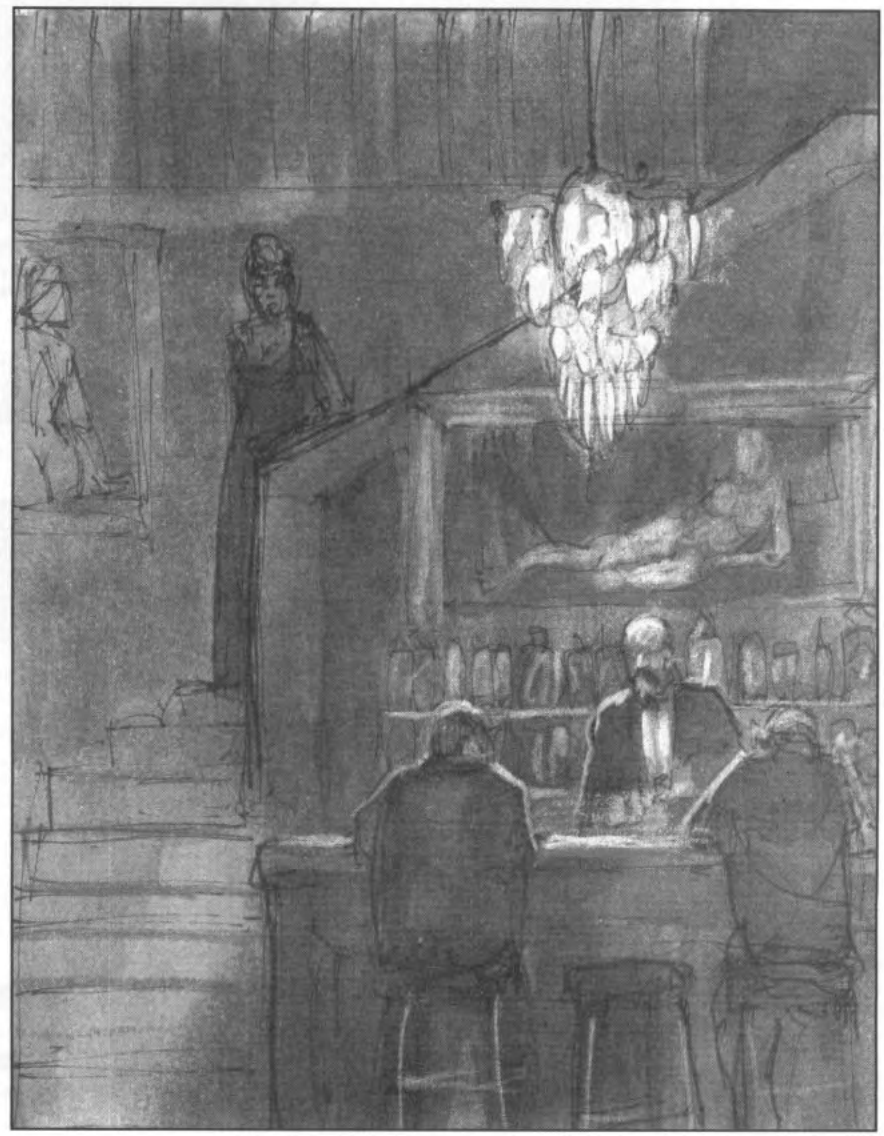
Investigators might wish to work with Hornsby. To do so they need to tell him the truth about what they have learned so far (Hornsby has a knack for detecting a lie when he's given one) and convince him of the merits of an alliance with a successful **Persuade** roll. The biggest clue he can offer concerns Andy McKenzie. If the investigators are upfront about their discoveries concerning Johnny Colbert, Hornsby is quickly convinced the two men must be working together.

If a working relationship is not to be, investigators may still discretely follow Hornsby on his investigations about town (requiring successful **Track** and **Hide** rolls). Hornsby is eventually going to learn where McKenzie lives, and so will investigate Colbert's apartment. He may lead the investigators here if they fail to pick up this lead themselves.

The Criminal Connection

During the days of Prohibition, prostitution and liquor walked hand in hand with a third companion; crime. La Petit Prince is no exception, run by a small criminal gang headed up by the business-savvy Parker Biggs.

Some time during the night, Biggs will catch on that the investigators (and Mack Hornsby if he is with them) aren't here for the food or the women, and so will sit with them unannounced while two of his heavies stand threateningly behind him. He is straight to the point, introducing himself as the owner and manager of this fine establishment, that he has been watching the investigators stake out his place (not true, a waitress finally told him what was going on) and he wants their promise that there will be no trouble tonight. If not, he'll cause them a lot of trou-



ble that they'll remember for a long time to come. If that doesn't convince the investigators, Biggs claims to have contacts with the tong (this is a lie). He then says he is a reasonable man, so will hear their story first before he decides to throw them out, and if it is a good story he might even forget about breaking their fingers.

If the investigators tell Biggs the truth, he says that Johnny Colbert is a valued customer and insists that they leave immediately. He is less complementary about Andy McKenzie if they mention his name only, but still asks them to leave nonetheless. At this point, a successful **Psychology** roll suggests that Biggs appears a little nervous, and that perhaps he has an investment in whatever scheme Colbert and McKenzie have cooked up.

If the investigators lie then it is up to the keeper to decide how convincing their story is, perhaps requiring a **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll to convince Biggs that their stakeout won't affect his business. Regardless of their story, if they stay, Biggs is likely to insist on what he calls a "spotters fee", up to a $100 if he can. If they don't pay, him he'll arrange to have one of his men mug them for the money at a later date.

Let the investigators negotiate for a while. The one thing that really scares Biggs is the Committee of Vigilance, whose members have come close to shutting him down in the recent past (see Page 25). Investigators that mention a connection to this group, even if untrue, will cause Biggs to back off. If the keeper feels that the investigators need a hand here, it could be Hornsby who makes the suggested connection, later explaining to investigators who don't know exactly what the Committee of Vigilance is. If Biggs does evict the investigators, a prostitute called Tiffany working at La Petit Prince can offer them sneak them in through the kitchen for a tip of $25. She doesn't like Biggs, feeling that he is too soft on some of the other ladies of the house.

If a fight breaks out, either fisticuffs or something more lethal, the police are anonymously called while the rest of the patrons flee the escalating chaos. Damages to the premise will be enough to make enemies out of Biggs for life, doubly so if he is arrested and charged. If any weapons are drawn and shots fired, or if someone is killed by an investigator, then word goes out on the street that the said investigator is a liability to organized crime in this city, and someone will attempt to assassinate them sooner or later. Even if an investigator is arrested, charged, prosecuted and imprisoned, that is not protection enough. Only moving out of the state will save this investigator now. Hopefully this encounter will not result in such drastic actions.

The most important piece of information the investigators can learn from observing Biggs is that his right hand seems to be covered in shadow, even when light shines directly upon his hand in the well lit restaurant. The anomaly is only noticed with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. If asked about it, Biggs dismisses the shadow as grime off the coat of a hobo he had to forcibly evict from the alleyway out the back. He'll say no more. But by tomorrow morning Biggs will have succumbed to the curse of Yog-Sothoth and the Black Madness, and will be met later in the scenario. Any investigators who get into a fist fight with Biggs might similarly become infected.

The Suspects Arrive

If the investigators manage to stick around and don't create a scene, around 10 pm Andy McKenzie shows up at

the bar. Hornsby will recognize him immediately, and if he is allied with the investigators will point him out to them. Otherwise, a **Spot Hidden** and a **Psychology** skill roll pinpoints a man that looks much more nervous than most customers (it is an illegal speakeasy and brothel after all, so everyone is a little uneasy). McKenzie continues to examine the room as if he suspects he is being followed. At one point he'll look the investigators way, but unless they do something that is suspicious he doesn't glance their way again. This is just a coincidence.

At the bar, McKenzie orders a drink and passes on extra money to the waitress serving him. She then disappears upstairs. Hornsby, if present, will want to wait to see who McKenzie is meeting or to follow after him to see where he goes next. After about ten minutes, the investigator's patience is rewarded as another man comes downstairs. By now, investigators should recognize this individual as Johnny Colbert, their missing artist. Assuming the two men aren't interrupted, they argue. A **Listen** roll overhears McKenzie say "I want the money now", and "I should never have trusted you" spoken repeatedly. Colbert eventually motions upstairs, as if the answer to their financial problems can be found there. At this point the two men disappear upstairs.

Several things can happen at this point. If at any time McKenzie or Colbert are spooked or threatened, they will flee into the night, splitting up, hoping to outrun any investigators who choose to pursue them. Use **CON** versus **CON** rolls; if McKenzie or Colbert get three successful rolls, they disappear into the night. If an investigator instead gets three successful rolls, they get close enough to attempt to grapple their foes. Shooting at McKenzie or Colbert might work, but leads to many complications with the law later, and should be avoided (it will come up in court that neither man was armed, so self-defense as a case will be a worthless plea). Hornsby, if given a choice, will go after McKenzie, since he knows more about this man than Colbert, and will assume investigators will go after their man anyway. Hornsby will not use his gun under any circumstance.

If McKenzie and Colbert head upstairs, the investigators can follow after them. If they are not discrete in their shadowing, or if Parker Biggs already knows of the investigators interest in these two men, then Biggs joins the chase with the intention of restraining and tossing out investigators while McKenzie and Colbert make their escape. Lots of **Hide** and **Sneak** rolls will be required to avoid this kind of unwanted confrontation.

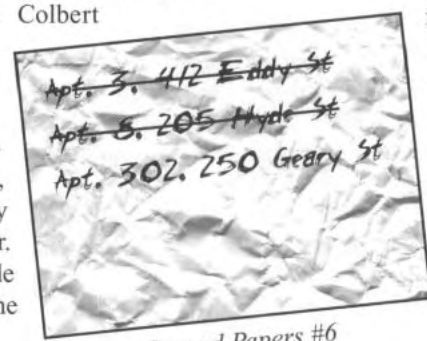
Upstairs in a discrete room especially put aside for them by Biggs, McKenzie and Colbert have been very busy. Investigators who have seen Mr. Whitman's photographs of his nude daughter recognize this as being the same room. Again, if McKenzie or Colbert are surprised up here they attempt to flee unless restrained. More on the background of these two characters is described later.

The two men are not the only people the investigators will find in the room. Passed out on the four poster double bed is a naked and attractive young lady, whom Hornsby will immediately recognize as Bridget Reece. There is a large camera on a tripod, several rolls of spent film, flashes, and a stash of opium, much of which has already been smoked. Bridget is unconscious. A **Medicine** or **First Aid** roll shows that she is intoxicated on drugs, while a second roll with the same skills brings her round. She remains barely aware of her surroundings, but does manage to state that she is cold, would like to go home now and that she has no idea where she is or what she has been doing for the last few hours. The best place for her right now is a hospital, and that is where Hornsby will take her, once he's wrapped her in his coat (if the investigators don't think to do so themselves first).

If Parker Biggs finds the investigators at the aid of the drugged Bridget, he stands back, allowing them to proceed unhindered. He'll even stop his own men, saying to them, "Can't you see that they're trying to do the right thing by the lady?" If Colbert or McKenzie are still present, he will beat them to within a few hit points of their life. Investigators should intervene, and can calm down Biggs with a successful **Persuade or Law** roll. **Fast Talk** or threats just anger him further. However, don't have Biggs kill either man accidentally just yet.

Investigators shouldn't need any prompting to work out what is going on, but if not, several clues in the room will confirm their suspicions:

- The used film, if properly developed with a **Photography** skill roll, are all of a drugged Bridget Reece, posing naked for the camera in this very room.
- Fingerprints in the room match those of Bridget, McKenzie, Johnny Colbert, Lucy Farnsworth, Clarisse Whitman, and several employees of the restaurant. McKenzie's and Colbert's fingerprints match those on their ransom note, and are the only fingerprints on the camera and film. Most of the latter prints however belong to Colbert.
- A **Spot Hidden** roll turns up a notepad which exactly matches the ransom note paper found in Whitman's study.
- A second **Spot Hidden** roll turns up a scrawled note, fallen under the bed where Colbert inadvertently dropped it. This note lists three addresses of three apartments, the first two of



Beyond Papers #6

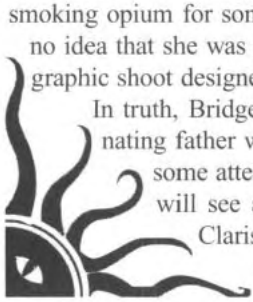
which are crossed out. Investigating the first two apartments turn up cheap properties in the Tenderloin area still seeking rental tenants, but the third has been recently been leased by Colbert and McKenzie under the assumed name of Robert Larks and Jason Middleton. See *Beyond Papers #6*.

What Bridget Reece Knows

Investigators are going to have to wait at least an entire day before Bridget is well enough to speak with them. When she does, she is grateful for their gallant efforts to rescue her, and talks on about how embarrassed they must have been to find her so inappropriately dressed. A successful **Psychology** skill roll suggests that in some ways she likes the implied intimacy such a situation generates. If any investigator was particularly brave that night, combined with a favorable report from Mack Hornsby if warranted, sees a bonus of $400 from her father paid to that investigator for helping to rescue his daughter. If investigators chose to speak to Bridget's father, he is in a very similar situation to Timothy Whitman, but otherwise can't add anything of use to the investigation. But like Whitman, he wants all evidence of the blackmail photographs destroyed before turning Colbert and McKenzie over to the police.

If investigators are responsive to Bridget's charms and remain friendly with her at all times, she asks them to dinner, takes them to social events, and otherwise does a lot to help increase an investigator's Credit Rating. However, this achieves nothing towards solving the case concerning Clarisse Whitman. Bridget doesn't respond to **Fast Talk** or **Persuade**, but heavy handed tactics and a liberal use of Law skill by pointing out that she might be obstructing justice gets her scared enough to talk.

When she does spill the beans, Bridget confesses that she was indeed dating Johnny. He seemed like a nice man when they first met, if not a little intense. He used to take her to all these wild parties at La Petit Prince and occasionally to other local speakeasies in the area, showing her, she says, how to become a free spirit. They'd been dating for about two weeks when Bridget found out Johnny was seeing another woman (she presumes this was Clarisse, which is correct), and was about to break it off when he must have drugged her against her will. At this point, investigators who make a **Psychology** skill roll realize she is lying. If confronted about this she says yes, she has willingly been smoking opium for some time, but who doesn't? She had no idea that she was going to be the subject of a photographic shoot designed to blackmail her father, however. In truth, Bridget is a little bit glad that her dominating father was forced into paying his daughter some attention at last. Investigators no doubt will see a similarity between Bridget's and Clarisse's personalities, which is exactly why Johnny picked her.



The most useful piece of information Bridget can give the investigators is Colbert's apartment address if they have not managed to put him into custody already. It is the same address as the one not crossed out on *Beyond Paper #6*. Almost in passing, the last thing Bridget will say to the investigators is to be careful, as she's heard stories that anyone who spends too long in Johnny's company might vanish off the face of the earth. She thought it was all stories, but after the events of the previous night, now she is not so sure. He has dark eyes, didn't you notice?

Colbert's Apartment

Apartment 302, 250 Geary Street, Tenderloin

The investigators are most likely to encounter Johnny Colbert and Andy McKenzie at this address, but even if they have already questioned them, they might wish to check the apartment for clues anyway.

Colbert and McKenzie are two men from very different walks of life, drawn together by mutual benefit. Part of their plan was a decision to share this dark, dingy, four-roomed apartment. Inside, smells of rotting food and pungent body odor permeate the place. Electricity works, but if this is wintertime, the heating does not. The small wood fireplace shows some recent use. The door is not that sturdy (STR 15), and the locks are easier than most to pick (**Locksmith** skill at twice normal chance).

Neither men being particularly smart, if McKenzie and Colbert avoided the investigators at La Petit Prince, then they will eventually return here. It is entirely possible that the investigators stumble upon the two men in a heated argument about how all their plans to blackmail prominent industrialists of San Francisco has gone horribly wrong, again. They haven't made any money yet, and now there are private investigators on their tail.

Although Colbert is spreading the Black Madness from his touch, it has not affected McKenzie, because the two never come into physical contact.

Cornering and restraining either man is the only way to get them to talk, and then only responding to threats. **Persuade** and **Fast Talk** won't work, but **Law** or **Psychology** might. McKenzie has nothing useful to say, and will spend most of his time threatening to set one of the tong gangs onto the investigators (a trick he imitates from Parker Biggs). Johnny will consider the investigators to be little more than tools of the Fascist industrialists who control the city. Both will deny their involvement in blackmail despite the blatant evidence.

With a little bit of pressure, the one thing of any use that Johnny will say is that the last time he saw Clarisse was at La Petit Prince after they'd spent a few hours together. He was planning to stop seeing her after that anyway, since he was bored with her. He has no idea where

she is now, nor does he care. He goes on to say she was stealing things from his apartment, like the other women he's been dating recently, since a lot of their possessions have disappeared (this is not actually true, as many items disappear because of Colbert's touch, propelling them into Yog-Sothoth's realm).

Keepers should keep in mind that both men are addicted to illicit substances, so they'll lie, cheat, and behave irrationally (even violently) to do what it takes to ensure they get their next hit.

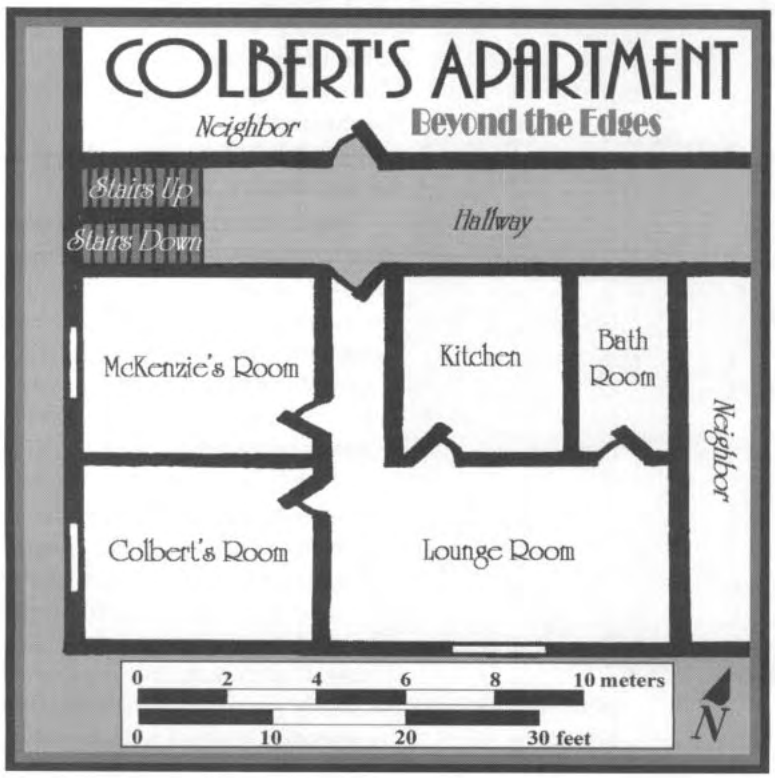
Lounge Room: This room is a mess, with clothes and dishes strewn everywhere. The single lounge chair has holes and exposed springs, and if the putrid smell behind it is investigated, a dead rat is discovered. On the small dining table are several half empty bottles of Canadian liquor, numerous glasses, and a small stash of opium, along with pipes for smoking it. There is enough opium in this room alone to lock Johnny and McKenzie in the slammer for at least a year. On the table is a notepad, envelopes, and pen which matches those of the blackmail letter. There is a small fireplace with some burnt pages from a book.

Kitchen: Worse than the lounge room, nothing here is clean, and food scraps litter all free surfaces. When it rains, water drips from the ceiling into half-empty buckets and saucepans. No one in this house does any cleaning, and now that the kitchen is in the state it is, neither man eats here either. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll or a deliberate search of the bin turns up the missing copy of *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans*, burnt with most of the pages destroyed (other surviving papers are in the Lounge Room fireplace). What is legible is not worth reading. McKenzie, not considering books to be important, used it to keep the fire going on a very cold night a few weeks back. Johnny of course was furious.

Colbert's Room: The tidiest room in the house is still a mess, with clothes, art books, film, paint brushes, paper, and paint scattered everywhere. Several sketches hang on the wall, mostly of nude or semi-dressed women. A few sketches are of Grizzly Bear shamans, titled "My Nightmare I", "My Nightmare II" and so on. All the depicted shamans are disturbing, as if the subject of the picture is actually looking back at the observer. They are all recent illustrations, and are of the same shaman in the painting at the Russian Gallery.

Another single picture is of numerous spheres layered one on top of the other titled *Yog-Sothoth*. Examining this picture shows that the composition is all wrong, but the investigator is not sure why. With a successful **Idea** roll, an investigator studying this illustration is drawn into it, and suddenly perceives the picture as if seen from multiple viewpoints. This only occurs for a few seconds, but it is disturbing enough to cost 0/1D3 Sanity points and an increase in Cthulhu Mythos by 1 percentile.

Amongst numerous love letters written to Colbert from various women (mostly students from the School of Fine Art and including Bridget Reece and Lucy Farnsworth) is one from Clarisse Whitman (*Beyond Papers #7*), dated one day before the investigators were hired by Clarisse's father. Clarisse wrote the letter at La Petit Prince; she would never deem meeting Johnny in this apartment.



McKenzie's Room: In a similar state of uncleanness to the rest of the house, but devoid of furniture, other than a bed and a small cupboard of smelly, dirty clothes. McKenzie keeps a stash of $300 sewn into his mattress, found only with a halved normal **Spot Hidden** skill roll. He sleeps with his switchblade under his pillow, but is unlikely to hear intruders when sleeping, due to his loud snoring, or his intoxication with opium.

Bathroom: Functional but unpleasant. Investigators are advised to use gloves.

The Black Madness

A major line of investigation concerns the black, shadowy stains that have affected the homeless of the Tenderloin, Lucy Farnsworth, Clarisse Whitman, and now Parker Biggs. Investigators researching

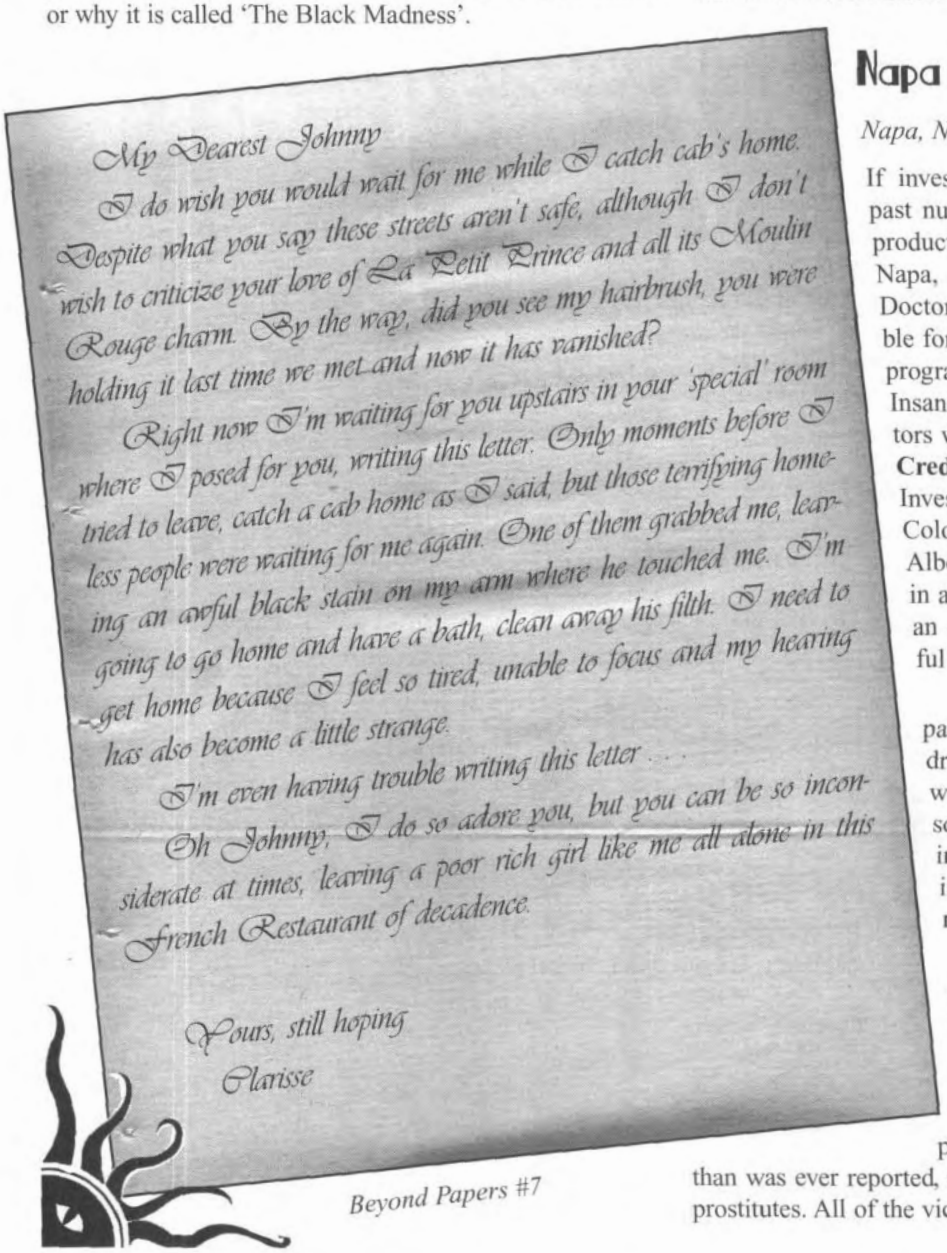
back issues of San Francisco newspapers for references to black stains find nothing. However, if they spend half a day checking medical journals at either the Public Library or in the records of one of the many hospitals in the city, they discover with a successful **Library Use** roll that cases referred to as "The Black Madness" have been reported in the Tenderloin area over the years.

Early symptoms include a stain on the skin, appearing like a shadow that spreads across the entire body within the space of a day or two. The majority of the reported victims have been ladies of the streets and the homeless. After learning this information, any investigator with a successful Idea roll realizes that most cases were diagnosed at St Mary's Hospital. A second **Library Use** discovers that recorded outbreaks of the epidemic have occurred in 1877, 1889, 1894, 1911, and 1920. However, nothing in any of the journals actually describes the later effects on the victims, or why it is called 'The Black Madness'.

At St. Mary's Hospital, investigators will need to demonstrate medical qualifications to access the records, or failing that, convince the duty staff with a **Law** roll that they have the legal right to do so. Whatever the outcome, investigators will not be able to view individual patient records, since this is confidential information.

Once access is gained, a couple of hours research with another successful **Library Use** roll confirms what was already learned in the journals, and that the "Black Madness" also causes hallucinations and psychosis; after a few days, victims become totally unaware of where they are or who they are. None of the patients recovered, and most were moved to Napa State Hospital for the Insane.

Further research turns up a little more information. A similar disease was recorded in 1898 in the inner suburb of Clifton Hill in Melbourne, Australia, suggesting that this is not a local disease, but a global pandemic.


My Dearest Johnny

I do wish you would wait for me while I catch cab's home. Despite what you say these streets aren't safe, although I don't wish to criticize your love of La Petit Prince and all its Moulin Rouge charm. By the way, did you see my hairbrush, you were holding it last time we met and now it has vanished?

Right now I'm waiting for you upstairs in your 'special' room where I posed for you, writing this letter. Only moments before I tried to leave, catch a cab home as I said, but those terrifying homeless people were waiting for me again. One of them grabbed me, leaving an awful black stain on my arm where he touched me. I'm going to go home and have a bath, clean away his filth. I need to get home because I feel so tired, unable to focus and my hearing has also become a little strange.

I'm even having trouble writing this letter . . .

Oh Johnny, I do so adore you, but you can be so inconsiderate at times, leaving a poor rich girl like me all alone in this French Restaurant of decadence.

Yours, still hoping

Clarisse

Beyond Papers #7

Napa State Hospital

Napa, Napa County

If investigators travel 35 miles upstate past numerous wineries (closed to wine production due to the Prohibition) to Napa, they can arrange to meet with Doctor Hadley Barrow, who is responsible for the state's Committee in Lunacy program at Napa State Hospital for the Insane. He will only speak to investigators who prove their credentials with a **Credit Rating** or **Medicine** skill roll. Investigators who have played "The Colour of his Eyes" will find that Dr. Albert Van Hyne might be able to put in a good word for them, opening up an opportunity for a more meaningful conversation with Barrow.

Inside the asylum, investigators pass numerous wards with patients dressed in dirty white robes, most with blank, pained expressions, and some with rage behind their watching eyes. See page 33 for more information on the overcrowded nature of this institution.

Once willing to talk, Barrow does remember the last outbreak of the "Black Madness", which occurred in 1920. Almost all the cases involved citizens of the Tenderloin district, and he suspected many more had the disease than was ever reported, mostly amongst the homeless and prostitutes. All of the victims died within a week or two of

contracting the disease because they refused to eat or drink, behaving as if they are being assaulted if force fed. However, he has heard stories of hobos in the Tenderloin lasting months or years with the disease. He can't explain why this is. What he also can't explain is how the disease is passed on. In the Tenderloin, the Black Madness seemed to be highly contagious, but once patients were taken out of the area they no longer passed on the symptoms. Just in case this disease was a hereditary problem, most patients diagnosed with the Black Madness were sterilized, as is common practice in many Californian asylums.

If the investigators rescued Lucy Farnsworth, she will eventually end up in Barrow's care. Her symptoms are identical to the Black Madness, and she is refusing to eat or drink, responding violently if she is forced to do so. Barrows is fearful that she will die within a week if they can't do something about her sad state of affairs. Unfortunately there is almost nothing the investigators can do for Farnsworth, except take her back to Tenderloin, enter Yog-Sothoth's realm and try to rescue her there, bringing her back with them.

Investigators receiving a halved **Know** or **Medicine** skill roll might question why this disease has not been better documented. If Barrow is asked why this is so, he states this is probably because the disease as peculiar as this cannot readily be explained, and thus no one in the medical or psychological profession wishes for their reputation to be tainted by writing a paper about it. Victims show no physical sign of change, and while all their senses remain physically intact, they become completely unaware of their surroundings. The reason it is called the Black Madness is because victims seem to be shroud in a shadow, referred by others as a black stain, and no light will dispel it. He does have an interesting transcripts from an 'interview' — more a mad rambling, he says — from a victim of the 1920 outbreak whose identity for legal reasons will remain confidential (*Beyond Papers #8*). He knows nothing about the strange words mentioned by the patient, and is certain that they are not from a foreign language since this victim has no prior history of ever learning other dialects besides English. Other victims, Barrow notes, also mentioned the same words.

Yog-Sothoth & Grizzly Bear Shamans

Diligent investigators will sooner or later seek out references to Yog-Sothoth and the Grizzly shaman. They quickly discover that information on Yog-Sothoth is difficult to come by, if not completely absent. However general background on Grizzly Bear shamans is easy to uncover; with a successful **Library Use** and a couple of hours study, investigators learn everything found in the section on Natives in the "History of San Francisco" chapter (see pages 9-11). Further research turns up the following, with each piece of information discovered with a successful **Library Use** roll and half an hour spent searching.

- The Ohlone people who lived on the Peninsula believed that the Grizzly Bear shamans could curse people by covering their victim's skin in shadow. This would drive the victim's mad by sending their mind into the spirit realms, while their body remained trapped on this earth. Displaced, the victims often only survived a period of months.
- Ceremonies of the Grizzly Bear shamans were recorded in a region of the San Francisco Peninsula called Pebble Hill. These shamans seemed to know how to avoid the curses that plagued this area, but everyone else who entered this place was taken by the shadow curse.

DR. BARROWS: Now, tell me what you see?

PATIENT: (interrupting) the spheres, the curves, endless and everywhere. The spheres, the spheres, the sphere . . .

DR. BARROWS: What can you tell me about . . . ?

PATIENT: (interrupting) It has me, please it has me . . . If someone is there, please help me . . .

DR. BARROW: Who do you think . . . ?

PATIENT: (interrupting) Iím lost, Iím mad. Oh my God please someone, save me. The source! The source!

DR. BARROWS: Can you hear me? Do you even perceive that I am here?

PATIENT: Yog-Sothoth! Yog-Sothoth! The source, itís the only way! If only the Grizzly Shaman will let me.

Beyond Papers #8

What Barrows Doesn't Know

What Doctor Hadley Barrow doesn't know about the Black Madness is quite a lot, but this is understandable, because the disease is actually the symptoms of a partial transference into the realm of Yog-Sothoth. Victims tend to survive inside the realm around the Tenderloin because scraps of food, water and other bits and pieces also become lost here, transported into Yog-Sothoth's realm where they are found by the infected. Away from the Tenderloin such scraps never cross over. Similarly, the disease can only be spread by touch while in the Tenderloin area, where Yog-Sothoth's influence is still felt. This is why none of the doctors, nurses, or orderlies examining the victims have similarly been infected.

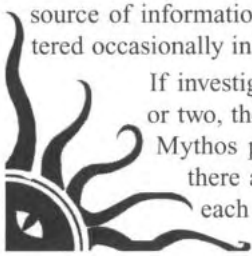
- The Grizzly Bear shamans could command "Vanishing Spirits" which could propel them in and out of the spirit realm at will. The reference claims that the particular shaman ceremony had been recorded in the text *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans* by Pedro Maldonado in 1781, a Franciscan Monk. However, that book is not available at any of the libraries the investigators check. Searching the resources reveal that the copy of Maldonado's book referenced is held at the Zebulon Pharr Collection, Marin County.
- Investigators find a reference in a copy of Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*. He recounts a San Francisco legend concerning Grizzly Bear shamans who never actually die, but are transformed into the spirit world where they wander forever. They can only be brought back into the earthly realm by what he calls sympathetic magic, in this case by creating depictions of the shamans. Such shamans could only be permanently dispelled by murdering them in the spirit realms.

If investigators research old maps or in books on the geography of San Francisco, they discover that Pebble Hill is in the center of what today is known at the Tenderloin district. This information is not enough to pinpoint Pebble Hill on a modern day map.

If they think to do so, the investigators can discover, by researching the histories of past art collections at the various galleries around town, that some of the displays that took place in 1894, 1889 and 1911 included depictions of American Indian shamans. These dates match those of the earlier Black Madness outbreaks.

Investigators who wish to spend the time to research Australian Aboriginal legends from Melbourne find a similar legend, concerning a "shadow madness" which was suffered by the Kurun people. It was believed that its victims were trapped in the deathless realms of the Dreamtime. The only known cure was to find the source and battle the demons found there, until a passage back to the waking world was won. Unfortunately, the Kurun succumbed to the diseases and alcoholism exposed to them by the white settlers. As a result, they were nearly extinct by 1849, only fifteen years after the founding of Melbourne, and so the full extent of this legend was never recorded.

Searching for references to Yog-Sothoth in San Francisco libraries turns up nothing. However, further references to the Zebulon Pharr collection as a potential source of information on Yog-Sothoth will be encountered occasionally in sources, references and lists.



If investigators have access a Mythos tome or two, there is a chance equal to the tome's Mythos percentile increase times five that there are two references to Yog-Sothoth, each discovered with half a day's reading and a successful skill roll in the language of the particular tome (see *Beyond Papers #9* and *Beyond Papers #10*). If they own a copy of *The Necronomicon* see the latter reference from this particular tome.

The Zebulon Pharr Collection

Muir Beach, Mount Tamalpais, Marin County

Investigators may seek out this collection to learn more about Yog-Sothoth and to find a copy of *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans* held here. Obtaining the actual address of this organization proves impossible, but a **Library Use** or **Law** skill roll does uncover that the Zebulon Pharr estate is managed by the San Francisco legal firm Coutts and Winthrop. Calling the firm gets the response that they will only accept written applications accompanied by "an appropriate referee". Any such letters sent with an inappropriate reference receives a response in a few days along the lines that the references supplied do not meet the terms of the late Mr. Pharr's last will and testament, and that they are therefore unable to grant access to the collection. Details on Pharr's collection can be found on page 79 in "Chapter 5: Greater Bay Area" which also describes several people in San Francisco potentially known to the investigators who might be the appropriate referee.

If they don't know anyone appropriate, then the investigators are going to have to rely on someone from this adventure, and the only candidate available is Professor Harold Colbert. He does have access to the collection, and might conceivably help investigators gain access, but only if their intentions are honorable and only if they manage to stop Timothy Whitman from putting his son in jail. Whether

Beyond Papers #9

> *Yog-Sothoth* is the key and the gate. *Yog-Sothoth* is space and time. *Yog-Sothoth* above all else is the point where dimensions intersect. People who know *Yog-Sothoth* become lost here, as *Yog-Sothoth* takes them, imprisoning them forever amongst his vanishing curves and shifting spheres.

Beyond Papers #10

> *Yog-Sothoth has a core, where dimensions intersect and transformations can be achieved. Yet sometimes the transformation is not always complete, and we remain trapped in both realms. To be displaced between two realms is a greater hell than to be wholly transformed in a dimension not of one's choosing.*

they like it or not, the investigators are going to be the middlemen in this conflict and their skills in negotiation will be tested. Prof. Colbert won't budge on his requirements, but Mr. Whitman might eventually be convinced that the safety of his own daughter is far more important than insisting that a failed artist pays for his crimes. However, convincing Mr. Whitman that an old book in a private collection will help find is daughter will be a difficult task, but if the investigators safely recover Clarisse who now has the Black Madness, Mr. Whitman might be more easily convinced.

Once the investigators receive a reference from Professor Colbert (or some other appropriate individual), a day or two later they will be contacted by Randolph Coutts (see page 78), who will drive them out to the collection. They are given access to *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans* which they can study that day. If investigators are looking for specific references to Pebble Hill and succeed in an **Other Language: Spanish** skill roll, they find a specific reference in the book (*Beyond Papers #11*), but at the cost of the 1D3 Sanity points for skimming the book. A second and third **Spanish** skill roll, combined with an **INT x3** roll allows them to learn the spells Envoke the Spirit of Pebble Hill (Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth) and Envoke the Walking Ghost of Pebble Hill (Summon/Bind Dimensional shambler). After skimming the book, any investigator that hasn't already worked it out on their own can make a **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll to determine that the spirits of Pebble Hill refer to the Outer God Yog-Sothoth. Any investigator who studies the spell Envoke the Spirit of Pebble Hill (Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth) realizes that the description of Pebble Hill includes a large stone monument at its center, required to summon this Outer God.

Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans

This book was written in Spanish in 1781 by Pedro Maldonado, a Franciscan Monk. This text contains observations of the Costanoans, Miwok and Ohlone tribes of the Bay Area, while later chapters concern the Grizzly Bear shamans and their magical rituals. The conclusion of the book mentions Pebble Hill, stating that all the tribes considered this area to be haunted by evil spirits, and yet it remained sacred to the Grizzly Bear shamans. It also mentions that Grizzly Bear shamans can only be summoned when a representation of them is made in the earthly realm and then seen by many people. The book contains two spells, Envoke the Spirit of Pebble Hill (Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth) and Envoke the Walking Ghost of Pebble Hill (Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler). *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend/8 hours to skim.*

Excerpt from Chapter 18: The Grizzly Bear Shamans

The Costanoani, Miwok, and Ohlone tribes of the Bay Area all knew that the Grizzly Bear shamans conducted their magical rites at a place called Pebble Hill, and that this place was a source of great and terrible spirits of evil. These spirits stole the minds of those who entered their territory, although this was a phenomenon that only occurred for short periods of time, usually every three to eight years. The Grizzly Bear shamans who worshiped the spirits of Pebble Hill could invoke these great and terrible beings, known as the Key and the Gate. Yet somehow, the shamans were immune to the sickness associated with Pebble Hill, holding high their blades of pure metal and calling forth terrible demons which they called Walking Ghosts, demons that could carry them between the earth and the spirit realms. It was said that the only way to counter the curse was to willingly enter the realm of the spirits, and find the path at the source which showed the way back.

Beyond Papers #11

Investigators who have gone out of their way to assist Professor Colbert, and have confided in him the nature of what they seek will be told of a further reference which might be of use to them, a passage from the copy of the *Necronomicon* held in the Pharr Collection. Colbert will pass this information on to Randolph Coutts, who at the day's end will show the investigators into an inner room. From a locked chest he brings forth a very ancient volume of Olaus Wormius's translation. He will open the book to the page specified to him by Prof. Colbert, which is in Latin. If investigators cannot read it themselves, he will translate. This passage is provided in *Beyond Papers #12*. Reading this passage is disturbing, and costs investigators 1D3 points of Sanity, while providing them with +1% to their Cthulhu Mythos score (except for anyone who has already read this terrible book — they know too much already!).

More News on Parker Biggs

A few days after their encounter at La Petit Prince, one investigator notices an article concerning the disappearance of Parker Biggs (*Beyond Papers #13*). If nothing else the article should further convince investigators that there is a growing urgency in solving the mystery of the Black Madness. If the investigators follow up the article with any police contacts known to them, they find that the officer in charge, Detective Samuel Morehouse, has nothing else that he can add. In fact he is stumped because all his leads so far have proved to come up empty.

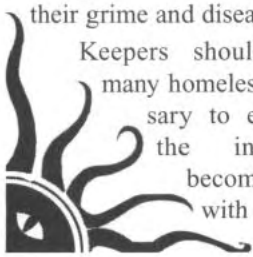
Return to The Tenderloin

To find Clarisse Whitman the investigators will have to return to the Tenderloin

district and search the area close to La Petit Prince. Asking on the streets again generally brings blank stares, even if the investigators have a photograph of Clarisse. However, after 1D3 hours, give the investigator with the highest POW a **Luck** roll, and if successful, a newspaper delivery boy named Justin does recall seeing a woman of Clarisse's description a couple of days ago, only he says she wasn't pretty and proper like she is in their photograph. Rather, she was dressed in rags, fumbling through garbage looking for food. The boy then appears nervous, and if pressed with a successful **Persuade** roll, says that she was more than just homeless; she was crazy, wild, like she'd lost her mind. The paper boy can provide directions to the abandoned yard where he saw her.

Following the directions, the investigators do indeed find the abandoned yard in question. It is dark and foreboding place, full of litter and rubble from a house that once stood here many years ago, thus providing plenty of places to hide. Three sides of the yard are surrounded by high buildings, and there are several narrow passages leading out. Give each investigator's player a **Spot Hidden** roll, but the one who rolls lowest eventually finds Clarisse, tired, dirty, cut, bruised and mostly terrified, huddled in a corner. Investigators will easily see that she is covered in the stains of the Black Madness, while a **Medicine** roll shows she is in need of immediate medical attention. If investigators call out or otherwise attempt to gain her attention she does not hear nor see them. If they touch her or try to lift her to carry her out she screams so loudly her voice can be heard far away.

This noise draws the attention, of more homeless infected with the Black Madness, (see page 147 earlier in this scenario for statistics on these attackers). They swarm out of the dark corners and narrow passages, advancing *en masse* towards the investigators. In truth they only see Clarisse, and stumble into the investigators who get in their way. They block every possible escape route, their hands and bodies press hard against the investigators, covering them in their grime and diseases.



Keepers should use as many homeless as necessary to ensure that the investigators become infected with the Black Madness themselves. Although contrived, such a course of action ensures that the narrative of this scenario can be fully explored and hopefully satisfactorily completed. While this is an important scene, if a player is adamant to ensure that they do not become infected, do not force unrealistic circumstances upon them so that well conceived countermeasures fail.

On the other hand, some investigators may willingly wish to enter Yog-Sothoth's realm, particularly if they are armed with the spells and knowledge to find their way back home again. They may really know what needs to be done, and these will be exceptional players.

Interstices Between the Planes

At some point most, or all of the investigators should eventually succumb to the Black Madness. When this occurs is partially up to the keeper and partially determined by player actions. Like most *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios, the more research that the investigators have done before they enter the scenario's climax, the more likely it is that they will survive and find a way back home.

Beyond Papers #12

English Translation From an Excerpt of Olaus Wormius' Latin Translation of the Necronomicon;

Nor is it to be thought that man is either the oldest or the last of earths masters, or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know, but ***between*** *them, they walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *knows the gate.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *is the gate.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in* ***Yog-Sothoth****. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again. He knows where They have trod earth's fields, and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread. By Their smell can men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know,* ***saying only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind;*** *and of those are there many sorts, differing in likeness from man's truest eidolon to that shape without sight or substance which is* ***Them****. They walk unseen and foul in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at their Seasons. The wind gibbers with Their voices, and the earth mutters with Their consciousness. They bend the forest and crush the city, yet may not forest or city behold the hand that smites. Kadath in the cold waste hath known Them, and what man knows Kadath? The ice desert of the South and the sunken isles of Ocean hold stones whereon Their seal is engraven, but who hath seen the deep frozen city or the sealed tower long garlanded with seaweed and barnacles? Great Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet can he spy Them only dimly.* ***Iä! Shub-Niggurath!*** *As a foulness shall ye know Them. Their hand is at your throats, yet ye see Them not; and Their habitation is even one with your guarded threshold.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *is the key to the gate, whereby the spheres meet. Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now. After summer is winter, after winter summer. They wait patient and potent, for here shall They reign again.*

However the transformation into Yog-Sothoth's realm takes time, at least a day and sometimes longer. Each infected investigator loses one magic point and a temporary 5% off all perception-based skills every two hours. The world slowly becomes darker and greyer, seen more and more often as curves and less and less with angles and corners. Strangely, when investigators look at each other they appear not moving out of focus, and so remain as clear, crisp images. This is a terrifying process and costs 1/1D6+1 Sanity points when the investigators first realize what is happening to them. When a single magic point is left the transformation is complete, and the investigators find themselves inside Yog-Sothoth's realm. They might still have a day in which to do some final research before they are lost, time that might save their lives later.

The other unfortunate aspect of this transformation is that if investigators do not remain in the Tenderloin area they really have no chance of survival. If they stay away, keepers might engineer it so that an ally such as Profesor Colbert or Mack Hornsby carries them back to the Tenderloin, misguidedly hoping to help them find a cure to their aliment. Investigators who go insane may also gain an insight that they must return to the Tenderloin if they have any hope of escape.

Yog-Sothoth's Domain

When the investigators complete their transformation, they find themselves in a world of endless grey bubbles stretching in every direction, their distance and size impossible to gauge as if they stretch on in every direction for eternity. Gravity seems to apply only to the investigators, not to the bubbles that move in all directions, randomly shrinking and growing, vanishing and appearing. Sometimes a huge bubble hundreds of feet across which appears to be miles away is actually very small and can be touched, although nothing is felt. Other times, the bubbles move so fast vertigo affects the investigators, who apart from their perception, are unaffected by these strange velocities.

The unseen world around the investigators feels solid, but they cannot perceive anything, as if they stand in mid-air above nothing. When the investigators first arrive they find this realm disturbing and disorientating, costing them 1D2/1D10 points of Sanity. Any investigator who goes insane makes a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll will realize they are inside the realm of Yog-Sothoth, and are now beyond space and time as we understand it. The only thing that remains clear to the investigators will be their own bodies, their clothes and each other.

Strange Encounters

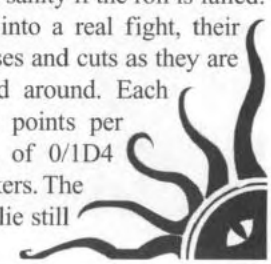
The investigators aren't the only people lost in this realm, for numerous citizens of the Tenderloin have also been lost here over the years. It just happens that the investigators are now part of an epidemic. Apart from people, animals and even dimensional-traveling monsters occasionally visit. The following are some strange encounters for investigators that can be used to further expose them to this strange world. Keepers should feel free to add others of their own devising.

Dead Birds Falling

Investigators who succeed in a **Spot Hidden** roll notice a flock of sparrows flying through the air. They stop dead in mid-flight and fall to the earth around the investigators. Most are dead when they reach the invisible ground, but some still twitch with broken necks and other bones. Seeing this costs the investigators 0/1D3 points of Sanity. Back in Earth's dimension, these birds were affected by the Black Madness, but because they cannot see where they are flying, flew straight into a building.

The Fight

Back in Earth's dimension, the investigators get into a fight with some thugs, an encounter they are unable to see in this world. It begins as one investigator beings to be shaken around by an unseen force, then pushed over for 1D2 points of damage. Then the same thing happens to another investigator. This is a scary experience, costing 1D2 points of sanity if the roll is failed. After that, the investigators get into a real fight, their chests and faces developing bruises and cuts as they are punched and kicked and jostled around. Each investigator then loses 1D3 hit points per round and another Sanity loss of 0/1D4 points due to these invisible attackers. The best way to stop the attacks is to lie still



ANOTHER VANISHED PERSON IN THE TENDERLOIN

CONTROVERSIAL RESTAURANTEUR PARKER BIGGS STILL MISSING

Mr. Parker Biggs, owner and manager of La Petit Prince, a "French" restaurant in the Tenderloin District, has been missing for several days, and police now suspect foul play. Mr. Biggs, who has a colorful past consisting of numerous misdemeanors, has not been seen for some time. He has many known enemies, and police are now working under the assumption that he may be the victim of a revenge killing.

A day before Mr. Biggs' disappearance, he reportedly complained of headaches, poor vision and tingling skin, which police are presuming were signs that he was either drugged or poisoned. Mr. Biggs was last seen walking away from his restaurant late at night after what is believe to have been an unrelated yet confrontational incident involving several irregular guests.

Anyone with information pertaining to Mr. Biggs whereabouts is urged to contact the San Francisco Police Department immediately.

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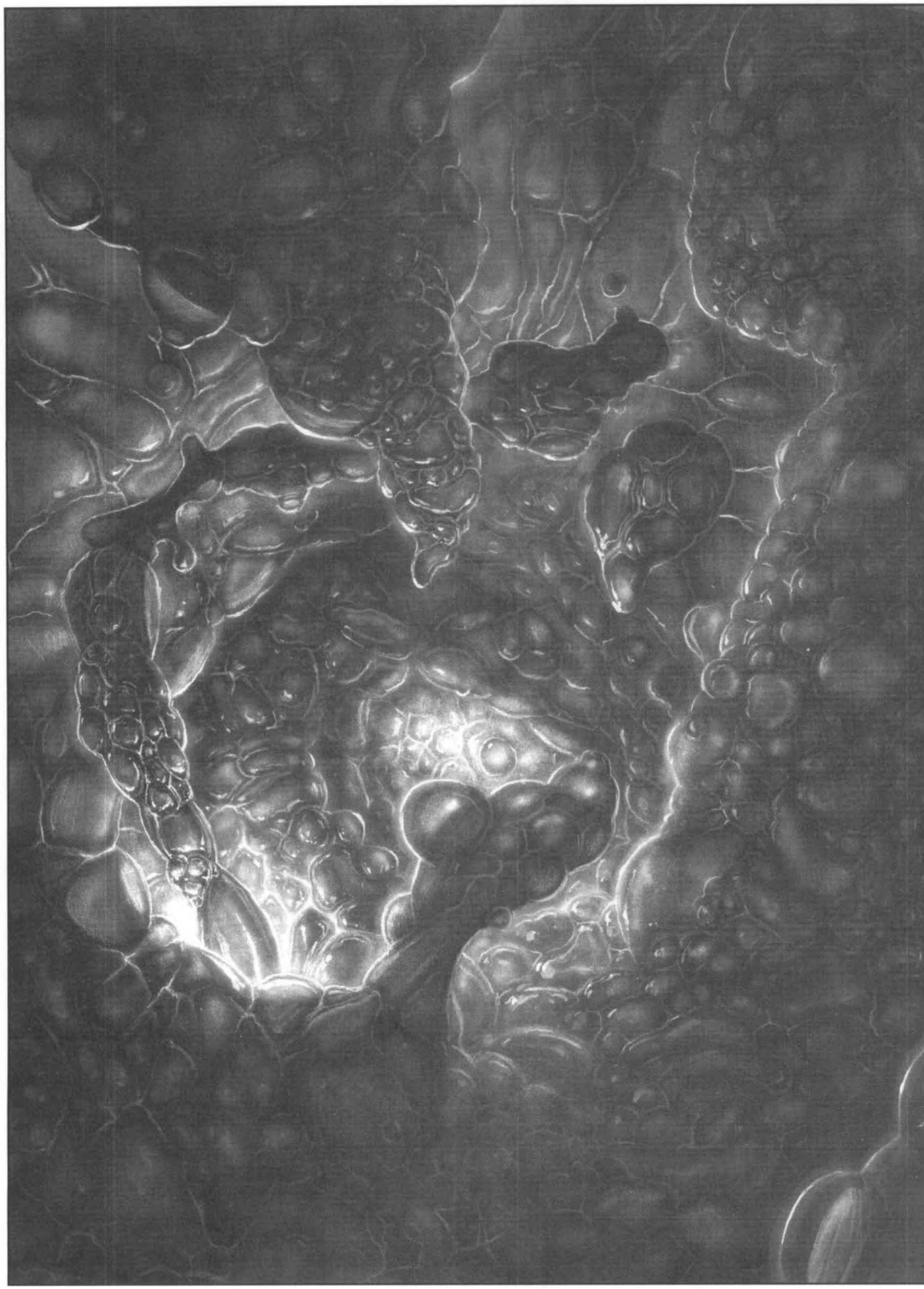


Yog-Sothoth's Realm

and pretend to be defeated, though the investigators could attempt to fight back at one-fourth of their normal combat skills. After a while the attackers go on their way, only to become infected by the Black Madness themselves.

Rats

Rats are a common animal often found thriving in this dimension. Investigators may notice them individually, and might resort to capturing them as food, if necessary. Apart from disease and infection individual rats pose no threat, but when hundreds of these creatures get together, they can be wild and dangerous. Starved like the investigators, they turn on each other regularly, but when other food presents itself — such as investigators — they will turn on them instead. Alternatively, the rats might be seen fleeing en masse from something unseen, but what that unseen thing is will never be discovered. See the "Beasts and Monsters" chapter of the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook for rules on rat packs.

Parker Biggs

Investigators will probably have already encountered the owner of La Petit Prince at his own establishment just before he vanished into this bizarre realm. Biggs is still the big angry ape of a man that he was before, but fear and weariness has dampened his temper somewhat.

Biggs will probably have been in Yog-Sothoth's realm for some time before the investigators arrive, and so he already knows of the Vanished House, described later. He'd like to return there, because he believes the inhabitants might know something about how to escape this

Time, Space, and General Well Being

Yog-Sothoth's dimension is very different from earth's dimension, so a few rules govern these changed conditions as follows:

Magic Points: When investigators arrive in this dimension they begin with a single magic point. These points do regenerate in this realm, but at random amounts and at random times. After the completion of a scene or encounter have every player roll **Luck**. Only those that succeed increase their magic points by 1D6 points, while those that fail lose an equal amount, but never dropping below a single point. The use of spells and other conditions however can reduce magic points to zero.

The Black Stains: In this realm the shadow that covers their skin cannot be seen. Here the investigators appear normal.

Night and Day: Investigators are still affected by the light and heat of the sun and cold and dampness of the night. At times investigators appear bright and easy to see, other times, when it is night on earth they only see each other as pitch black shadows, promoting a Sanity loss of 0/1D4 points the first time this happens. Weather likewise affects the investigators who can be hot, cold, or anything in between, depending on the time of day or night, or the seasons of the year.

Physical Injury: Because the investigators' physical bodies remain in Earth's dimension they can still be harmed there, although this may not at first be apparent. Every now and then, ask for **Luck** rolls. With failure, the investigator is injured in some way that he or she can't explain. They trip over some unseen obstacle (a cracked pavement), break their nose which bleeds profusely (walked into a wall), are hit in the head (get into a fight), or feel bite marks on their legs (rats feed on them during the night). Damages range from 1D2 to 1D6 points, depending on the circumstances.

In time, investigators may learn to counter these injuries, by moving slowly and improving their agility in a senseless world. This translates to improving **Dodge** skill. Investigators who elect to use **Dodge** instead of **Luck** to move about carefully can do so, and if they can succeed in three consecutive **Dodge** rolls they now automatically move freely without injury (although they still cannot run or perform feats of amazing agility without serious injury).

Time and Space: Yog-Sothoth is space and time, and in his dimension bizarre time and space phenomena are common. For example, while one investigator might feel that they have been trapped in this world for months, another might only consider the time spent in this realm equates to days or even hours. Journey times likewise can seem long or short on an individual basis for each investigator. Investigators that finally escape this realm might find that months or even years have passed while they've been trapped here.

Memory: Because time and space occurs in pockets and in ways humans do not understand, recalling the past here is another problem. Investigators might find themselves doing something, such as eating scraps of food or a dead rat also lost in this realm, only to recall that the taste and experience is familiar. Similarly, they might meet other trapped individuals who remember them, but are strangers to the investigators, or they will re-encounter someone previously met who does not remember them.

Possessions: Except for the clothes they wear, it is hard for investigators to hang onto anything in this realm. In the real world they lose things, are robbed, misplace items, drop things or perhaps even this dimen-

(continued on pg. 160)

strange place. Perhaps there is a map or something, or a trap door that leads back to the normal world.

Biggs is offered as a wild card for the keeper, someone who can either join with the investigators helping them escape, or cause trouble. If his past encounters with the investigators led to Biggs losing something dear to him, such as a lasting injury or the loss of his restaurant, getting on his good side will be a challenge to say the least. His reaction will also be based on how the investigators treat him now. Those who speak to him with contempt, talk down to him, show fear or keep him out of their discussions will end up on his bad side. On the other hand, those that stand up to his bullying, accept him for who he is and treat him as an equal get on his good side. The quickest way to gain Biggs' wrath is to treat any women in the group with contempt and without respect.

If Biggs ends up not liking an investigator, he might go as far as trying to buy passage back to San Francisco by offering up that investigator as a sacrifice to the Old Grizzly Bear shaman. However, if an investigator becomes a stout ally, he will go as far as to make a last stand by their side against overwhelming odds, if it comes to that.

Clarisse Whitman

This poor young woman was the catalyst which originally started the investigators down the path that led to their current predicament. In San Francisco Clarisse was confident, outgoing, friendly, and interested in the world as a whole, but here she is scared almost out of her mind. It is likely she will be with the investigators when they transfer into Yog-Sothoth's realm. When they can communicate, she will find the investigators and stick to them like glue,

sion swallows away possessions forever. When investigators enter this realm, they might still carry their favorite .45 revolver and their fingerprint dusting kit, but after each encounter have the players make a Luck roll. Each failure means that another possession has vanished. Meanwhile, the investigator's clothes become dirty, torn, start to smell and sometimes even change over time.

Health: Although investigators may not remember and are unlikely to admit it to themselves, they are in fact living as the homeless in the Tenderloin. That means they eat discarded food, sleep in the gutters or in alleys, are beaten by thugs, and regularly moved on by the police. Only thing is, they just can't recall any of this. It's an unhealthy world they live in now. Every now and then, feel free to reduce investigators STR, CON, DEX and APP by a point or two, particularly if they are stalling or giving up. If the investigators don't find a way out, then they will eventually die here.

Lost Objects

People aren't the only things to vanish into this world of grey bubbles and shifting spheres. All kinds of bits and pieces materialize in this realm for the investigators to discover. Most are useless pieces of junk while some might have practical applications. Of course, these objects only appear in the Tenderloin, where Yog-Sothoth's influence is strong.

Useless Objects: These are probably the first items encountered by investigators. A slab of pavement suspended in the air, weeds growing from nothing, a street light, a discarded tire from a Model T Ford, the grill over a drain that cannot be moved, a garbage bin, almost anything that the keeper can think of that might be commonly found on the streets.

Stagnant Pools of Water: Water suspended in mid air, as if in an invisible container. Often the water is dirty and polluted, but if investigators don't drink these they will soon dehydrate. As a general rule, each hour after the twelfth in which an investigator has been completely denied fluids, he or she loses one hit point. Drinking this water when found keeps the investigators hydrated.

Discarded Food: This can include dead animals such as rats, cats, dogs, mice and birds, or could include food scraps thrown out with the garbage from households, diners and restaurants. Occasionally this might be fruit, a lost bag of boiled candy, or a half-eaten sandwich. Eating this food keeps the investigators alive. As a general rule, each day after the third in which an investigator refuses to each this food, he or she loses one hit point per day. Eating dead, decaying animals might prompt a sanity loss for the investigator, if the keeper is feeling particularly cruel.

Newspapers: Probably the only means by which the investigators can learn what is happening back in their world. Pages from the *Call, Chronicle, Examiner, News*, and *Post* can turn up out of nowhere, which are useful because they can be scrunched up and packed inside clothing to provide warmth. They can also provide recent dates showing how rapidly time is passing back in their own dimension compared to their perception of time in this realm, prompting possible further Sanity losses. A particularly cruel keeper might have an article about an investigator officially being pronounced dead, and his or her assets being divided up amongst surviving family members. Other written items that could be discovered include receipts, advertisement leaflets, food wrappers, and shopping lists.

Something Useful: An investigator might find a switchblade knife or an iron bar to protect themselves, maybe a wristwatch or a discarded piece of jewelry that could be used as a bargain item, a pair of shoes, a discarded sweater, a clean shirt, or anything else the keeper can think of.

pushing them to find a way back home. She is also very angry with Johnny Colbert, doubly so when she finds out he abandoned her to this place.

Clarisse has learned that flirting and a façade of helplessness have allowed her to manipulate men to do her bidding. Any investigator who is proactive, strong (and hopefully handsome, but she's willing to overlook this while stranded in this realm) and has a plan to escape, gains her attention and affection. If the group starts to split, particularly if Parker Biggs has joined the group and is causing trouble, she will align herself with the investigator she perceives most likely to get them out alive.

Unlike Parker, Clarisse has been in this realm for some time. She has seen the Vanished House and knows that it is dangerous because of the wild homeless people who live there, so she refuses to return. She does say that she has heard rumors (she can't remember where from) that the house contains a map leading out of this realm, agreeing with Biggs on this point.

Secondly, she's witnessed the Grizzly Bear shaman wandering around as if he rules here. She describes as an evil looking monster. What disturbed Clarisse more than anything is that the he is identical to Johnny Colbert's painting and sketches of the shaman. Clarisse has also seen the Central Vortex, where she believes the shaman lives, and remembers a huge stone pillar. If asked to describe it, the pillar matches the description of the stone required in the spell Call Yog-Sothoth, if this spell is known to the investigators.

Like Parker Biggs, Clarisse is offered up to the keeper to build tension in the group or to offer assistance as needed.

The Old Grizzly Bear Shaman

This Old Grizzly Bear shaman is the last of his people in both this realm and on earth. Since he arrived here by other means than the Black Madness, transported through space and time by a dimensional shambler, he is not affected by unseen obstacles, as he has no physical body on earth. When the investigators first encounter him, they see him off in the distance, only to vanish behind an unseen corner. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll recognizes him as the subject of Johnny Colbert's sketches and painting.

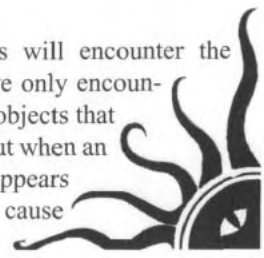
The Grizzly Bear shaman has lived in the San Francisco Bay Area over four hundred years now, although now that he resides here time means little to him. A devoted worshiper of Yog-Sothoth he often hunts down victims trapped here, whom he takes to the Central Vortex for sacrifice to his god. The Shaman will probably learn of the investigators long before they encounter him, and plans to sacrifice the investigators one by one. He is patient, willing to wait until individuals stray from the group or otherwise become separated. If attacked, the shaman proves a worthy foe and will fight using guerrilla tactics, appearing and disappearing from behind barriers that cannot be seen in this realm. He flees any battle he knows that he cannot win, ready to attack again in a few days.

Investigators who make **Sneak** and **Hide** rolls can follow the shaman to the Central Vortex. If the shaman becomes aware that he is followed he will let investigators do so, hoping that the sight of the Outer God will be enough to drive them insane so that they become easy pickings. If the investigators become too troublesome he will summon a dimensional shambler to pick them off one at a time, hoping that as their numbers decrease, the remaining members will become easier prey.

The Old Grizzly Bear Shaman

The Vanished House

At some point the investigators will encounter the Vanished House. So far they have only encountered people, animals, and small objects that have fallen into this dimension, but when an old, decrepit two story house appears out of nowhere they might have cause



to worry. How far does Yog-Sothoth's influence extend, and if left unchecked will all of the City, Bay Area, or even the entire world eventually migrate into this strange dimension? Asking such questions might prompt a Sanity check.

The house is an old derelict from the Tenderloin, home to many homeless victims of the Black Madness. Here water drips from leaks in the ceiling quenching thirst, rats hide in the walls offering a source of fresh food, possessions such as sleeping rolls do not vanish for no explainable reason, and the inhabitants can move about safely without fear of walking into invisible obstacles, thus injuring themselves. If investigators think that they might like to settle in the house for a time, they will have to contend with at least three dozen other individuals who have the same thought. Unfortunately the current inhabitants have been here so long in this realm that they are completely insane, violently so, and will do all they can to protect what comforts they have in this decayed place. They attack savagely and wildly and scream madly because they have long forgotten that they once were human.

The Vanished House

If the investigators do manage to explore the house, one of the upstairs bedrooms contains two scribbled notes lost in amongst the rubble. They are found with separate **Spot Hidden** rolls. Both are written in the same handwriting. The author is not identified, and the paper is very old. The first note is a series of instructions. If followed to the letter, investigators will be lead to the Central Vortex (see *Beyond Papers #14*). The second is a chant dedicated to the majesty that is the Crawling Chaos. It is actually the spell Contact Nyarlathotep and can be learned with a week of study on an **INT x3** roll.

Beyond Papers #14

The Central Vortex

The source and central point of this dimension is Yog-Sothoth himself, known here as the Central Vortex. His appearance is the same as when he is summoned on earth, except that his iridescent globes are all spinning together in a kind of whirlpool. No matter from which direction the investigators approach they will see directly into the eye of the Yog-Sothoth storm, a tunnel of globes spinning as if vanishing down a drain. Of course witnessing Yog-Sothoth in of itself is such a terrifying and horrific experience that any investigator who goes temporarily or indefinitely insane either flees into the shifting greyness,

or runs directly into the Outer God where they are quickly consumed. Either way, these unfortunate investigators are likely never seen again.

Nearby, as if the focal point for this spinning god, is a huge pillar of rock some ten yards high. The pillar appears to be made of basalt, which looks as if it was carved into its current shape, even though the rock itself appears to have been weathered and smoothed by what seems to be millions of years of erosion. Strange and numerous depictions have been carved into its surface which, at first glance, appear to be Native American symbols, but close examination proves them to be something far more alien. Investigators who have read *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans* who succeed in an **Idea** roll recognize this as Pebble Hill, if players don't work this out for themselves. Closer inspection shows that the rock is covered with splashes of blood. The age of the blood ranges from ancient to very fresh. This is where the Old Grizzly Bear shaman conducts his sacrifices to Yog-Sothoth.

Investigators need to act quickly here, for after 1D6 rounds of patient observation, Yog-Sothoth attacks. He is much more powerful in his own dimension, as the following statistics demonstrate.

YOG-SOTHOTH, the All-In-One
STR N/A **CON** 800 **SIZ** varies **INT** 40
POW 400 **DEX** 01 **Move** 100 **HP** 800

Damage Bonus: N/A

Weapons: Sphere Touch 100%, damage 1D6 CON permanently*

Silver Bolt 80%, damage death in a 5-yard diameter*

** These attack chances are halved while a victim is inside the spinning tunnel*

Armor: none, but only magical weapons can damage Yog-Sothoth.

Spells: as many as he wants.

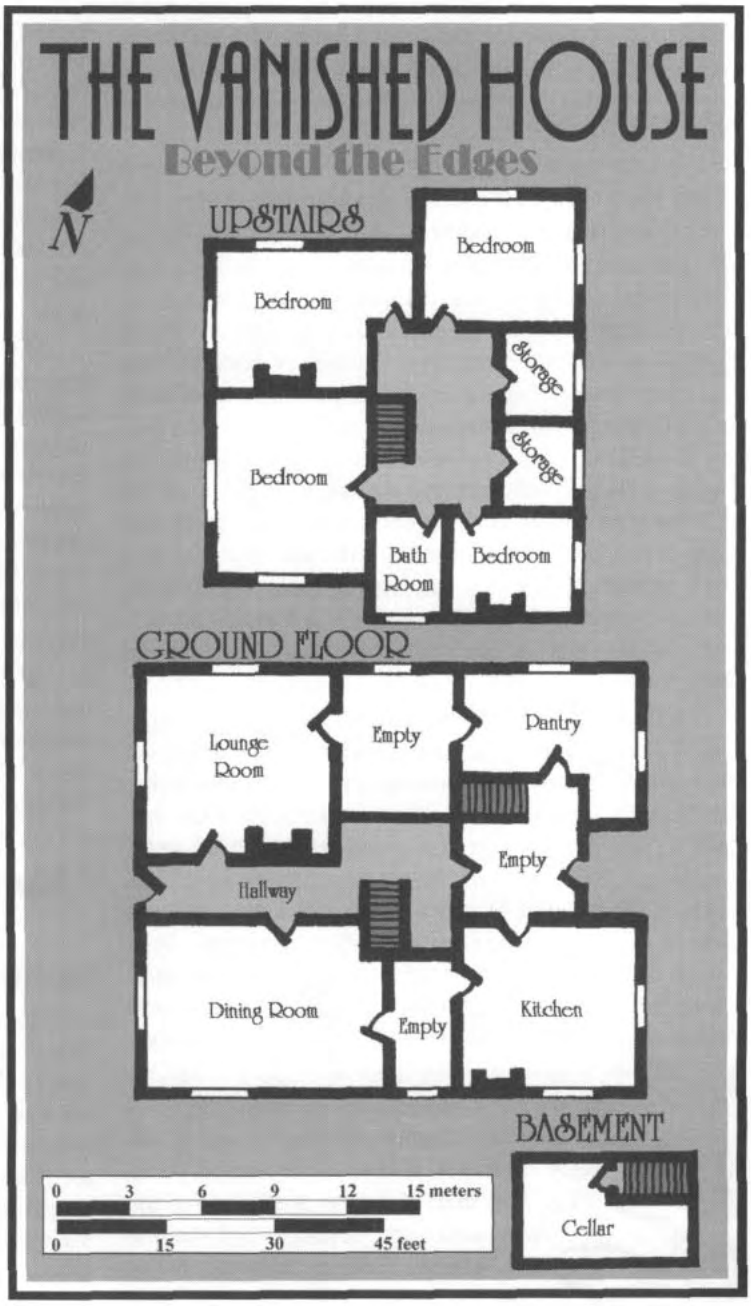
Sanity Loss: 1D10/1D100 Sanity points to see Yog-Sothoth

Success and Failure

There are various options open to investigators trapped in Yog-Sothoth's dimension, some of which might not only save the investigators' own skins, but the lives of many others as well.

The use of the spell Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler can be used to call forth and bind this creature, and commanded to transport the investigators back to earth. However, each dimensional shambler is limited by its magic points to how many investigators it can take at one time. Summoning the shambler will also be difficult if investigators don't have enough magic points to cast the spell, particularly when they first arrive here and their magic points are low. Secondly, the summoning requires a knife made of a single pure metal, and the only one found in this realm is in the possession of the Old Grizzly Bear shaman.

One option for investigators who have other Contact Deity spells is to call forth another Great Old One or Outer God to come to their aid. Nyarlathotep is probably the only practical solution here, and if he is summoned he will appear as an immaculately dressed, elegant human. He will only save one investigator, and there will be a price: that he can possess that investigator's body any time

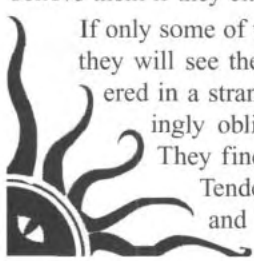


he desires, for as long as he desires, to do with as he wishes. If the investigator agrees to these terms, he returns to San Francisco, but for the rest of their life they often suffer blackouts, sometimes for months at a time, while Nyarlathotep does his earthly work through their body. These investigators regularly wake in strange corners of the world, prompting a sanity loss of 0/1D3 points each time it happens. They will also find that they are often wanted on the charges of mass murder in each locale that they find themselves. Although this method doesn't save all investigators, it does allow for research that might have been previously missed to save the others.

Another option is to use the spell Dismiss Yog-Sothoth. Due to the Outer Gods' enormous POW of 400 in this dimension, acquiring the magic points required of the investigators would be an enormous task: 80 points for a 5% chance of dismissal. Destroying Pebble Hill might be an easier option, but this would most likely require tools not found in this dimension, such as drills and dynamite. Would investigators risk a second journey into this realm with the appropriate equipment to stop the Black Madness in San Francisco? Carving an Elder Sign into Pebble Hill and casting the spell similarly dismisses Yog-Sothoth.

The simplest but most dangerous option is to run through the Central Vortex. This takes 1D6+2 rounds to achieve, during which time Yog-Sothoth attacks. Those that get to the other end find themselves back in San Francisco having spent a single magic point, as if they have just traveled by a magical gate. Investigators who follow the Old Grizzly Bear shaman to Yog-Sothoth notice that as a favored follower, this American Indian is at no time harmed by his deity. Investigators who defeat the shaman and dress in his clothes will find that they can walk through the Vortex unharmed, since Yog-Sothoth does not distinguish between individual humans all that well. Again, this escape will only work for a single investigator.

Once back on earth, new problems face the investigators, the first being the disparate passage of time between the two dimensions. The investigators might believe that they've only been away for a few weeks at the most, but back in San Francisco months, and perhaps even years have gone by. During that time the investigators have been living as one of the homeless. The police has declared them as either missing or deceased, their assets have been passed onto their nearest relatives or sold off, and their Credit Ratings are now at 01%. Chances are no one will believe them if they claim to be their old selves anyway.



If only some of the investigators manage to return, they will see their companions by their side, covered in a strange shadowy blackness, and seemingly oblivious to the world around them. They find them living on the streets of the Tenderloin, sick, destitute, and stealing and begging just to survive. Those returned investigators still must be careful, because if they touch their old friends, the Black Madness may claim them once more. That is unless they've managed to destroy the Colbert doll in the Shaman's possession, killed the Grizzly Bear shaman or banished Yog-Sothoth.

Investigators might consider killing Colbert as a way of breaking the connection between him and the Grizzly Bear shaman at some point in the adventure. This solution, however, will not work. By this time, the Black Madness has infected so many people, doing away with Colbert will not affect the shaman's like to earth's realm. Killing Colbert will cost the investigators sanity points when they realize they've murdered a (somewhat) innocent man.

Rewards

Investigators who return from Yog-Sothoth's dimension back to San Francisco gain 1D6 sanity points, plus an extra 1D4 sanity points if they are able to return again to their previous lifestyles before they became homeless. Those that save Clarisse Whitman, Parker Biggs, or anyone else gain two sanity points per person saved, but this does not include other investigators. Saving Clarisse is one way to obtain financial support from her father, who will be willing to help investigators get back on their feet again.

Killing or otherwise disposing of the Old Grizzly Bear shaman, or destroying his doll nets a reward of 1D10 sanity, because the investigators have stopped the Black Madness in the Tenderloin from spreading. Destroying Pebble Hill or otherwise banishing Yog-Sothoth permanently — assuming the said investigators manage to return to earth — rewards 2D10 sanity points. If this is done, the Black Madness never again plagues the Tenderloin district. Although the homeless will never truly go away, their numbers will reduce significantly.

And perhaps the investigators will learn something important about themselves; recognize the extent of their own human frailty and realize just how easy it is to slip into a life of destitution, with or without the influence of malignant Outer Gods.

Characters

DANIEL FAIRBANKS, age 27, Officious Secretary

Fairbanks is a tall young man with the healthy physique of a baseball player. His hair is dark and slicked back while his face is clean shaven. His three-piece suits are expensive, worn to impress. Women call him handsome, and many compete for the attentions of this bachelor. Fairbanks is a social and career climber, falling over backwards to assist anyone who might aid his rise through the ranks of the American Union Bank or San Francisco's elite society. Just as quickly he snubs his nose at everyone he passes. As a

The All-In-One

result **Credit Rating** rolls are the best means to get Fairbanks to do something for the investigators.

Despite his snobbishness, the man is highly efficient in organizing Mr. Whitman's life. He is hoping for a promotion in the near future. Investigators who disrupt or challenge his schedules quickly find themselves on Fairbanks' bad side, which means it will be difficult for them to contact Whitman again should they need to.

STR 15 **CON** 16 **SIZ** 14 **INT** 13 **POW** 10
DEX 14 **APP** 15 **EDU** 16 **SAN** 50 **HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Baseball Bat 60%, damage 1D8+1D4 (at his home or on the playing field only)

Skills: Accounting 40%, Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 45%, Law 25%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 45%.

Languages: English 70%, French 20%.

TIMOTHY WHITMAN, age 53, Banker and Concerned Father

Whitman is a large, robust man with a trimmed moustache, shaved head, large jowls and a tight but expensive three piece suit. He carries a pocket watch which he checks often, impressing that his time is important. When about town, he favors a bowler hat. Whitman likes to be called "Mr. Whitman" and nothing else. He isn't impressed by anyone who is unsure of their facts or who can't answer any question with a straight answer. He's not one for idle chit-chat.

Despite his gruff manner and pompous attitude, Whitman watches everyone he meets carefully, drawn to people with strong characters who are willing to stand up for what they believe to be right, and who consistently keep their word. Such individuals will earn his gratitude and respect, but it will be a respect not outwardly expressed. Instead, his thanks is shown through behind-the-scenes referrals and connections that only someone in Whitman's position could offer.

Of course when the investigators first meet Whitman he's not his usual self; he's worried sick about his daughter and scheming to get back at the people blackmailing him. He'll remain irritable and unapproachable until his daughter is returned.

STR 08 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 15 **INT** 14 **POW** 11
DEX 10 **APP** 08 **EDU** 16 **SAN** 55 **HP** 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 70%, Bargain 60%, Business 75%, Credit Rating 80%, History 35%, Law 65%, Library Use 40%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 35%.

Languages: English 80%, Latin 20%.

MONTGOMERY PHELPS, age 55, Weak-willed Butler

The house butler, Phelps (as everyone calls him) is a tall, angular man in his mid-fifties and starting to show his age. His every action suggests that his limbs are stiff and that he feels a constant if mild pain. Investigators might at first assume his behavior suggests pomposity, but a successful **Medicine** skill roll reveals that he probably has bad arthritis.

Phelps is a lonely man; his wife died several years ago, and his children moving on to the east coast left him without companionship. Clarisse has flirted with Phelps on many occasions. Although Phelps knows the young lady would never really be interested in a man of his age, health and finances, he has disobeyed Mr. Whitman on several occasions by allowing Clarisse to slip out for the night, and kept this knowledge to himself. He does so because what attention Clarisse does give to him – talking to him as an equal rather than a servant – makes his otherwise depressing days bearable. He also knows about Clarisse's opium addiction.

If Phelps's indiscretions are uncovered, he is fired immediately. If investigators break into the Whitman mansion and Phelps is alerted, he will feebly come after them with a candlestick brandished as a club hoping to scare

them off, but he is more likely to faint himself if encounter intruders.

STR 07 **CON** 09 **SIZ** 11 **INT** 11 **POW** 08
DEX 09 **APP** 08 **EDU** 10 **SAN** 40 **HP** 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Candlestick 20%, damage 1D4

Skills: Cooking 60%, Drive Auto 40%, First Aid 35%, Housekeeping 60%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 25%.

Languages: English 50%.

MRS. DOROTHY WHITMAN, age 48, Domineering Mother

Mrs. Whitman is a tall, medium-built woman in her early fifties. She is never seen outside the bedroom or bathroom without make-up. Her favorite ornaments are pearls. Her clothes are always expensive and conservative, and she smokes expensive cigarettes in a cigarette holder. Mrs. Whitman is loud and must be in control of everything, including all conversations in which she participates, even if just to pass the time. Most of her friends are timid; no one else can stand her. Any male investigator who achieves a successful in a **Credit Rating** roll, is of the right breeding, speaks well, and lets it be known that he is wealthy will have Louise thrust upon him by Mrs. Whitman, hoping to marry her off. If the investigators research Dorothy Whitman's past, they'll discover she comes from a working class family of boat builders from Oakland, whom she disowned long ago.

STR 09 **CON** 11 **SIZ** 09 **INT** 10 **POW** 14
DEX 14 **APP** 12 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 70 **HP** 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none

Skills: Credit Rating 80%, Fast Talk 40%, Makeup 44%, Talk Over Other People 75%.

Languages: English 60%.

LOUISE WHITMAN, age 20, Timid Daughter

Louise is a quiet and unassuming lady. Her hair is cut short in a fashionable bob. She dresses in expensive clothing, but in styles that hide rather than accent her attractive figure. Louise says little, never smiles and never looks anyone in the eye, especially young, unattached men. Secretly, Louise feels stifled by her domineering parents, yet lacks the bravado of her younger sister. Instead of admiring her sister, Louise hates Clarisse and will do anything to get Clarisse into trouble, so long as her spite is not later discovered.

Louise's appearance in parentheses is how she would appear if she could choose her own clothes and escape the dominance of her parents.

STR 11 **CON** 13 **SIZ** 08 **INT** 12 **POW** 10
DEX 15 **APP** 10 (14) **EDU** 12 **SAN** 50 **HP** 10

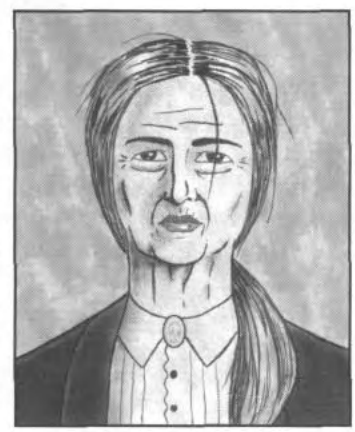
Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none

Skills: Art (Watercolors) 40%, Conceal 50%, Credit Rating 60%, Listen 55%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 45%.

IRENA KRENIAK, age 67, Gallery Owner and Art Collector

An aging Russian lady with long grey hair, Irena Kreniak is considered to be an eccentric collector and an authority of contemporary paintings. She is small and frail, wearing a mismatch of clothes that don't really go together, but her mind is still sharp. Irena (as she likes to be called) learned about art from her late husband, a moderately well-known artist from Moscow at the turn of the century. But it was she, with her strong sense of the value of art and a shrewd business mind, who created a successful business with this mildly profitable gallery through the promotion of emerging talents. It was originally called The Russian Gallery because it started out displaying the works of Russian artists.



Irena keeps thinking about retiring, but she loves the business too much, and now plans to stop the same way her husband did, by dying on the job.

He had a fatal heart attack while hanging a picture in one of the galleries.

STR 05 **CON** 07 **SIZ** 07 **INT** 14 **POW** 13
DEX 07 **APP** 08 **EDU** 14 **SAN** 65 **HP** 07

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 35%, Art (Painting) 40%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 35%, Evaluate Art 60%, History 50%, Library Use 30%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Languages: English 55%, German 15%, Russian 70%.

NICOLAS ROBINSON, age 46, Arrogant Art Lecturer

This middle-aged man, although graying, has a thick head of hair still cut in a school-boy style, with strands often falling in front of his strong handsome face. He dresses well in smart three piece suits, yet is also fond of wearing his scholarly gown and hat (reserved for university staff and graduates). Despite his charming front, Robinson is an arrogant man who can never accept that he might make mistakes, born from a failing as a younger man to succeed as an artist himself. The old saying is true for Prof. Robinson; if you can't do, teach. Despite all this Robinson is a worthy lecturer, a caring husband and proud father of two boys, although he does push his sons to excel in many disciplines in which they have no interest or aptitude.

STR 12 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 13 **INT** 13 **POW** 10
DEX 13 **APP** 15 **EDU** 19 **SAN** 65 **HP** 07

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

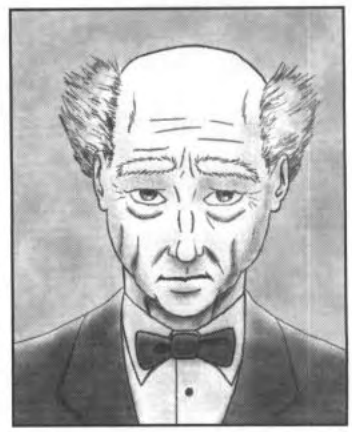
Skills: Art (Drawing) 40%, Art (Painting) 50%, Art (Sculpture) 45%, Credit Rating 45%, History 60%, Library Use 70%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 35%.

Languages: English 95%.

HAROLD COLBERT, age 53, Leading Medieval Authority

A small, thin wizened man whose face is lined as much from wisdom as premature age, Professor Harold Colbert has bushy white hair and eyebrows, and wears a small pair of spectacles for reading. He often has a hint of a mischievous smile when talking to people, particularly when talking on subjects of interest to him. Not that well off, Professor Colbert wears clothes ten or more years out of fashion.

For the last twenty years, Professor Colbert has been a scholar of the Cthulhu Mythos, his knowledge gained from various sources. He is friends with and knows of the exploits of African explorer Julius Marsden (see page 20), has crossed paths with John and Helman Carnby (see pages 70 and 71), and has some inkling into the activities of the deep one hybrids in Chinatown and their connection to Lang-Fu (see page 92). For a period of time he worked at Cornell University in New York, where he worked closely with like minded investigators of the Mythos there, particularly Dr. Rudolph Pearson (see Chaosium's *Secrets of New York*). Most importantly, he has access to the Zebulon Pharr Collection, where over the decades he has read the *Necronomicon* from cover to cover.



With his wealth of experience, Colbert might recognize the investigators for what they are; campaigners against those dark forces that will ultimately destroy humanity. Whether he helps them or not depends on how the investigators treat his estranged son. But investigators in whom he finds trust he may even teach the spells that he knows.

STR 09 **CON** 11 **SIZ** 09 **INT** 17 **POW** 13
DEX 11 **APP** 12 **EDU** 20 **SAN** 52 **HP** 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Spells: Create Mist of Releh, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign.

Skills: Anthropology 30%, Astronomy 40%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 28%, Drive Auto 30%, History 85%, Law 30%, Library Use 80%, Natural History 40%, Occult 85%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 50%.

Languages: English 99%, French 85%, Greek 95%, Hebrew 75%, Latin 95%.

MACK HORNSBY, age 41, Pinkerton Detective

A bear of a man with a heavy neck, a thick head covered in red hair and a matching bushy moustache. Mack Hornsby still looks the part of the security guard that he once was before becoming an inquiry agent with Pinkerton. His nose has been broken several times and the scars on his face and hands are stories of a previous life of full of unwanted fist fights. Now he's an honest, hardworking, and insightful detective. He may assist investigators in their case so long as it's helping him out in meeting his client's needs as well. As soon as investigators start looking into the occult and the paranormal, Hornsby has better things to do than get involved in that nonsense. He won't break the law to get the job done.

STR 15 **CON** 13 **SIZ** 16 **INT** 12 **POW** 09
DEX 13 **APP** 09 **EDU** 10 **SAN** 45 **HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db
Head Butt 40%, damage 1D4+db
Grapple 60%, damage special
Switchblade 55%, damage 1D4+db
.45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 40%, Climb 50%, Conceal 60%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 60%, Electrical Repair 30%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Law 25%, Library Use 40%, Listen 60%, Locksmith 30%, Photography 40%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Languages: English 60%.

PARKER BIGGS, age 35, Crime Boss

Biggs looks like an ape in a suit. His arms, chest and back are covered in thick hair grown over numerous tattoos that Biggs collected during his early years in the Merchant Navy. Despite his brutish appearance, Biggs is cunning and clever for a criminal-minded individual, managing his Le Petit Prince more successfully than he even imagined. As a child, Biggs used to watch his father beat and rape his mother, and then beat him and his younger brother just for not having the sense to look away. Biggs' brother eventually died under his father's drunken attacks, but the father was never convicted for any crime.

Growing up in this environment, it is no wonder that Biggs is the way he is. There is a part of him who wants to change for the better, but that is a hard place for Biggs to find. Anyone who gets in Biggs' way *is in* for a nasty beating and perhaps an untimely death at Biggs' hands, but those that find faith or place trust in Biggs find an ally, even if only for a short period. Even though he condones prostitution, Biggs is very protective of his ladies, beating and forcibly evicting any man who becomes aggressive with one of his girls. Investigators will probably find him confusing and contradictory, but this is exactly how he feels about himself.

Biggs knows that McKenzie and Colbert have cooked up a scheme. He thinks they are into selling pornography, and so provides them with a room upstairs for a cut in their profits. So far he's angry that they've made no money, and plans to evict them soon if they don't start getting results. If he finds out that they are drugging young daughters of wealthy San Francisco businessmen and then blackmailing them, Biggs is smart enough to know he is out of his league. He wastes no time in kicking out the two, warning that they are dead men if he ever sees them again. This is one promise he will keep.

Investigators will encounter Biggs later, in the dimension of Yog-Sothoth. How they deal with Biggs here might later determine how well they survive in this strange realm, because he could just as easily be their ally as their enemy in that realm as well.

STR 17 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 16 **INT** 12 **POW** 11
DEX 09 **APP** 08 **EDU** 10 **SAN** 50 **HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D4+db
Head Butt 50%, damage 1D4+db
Grapple 75%, damage special
Club (Chair Leg) 65%, damage 1D6+db
Switchblade 40%, damage 1D4+db

Skills: Accounting 40%, Bargain 40%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 65%, Jump 40%, Listen 40%, Locksmith 50%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: English 50%, French 2%.

BIGGS' HEAVIES, age 22, Bouncers

These are the various low-lifes who have smartened themselves up

enough to find employment under the tutelage of Parker Biggs. Not exceptionally intelligent or equipped in a battle, they nonetheless do what they are told without question. Assume all have the same statistics and there are as many as the keeper finds necessary.

STR 14 **CON** 13 **SIZ** 14 **INT** 09 **POW** 08
DEX 11 **APP** 10 **EDU** 05 **SAN** 40 **HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D4+db
Grapple 35%, damage special
Club (Chair Leg) 35%, damage 1D6+db
Switchblade 20%, damage 1D4+db

Skills: Dodge 25%, Hide 35%, Listen 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Languages: English 50%.

BRIDGET REECE, age 19, Desperate Flapper

This young pretty blonde has a thin, reed-like body contrasting a round face. Her hair is cut short in a bob, and normally she wears the latest fashions and expensive clothes.

She feels stifled by her father Byrd Reece, a wealthy San Francisco property owner who wants to send her away to a school in Boston so she'll be far away from her inappropriate friends. Bridget, however, wants none of this. If there are any attractive male investigators in the group, she'll flirt with them when she's feeling better, ever so grateful for their gallant rescue from the clutches of those vile criminals. She'll keep flirting with any investigator who responds, eventually insisting on marriage. Unfortunately, marriage is the only way Bridget can see herself escaping the dominance of her father.

STR 08 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 08 **INT** 13 **POW** 12
DEX 14 **APP** 17 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 51 **HP** 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Art (Dancing) 50%, Art (Flirt) 80%, Conceal 40%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 70%, Listen 50%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

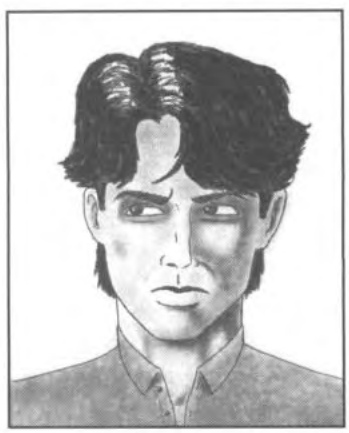
Languages: English 60%.

JONATHON COLBERT, age 22, Deluded Artist

Johnny Colbert is a tall, handsome man with a strong angular face and slightly longer than fashionable hair. Despite his moodiness, tardy clothes and depressive states, many women find this man alluring and fascinating. He has no problems enticing young ladies to pose for him or to be his lover, but in no time he quickly grows bored of his conquests, and discards them as if they were old toothbrushes.

Those who know Johnny well find him to be self-obsessed, bitter towards the world that doesn't understand his self-proclaimed genius. He is knowledgeable only in the subject of arts, art history, and photography. If he couldn't sell art he'd starve, but he is an exceptional artist whose pieces would sell extremely well if San Francisco society hadn't turned against him.

In the last year, Johnny has fallen in with the wrong crowd, developed an opium habit introduced to him by Andy McKenzie, and is now involved in criminal activities that he would have abhorred several years ago. His justification for his behavior is a world that doesn't appreciate his talent, and a father who ignored him for most of his life.



Far worse than his fall from grace, Johnny has inadvertently made contact with a Grizzly Bear shaman and worshiper of Yog-Sothoth. He first learned about the shaman through reading *Myths of the Rumsen Grizzly Bear Shamans*. Not long after that, Johnny began to dream of shifting spheres and vanishing curves, and a link has been forged between the two. When Johnny painted the Grizzly Bear shaman work currently at the Russian Gallery, Johnny became a carrier of the Black Madness having made the shaman's image in the world real again. He will not be transformed into this strange realm himself, but anyone or anything that he touches for too long will. Killing Johnny is one way to stop the further spread of the Black Madness, while locking him away in solitary confinement for the rest of his life is another. Neither are very humane options.

Johnny's eyes, while appearing normal, have a dark cast to them, just like a shadow.

STR 15 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 14 **INT** 14 **POW** 15
DEX 11 **APP** 18 **EDU** 15 **SAN** 62 **HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Art (Painting) 80%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 60%, Listen 35%, Persuade 75%, Photography 75%, Psychology 20%, Seduction 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Languages: English 75%, French 20%.

ANDY MCKENZIE, age 28, Deluded Criminal

This small time crook, hailing from Butchertown, has in his day been involved in burglary, assault, bootlegging, and a dozen other minor crimes, some of which he has done time for, including a short stint in Alcatraz. He has connections to organized crime involved in speakeasies and brothels, including his participation in smuggling jobs for Parker Biggs. Few crime lords trust or rely on McKenzie, and generally don't involve him in their operations. Like Johnny Colbert, McKenzie is an opium addict and becomes violent if deprived of his drug for more than a day.

Physically McKenzie is a short, ugly man with a flat nose broken from too many fists planted firmly on a squat, flat face. His neck is thick, and his blond hair is cut to within a fraction of an inch. Clothes are a drab mismatch, either purchased from second hand stores, or stolen. He is an aggressive man, not afraid to use his flick knife with threatened, although he is yet to commit murder.

Although McKenzie pretends to like Colbert, he's only sticking by the down and out artist while the two can make money together. Colbert came up with the blackmail scam, but it was McKenzie with the experience and contacts that made it happen. They need each other right now, and when the situation changes McKenzie will split. He is terrified of Parker Biggs, and because he plans to rip Biggs off, lies to him about almost everything, as if it is a knee-jerk reaction.

Andy McKenzie hasn't been infected by the Black Madness, because the two men never touch each other.

STR 14 **CON** 16 **SIZ** 08 **INT** 09 **POW** 09
DEX 09 **APP** 07 **EDU** 08 **SAN** 40 **HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db
Brass Knuckles 70%, damage 1D3+1+db
Switchblade 35%, damage 1D4+db

Skills: Bargain 30%, Climb 50%, Conceal 45%, Credit Rating 05%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 40%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 30%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Languages: English 50%.

CLARISSE WHITMAN, age 18, Defiant yet Lost Daughter

Once an attractive healthy young woman with short curly auburn hair and deep green eyes, today Clarisse is tired, haggard, dirty and scarred. She has been trapped in Yog-Sothoth's realm for some time now, and no longer perceives the world in which she once lived. So far she has survived living off food scraps and dirty water that has similarly found its way into her dimension. Unfortunately, the best chance the investigators have of saving Clarisse is to find her in Yog-Sothoth's realm, and bring her back with them. Removing her from the Tenderloin area in her current state will ultimately result in her slow death due to starvation and dehydration, even if taken to a hospital. If they do she will quickly end up in Doctor Barrow's care.

Clarisse's characteristics in parentheses are how she would be when restored to her former health. Most of her skills are only usable while in the realm of Yog-Sothoth.

STR 08 (10) **CON** 10 (13) **SIZ** 09 **INT** 12 **POW** 13
DEX 12 (16) **APP** 08 (16) **EDU** 12 **SAN** 48 **HP** 10 (11)

Damage Bonus: none.

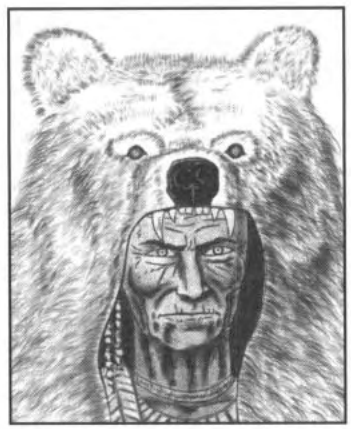
Weapons: Fist/Punch 20%, damage 1D3

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 60%, Conceal 30%, Credit Rating 60% (01% while in her current state), Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 60%, Flirt 70%, Listen 40%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%.

THE OLD GRIZZLY BEAR SHAMAN, age 400+, Devoted of Yog-Sothoth

At first, the man appears to have the head of a bear which may prompt a Sanity loss of 0/1D3 points, but a **Spot Hidden** roll reveals that he wears a bear's fur over his body, with the bear's head, teeth, and claws intact. He appears as an American Indian man in his late fifties of the now long-vanished Rumsen tribe, although he is much older. His face is twisted and lined, as if he is no longer quite human. On his legs he wears leather pants and shoes fashioned from the

hide of buffalo, while his bare chest decorated with numerous fetishes and trinkets which include dried shriveled snakes, necklaces of teeth and feathers, beads and preserved frogs, mice, and even human fingers. In one hand he holds a rattle which he constantly shakes and dances to. In his other hand, he carries a staff.



On his belt the shaman carries a dagger fashion from pure copper. This dagger is enchanted with 5 points of POW so it can be used against monsters normally only harmed by magic. It can also be used to summon and bind dimensional shamblers which he calls whenever he wishes to travel from this plane to earth and back again. He rarely does so because his body corrupts very quickly there. Ten minutes on the earth will age his body one full year. In Yog-Sothoth's realm he does not age at all.

The shaman also carries an enchanted staff containing an extra ten magic points, which automatically regenerate daily if used. These points can be used in casting spells, but not in defense of opposing magical attacks. He carries three tomahawks, and can fashion new ones in a couple of days if they are lost or destroyed.

The last item in the shaman's possession is a small doll made of human skin, and stuffed with sand. The likeness is remarkable to that of Johnny Colbert. Encountering the shaman up close, the investigators will notice this item on a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. If they manage to acquire and destroy the doll, the shaman's link to Colbert is severed, and the Black Madness will no longer be transmitted in the Tenderloin. Unfortunately, those already affected are not returned to normal, but at least no new victims will fall prey to this epidemic.

STR 15	**CON** 16	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 20	**POW** 25
DEX 17	**APP** 01	**DU** 15	**SAN** 0	**HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db

Enchanted Dagger 75%, damage 1D4+2+db

Tomahawk 45%, damage 1D6+1+db/+1D2 if thrown up to a distance of 15 yards.

Enchanted Staff 50%, damage 1D6+db

Spells: Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Call Power of Old Man Coyote (Call Power of Nyambe), Dread Curse of Azathoth, Deflect Harm, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Enchant Knife, Enchant Staff, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Art (Ceremonial Dance) 85%, Art (Chanting) 80%, Art (Drumming and Rattles) 80%, Climb 65%, Craft (Fashion Traditional Weapons) 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Dodge 70%, Hide 70%, Jump 65%, Listen 65%, Medicine 80%, Natural History 80%, Occult 70%, Persuade 85%, Psychology 70%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 80%, Track 70%.

Languages: Miwok 65%, Ohlone 65%, Rumsen 95%.

WILD HUMANS

Assume all have the same statistics, and that each attacks with a single weapon from the list provided. Only one man is in possession of an axe. They will not pursue investigators beyond sight of the house.

STR 12	**CON** 08	**SIZ** 12	**INT** 06	**POW** 04
DEX 08	**APP** 03	**EDU** 01	**SAN** 0	**HP** 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%, damage 1D3

Bite 20%, damage 1D4 plus POT 5 infection

Wooden club 30%, damage 1D6

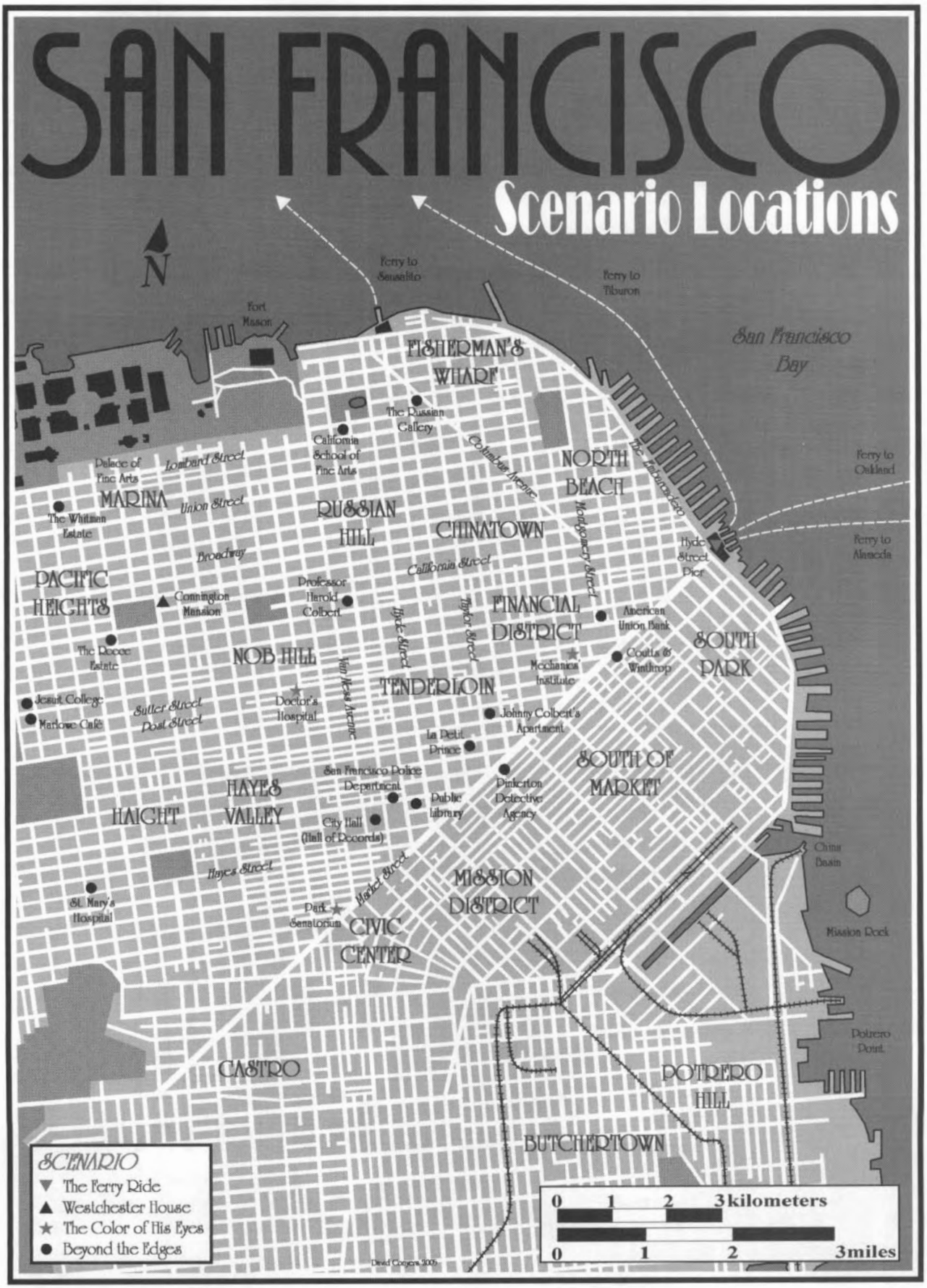
Iron Bar 30%, damage 1D8

Knife 30%, damage 1D4

Wood Axe 20%, damage 1D8+2

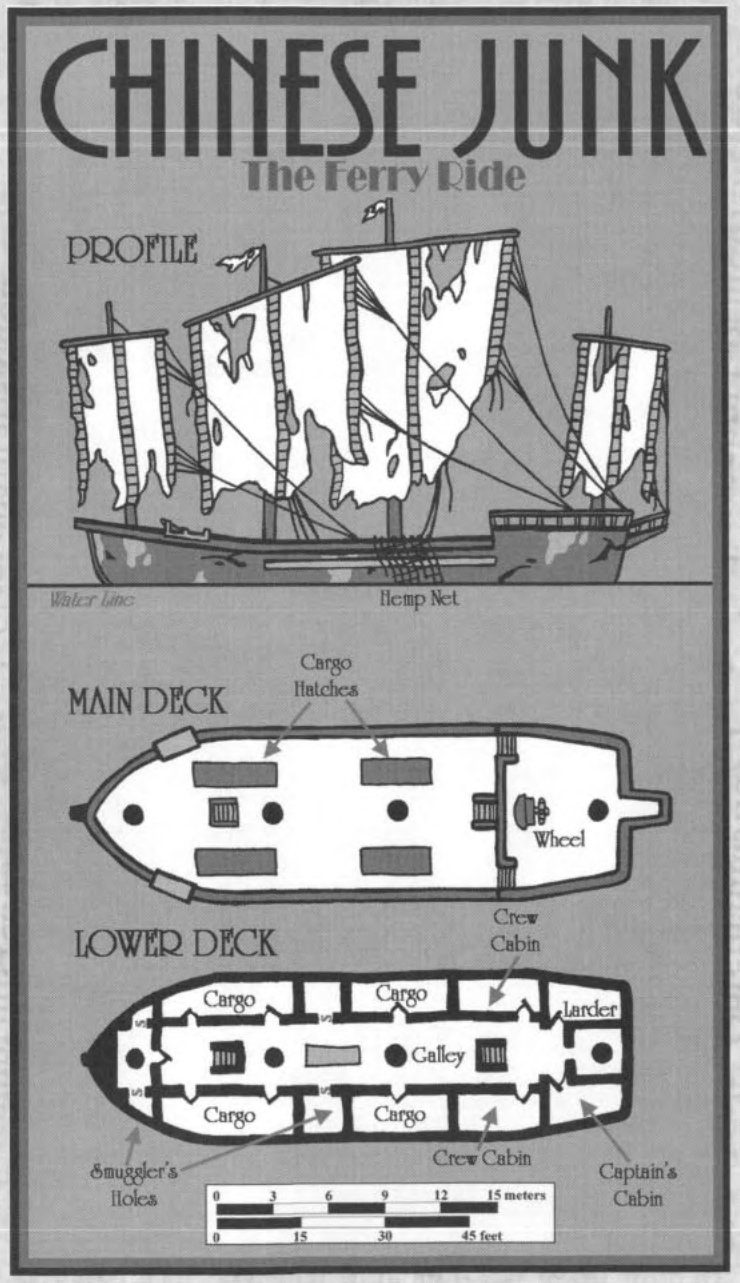
Skills: Listen 35%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Sanity Loss: Investigators lose 0/1D3 sanity points when they first encounter these crazed attackers swarming upon them *en masse*.


SAN FRANCISCO
Scenario Locations
N
Ferry to Sausalito
Ferry to Tiburon
Fort Mason
San Francisco Bay
FISHERMAN'S WHARF
The Russian Gallery
California School of Fine Arts
Columbus Avenue
Lombard Street
Palace of Fine Arts
MARINA
Union Street
The Whitmen Estate
RUSSIAN HILL
CHINATOWN
NORTH BEACH
The Embarcadero
Ferry to Oakland
Ferry to Alameda
Hyde Street Pier
Broadway
California Street
PACIFIC HEIGHTS
Connington Mansion
Professor Harold Colbert
Taylor Street
Hyde Street
FINANCIAL DISTRICT
Montgomery Street
American Union Bank
Coutts & Winthrop
Mechanics Institute
SOUTH PARK
The Decoe Estate
NOB HILL
Van Ness Avenue
TENDERLOIN
Jesuit College
Marlowe Café
Sutter Street
Post Street
Doctor's Hospital
Johnny Colbert's Apartment
La Petit Prince
SOUTH OF MARKET
Pinkerton Detective Agency
San Francisco Police Department
Public Library
HAYES VALLEY
HAIGHT
City Hall (Hall of Records)
Hayes Street
China Basin
Market Street
MISSION DISTRICT
St. Mary's Hospital
Park Senatorium
CIVIC CENTER
Mission Rock
Potrero Point
CASTRO
POTRERO HILL
BUTCHERTOWN
SCENARIO
The Ferry Ride
Westchester House
The Color of His Eyes
Beyond the Edges
0 1 2 3 kilometers
0 1 2 3 miles
David Conger 2005

Appendix: Maps & Handouts

All manner of clues, leads, & forbidden knowledge for the investigators



Ferry Papers: Chinese Junk (p. 110)

"GHOST SHIP" SIGHTED ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE

Followers of phantoms can add one more ghostly vessel to the already impressive list our city has to offer, if the word of Sgt. Garland Fitzsimmons of the Army's 2nd Photographers' Corps is to be taken as fact. The incredulous Sergeant was taking time-lapse exposures of the full moon from the ramparts of Ft. Point late last night when, at the stroke of midnight, as he claims: "a curiously thick fog moved into the Gate like it was borne on a high wind, only there wasn't any wind at all to speak of." Sgt. Fitzsimmons then noticed what appeared to be a ship of exotic design—"like a Chinese junk," he says—entering the Bay under cover of the fog at a great rate of speed, with its sails slack and untrimmed, as if the ship were a derelict. Fitzsimmons admits that he doubted his own eyes and thus delayed alerting the Coast Guard until the following morning. Routine Coast Guard patrols failed to locate anything like Sgt. Fitzsimmons' discovery, but did comment that at midnight last night, the current of the Bay was at the peak of ebb, and flowing out of the Bay at a rate of about 15 knots. Ergo, the ghostly junk would indeed have to be either a phantom or be fitted with the world's first silent internal combustion engine. The only real mystery this reporter can't fathom is why the redoubtable Sergeant did not see fit to capture his ghost with a photograph!

Ferry Papers #1 (p. 111)

Westchester Papers #1 (p. 115)

CAREER OF NOTED MURDERER ENDED

Early this morning Gregory Johnson was shot and killed outside his home when police attempted to arrest him for the murder of Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and connoisseur.

Johnson, once an artist of some note, had been visiting Connington's San Francisco mansion under the alias Norton Longville. On April 8, Mr. Connington entered his gallery to find Johnson and Jack Ramsey, a guard, fighting over a painting Johnson was attempting to steal. Johnson allegedly killed Connington and escaped in the confusion while Ramsey tried unsuccessfully to defend his employer.

Investigation by San Francisco police revealed that Norton Longville was really Gregory Johnson, who was traced to his family farm outside San Jose. When state troopers and local police approached the farm, Johnson attempted to escape from the rear of the house. Mr. Ramsey, who was there to identify the murderer, pointed out the escaping fugitive. John-son was shot and killed by Charles Quill, of our own San Jose Police Department. Congratulations, Officer Quill.

[April 15, 1906]

Westchester Papers #2 (p. 115)

PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCAN MURDERED

Mr. Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and art collector, was murdered yesterday afternoon, reportedly when he surprised a Norton Longville in the act of stealing a painting.

Longville, a student artist, had been visiting Connington's townhouse under the terms of a scholarship from the Connington Foundation, which allowed him to copy some of his benefactor's paintings to improve his technique.

Guard Jack Ramsey was on rounds in the townhouse when he found Longville removing a painting, "The Hunter", value estimated at $15,000.

Mr. Connington, apparently attracted by the sounds of the struggle, entered the gallery and was killed by Longville, who escaped while Ramsey attempted to save the life of his employer.

Police throughout the state have been alerted to the flight of this villain.

Westchester Papers #3 (p. 117)

FORGERY DISCOVERED

Goddard Haley, curator of the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts, announced that the museum's copy of "The Hunter" has been conclusively proven a forgery. While having the picture cleaned for display, officials became suspicious and applied the Schwartz-Howard test, which revealed that pigments unavailable before 1890 had been used.

The oil painting was donated to the Museum in February of this year by Rose Connington of the Connington Foundation for the Advancement of the Arts. Miss Connington stated that Francis Connington, her late cousin, had the painting authenticated when he purchased it, but that since she had inherited "The Hunter" upon his death, she had frequently loaned the painting to museums for exhibit, and so had no idea when the forgery might have been substituted for the original.

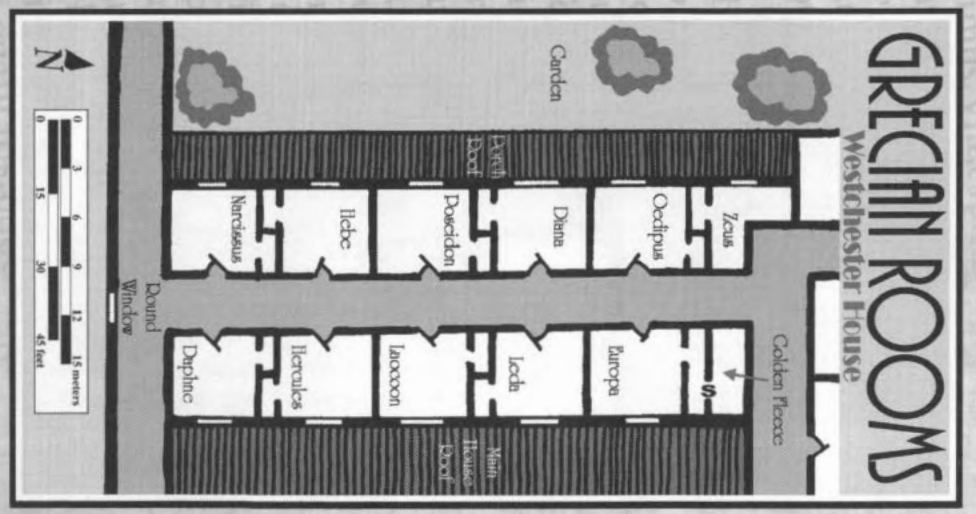
Our long-time readers may recall that in 1906 Gregory Johnson, a local artist, murdered Francis Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal this same painting and was killed resisting his arrest, by Charles Quill, formerly of the San Jose Police Department.

The Museum and the Connington Foundation are offering a joint reward of $1000 for information leading to the return of the original painting.

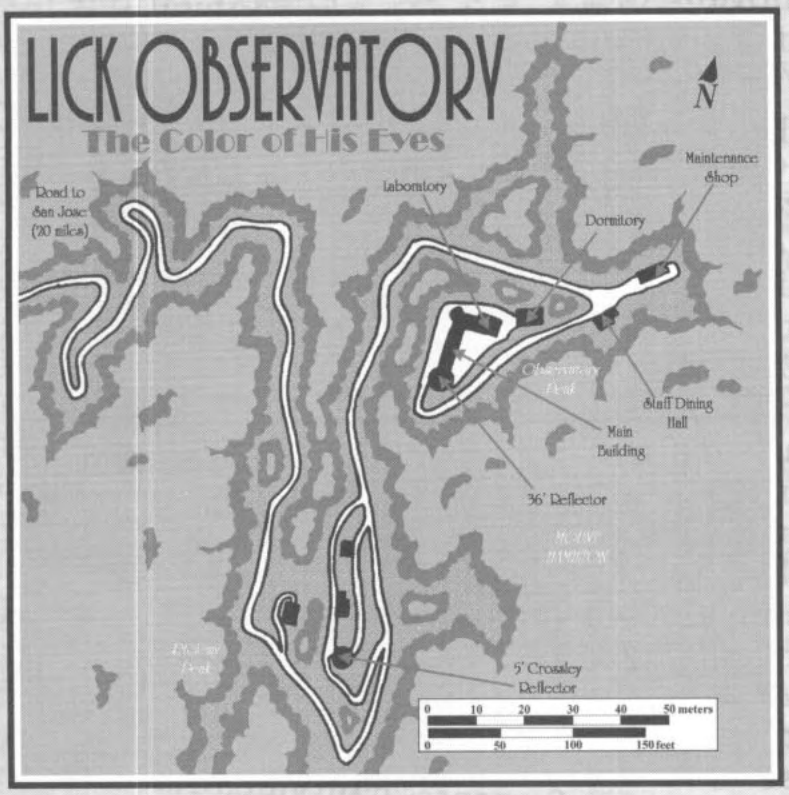
Westchester Papers #4 (p. 116)

A page from diary found in the "Zeus" room

April 5, 1906 — I can't wait until this is over, and I can shield Beth from the man who wronged her. Perhaps I can make the substitution this Saturday when Connington visits Miss Milstone. Beth has given up hope that Connington would ever marry her, but it still hurts her to see him flutter around a woman who isn't a patch on Beth. Perhaps, he thinks he has given enough since he has given her his bastard daughter. Little Frances is as bright and as pretty a little girl as I have ever seen, but nothing will do for Connington but to have a brood of horse-faced brats from Angina Milstone. No wonder Beth threw her lot in with me. I reckon his loss is my gain. Ramsey has taken interest in my "work" recently; the worst timing possible; just normal for that blockhead.



Westchester Papers: Grecian Rooms (p. 118)



Colour Papers: Lick Observatory (p. 128)

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEWEST RISING STAR

Painter Jonathon Colbert Exhibits at the Presidio

San Francisco's latest gifted painter and photographer, Mr. Jonathon Colbert, age 22, will be exhibiting a collection of paintings at the Palace of Fine Arts in the Presidio this month.

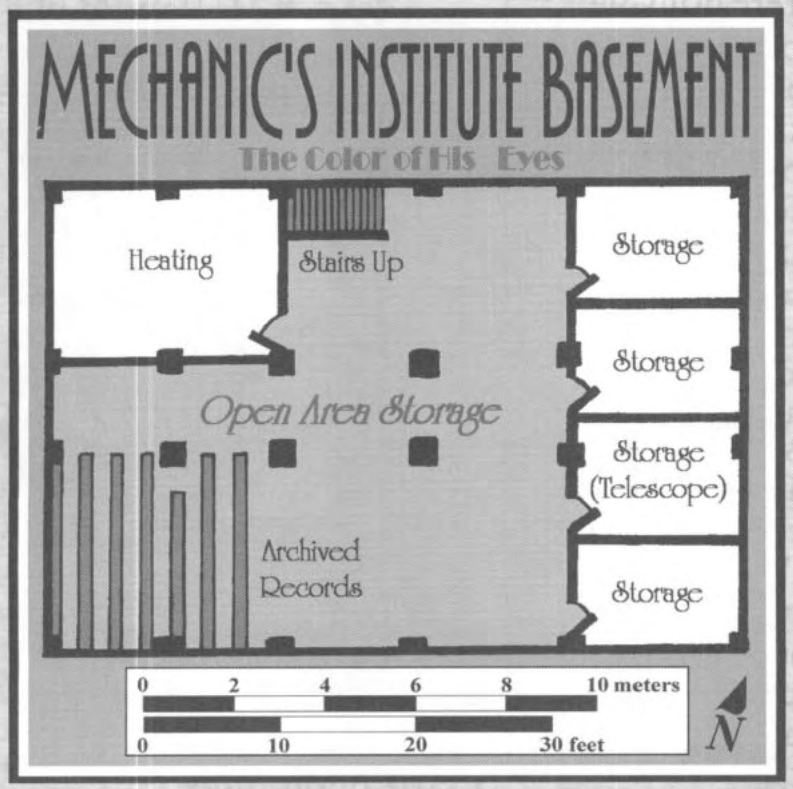
Mr. Colbert, fresh out of study at the California School of Fine Arts, will be displaying forty-eight of his paintings, mostly of the human form. Colbert's lecturer, Professor Nicolas Robinson, who assisted in promoting the exhibition, stated today that "Colbert is a very talented young man, one of the best pupils I've ever had the fortune to teach. He should go far."

Prominent artists and gallery owners have all stated that Mr. Colbert's work is remarkable, and to exhibit at such a young age is credit to the man's talent. Mr. Colbert himself said that he was ecstatic with this opportunity, and hopes to follow up with an exhibit of his photographs of the City of San Francisco later this year.

The exhibition will be open to the public 9am to 5pm Monday to Saturday until the 26th of this month.

Beyond Papers #3 (p. 142)

Colour Papers: Mechanics Institute (p. 131)



ANOTHER COLBERT EXHIBIT CLOSED

Lewd Paintings Raise Their Ugly Heads in North Beach Gallery

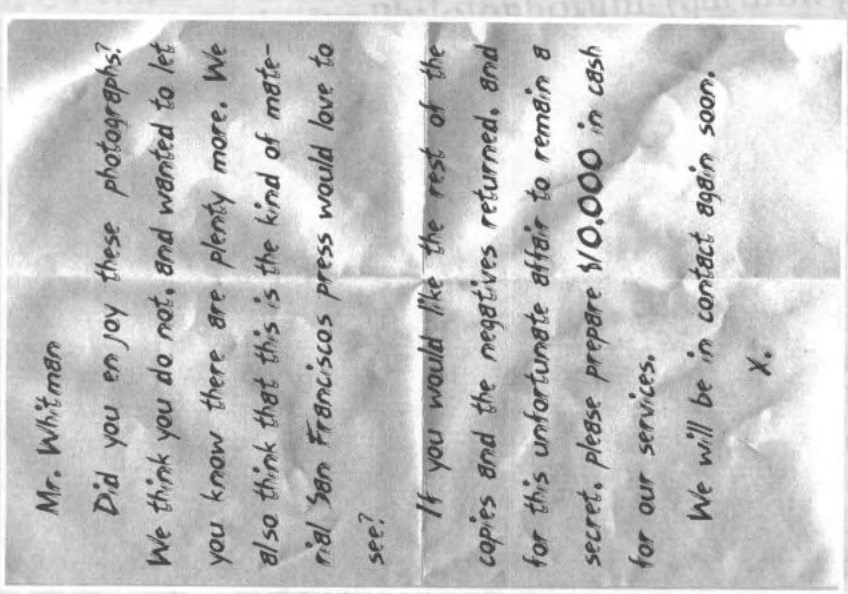
Controversial artist Mr. Jonathon Colbert has had a second collection of his paintings closed in the small Russian Gallery of North Beach, again when the public complained about the lewd and immoral content of his work.

Russian immigrant and gallery owner Mrs. Irena Kreniak said she was disappointed that the public condemned the works of what she considers to be a very talented young man. However, public demand being as it is, she did agree to close the exhibit.

The eighteen paintings were amongst Colbert's earlier works, and were on sale to the public. Colbert himself was again not available for comment.

Beyond Papers #5 (p. 143)

Beyond Papers #1 (p. 140)



Mr. Whitman
Did you enjoy these photographs? We think you do not, and wanted to let you know there are plenty more. We also think that this is the kind of material San Francisco's press would love to see?

If you would like the rest of the copies and the negatives returned, and for this unfortunate affair to remain a secret, please prepare $10,000 in cash for our services.

We will be in contact again soon.

X.

Beyond Papers #4 (p. 142)

NEW EXHIBITION OFFENSIVE

JONATHON COLBERT CONDEMNED BY COMMUNITY LEADERS

After opening for only two days, the exhibition of the works of painter Mr. Jonathon Colbert, aged 22, at the Palace of Fine Arts in the Presidio have been closed to the public because of the indecent subject matter of the paintings.

Church groups, prominent citizens, government officials and respected business heads all united in their stance against the lewd and immoral nature of the so-called art; provocative paintings of women of the street.

Colbert, who could not be contacted for comment, is believed to have been aggressively vocal against the community's decision. He had to be escorted from the Palace by security guards.

Prof. Nicolas Robinson, who helped to organize the exhibition, stated that he had no idea of the content of the paintings, expecting instead to see Colbert's wonderful landscapes of our great City by the Bay. Prof. Robinson went on to say that he was very disappointed with Colbert, who had a promising career ahead of him until today's unfortunate events transpired.

Beyond Papers #2 (p. 141)

My Dearest Johnny

How I enjoyed our little adventure last night, although I must say your familiarity with those French ladies of the street surprised me. But then you are, as you say, a man of the world, so one must expect these little indiscretions.

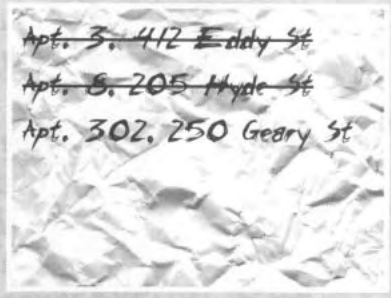
Before I forget, while catching that cab home last night I saw those hobos again, loitering about your apartment. They really scare me, because they seem to be really crazy and covered with this blackness that looks like a shadow. They have this look in their eyes that sometimes I see in your glare, when you don't seem to be yourself. Next time you'll have to escort me to a cab, for I fear they will attack if I am alone again.

Despite all your failings, I can't wait to see you, to spend another night together in one of those private salons on Ellis Street. And I should say, yes I've decided you can paint me if you still want to. I think it would be kind of fun and not a little naughty too. Perhaps a painting of me will finally bring you the fame you so desperately desire and real recognition in the press, rather than those lies the newspapers recently printed.

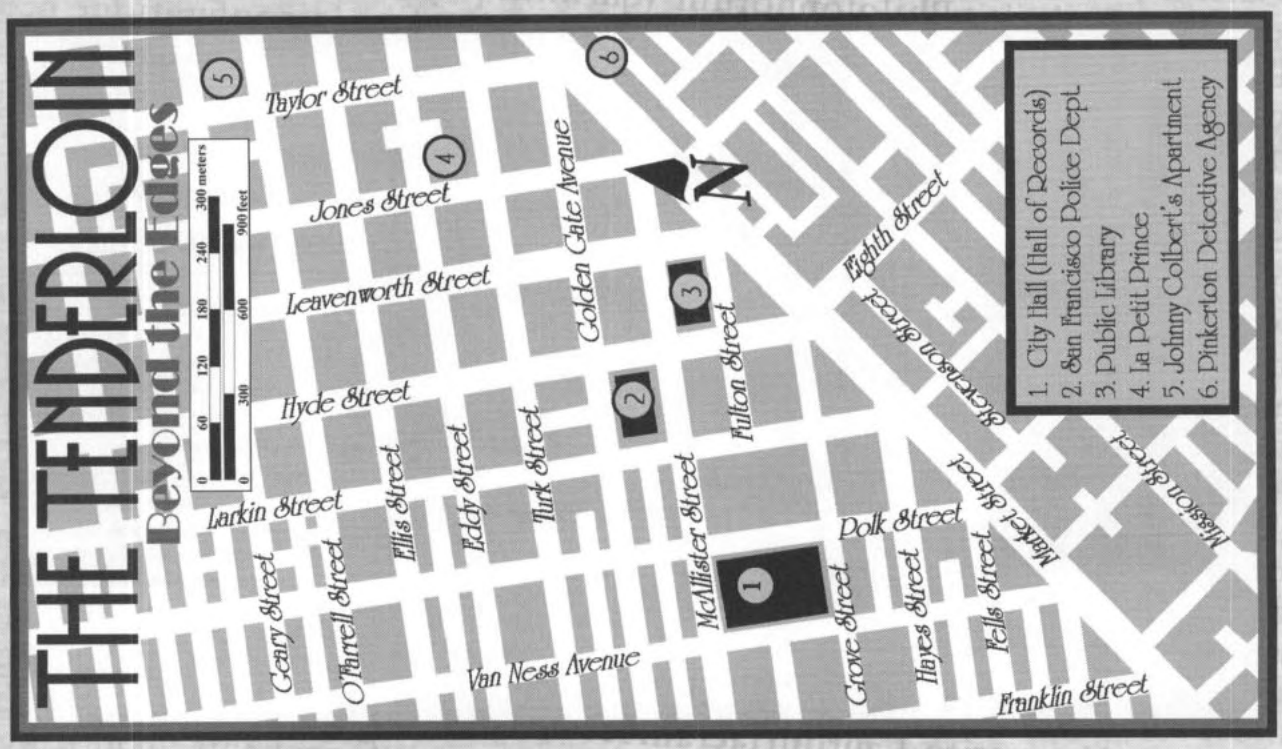
If only father had any idea what I got up to with you!

Yours adoringly
Clarisse

Beyond Papers #6 (p. 151)

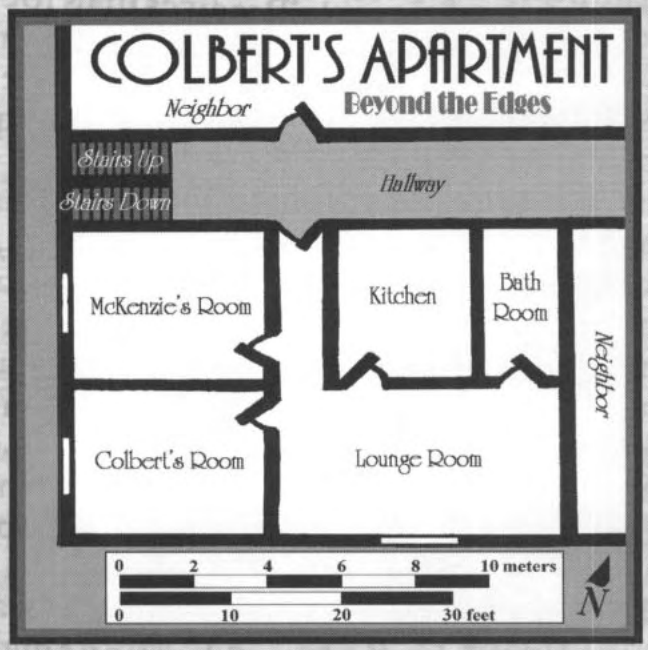


~~Apt. 3. 412 Eddy St~~
~~Apt. B. 205 Hyde St~~
Apt. 302. 250 Geary St



Beyond Papers: Tenderloin District (p. 146)

Beyond Papers: La Petite Prince (p. 150)

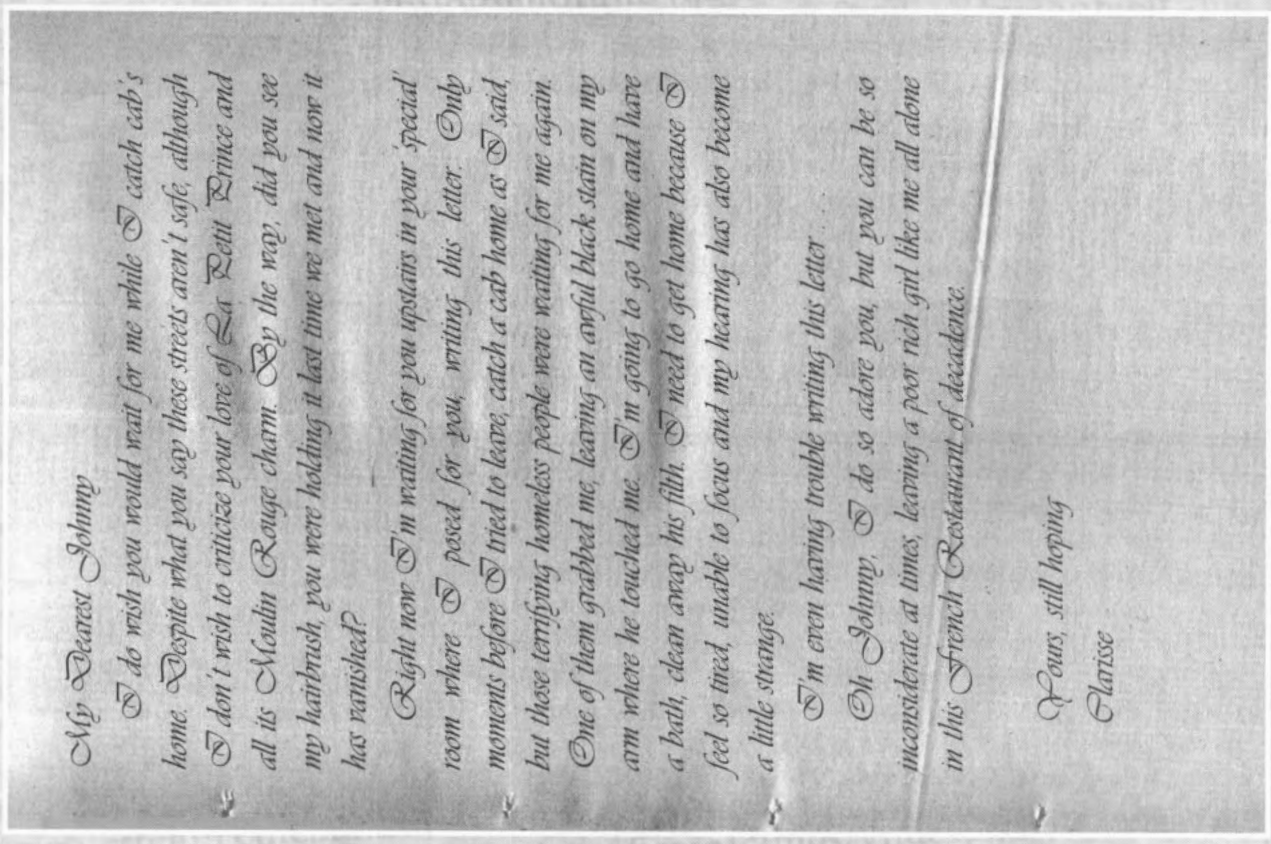


Beyond Papers: Colbert's Apartment (p. 153)

Yog-Sothoth is the key and the gate. *Yog-Sothoth* is space and time. *Yog-Sothoth* above all else is the point where dimensions intersect. People who know *Yog-Sothoth* become lost here, as *Yog-Sothoth* takes them, imprisoning them forever amongst his vanishing curves and shifting spheres.

Beyond Papers #9 (p. 156)

Beyond Papers #7 (p. 154)



My Dearest Johnny

I do wish you would wait for me while I catch cab's home. Despite what you say these streets aren't safe, although I don't wish to criticize your love of La Petit Prince and all its Moulin Rouge charm. By the way, did you see my hairbrush, you were holding it last time we met and now it has vanished?

Right now I'm waiting for you upstairs in your 'special' room where I posed for you, writing this letter. Only moments before I tried to leave, catch a cab home as I said, but those terrifying homeless people were waiting for me again. One of them grabbed me, leaving an awful black stain on my arm where he touched me. I'm going to go home and have a bath, clean away his filth. I need to get home because I feel so tired, unable to focus and my hearing has also become a little strange.

I'm even having trouble writing this letter.

Oh Johnny, I do so adore you, but you can be so inconsiderate at times, leaving a poor rich girl like me all alone in this French Restaurant of decadence.

Yours, still hoping

Clarisse

Beyond Papers #8 (p. 155)

DR. BARROWS: Now, tell me what you see?

PATIENT: (interrupting) the spheres, the curves, endless and everywhere. The spheres, the spheres, the sphere . . .

DR. BARROWS: What can you tell me about . . . ?

PATIENT: (interrupting) It has me, please it has me . . . If someone is there, please help me . . .

DR. BARROW: Who do you think . . . ?

PATIENT: (interrupting) Iím lost, Iím mad. Oh my God please someone, save me. The source! The source!

DR. BARROWS: Can you hear me? Do you even perceive that I am here?

PATIENT: Yog-Sothoth! Yog-Sothoth! The source, itís the only way! If only the Grizzly Shaman will let me.

Beyond Papers #10 (p. 156)

Yog-Sothoth has a core, where dimensions intersect and transformations can be achieved. Yet sometimes the transformation is not always complete, and we remain trapped in both realms. To be displaced between two realms is a greater hell than to be wholly transformed in a dimension not of one's choosing.

Beyond Papers #11 (p. 157)

Excerpt from Chapter 18: The Grizzly Bear Shamans

The Costanoani, Miwok, and Ohlone tribes of the Bay Area all knew that the Grizzly Bear shamans conducted their magical rites at a place called Pebble Hill, and that this place was a source of great and terrible spirits of evil. These spirits stole the minds of those who entered their territory, although this was a phenomenon that only occurred for short periods of time, usually every three to eight years. The Grizzly Bear shamans who worshiped the spirits of Pebble Hill could invoke these great and terrible beings, known as the Key and the Gate. Yet somehow, the shamans were immune to the sickness associated with Pebble Hill, holding high their blades of pure metal and calling forth terrible demons which they called Walking Ghosts, demons that could carry them between the earth and the spirit realms. It was said that the only way to counter the curse was to willingly enter the realm of the spirits, and find the path at the source which showed the way back.

English Translation From an Excerpt of Olaus Wormius' Latin Translation of the Necronomicon;

Nor is it to be thought that man is either the oldest or the last of earths masters, or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know, but ***between*** *them, they walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *knows the gate.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *is the gate.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in* ***Yog-Sothoth****. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again. He knows where They have trod earth's fields, and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread. By Their smell can men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know,* ***saying only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind****; and of those are there many sorts, differing in likeness from man's truest eidolon to that shape without sight or substance which is* ***Them****. They walk unseen and foul in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at their Seasons. The wind gibbers with Their voices, and the earth mutters with Their consciousness. They bend the forest and crush the city, yet may not forest or city behold the hand that smites. Kadath in the cold waste hath known Them, and what man knows Kadath? The ice desert of the South and the sunken isles of Ocean hold stones whereon Their seal is engraven, but who hath seen the deep frozen city or the sealed tower long garlanded with seaweed and barnacles? Great Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet can he spy Them only dimly.* ***Iä! Shub-Niggurath!*** *As a foulness shall ye know Them. Their hand is at your throats, yet ye see Them not; and Their habitation is even one with your guarded threshold.* ***Yog-Sothoth*** *is the key to the gate, whereby the spheres meet. Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now. After summer is winter, after winter summer. They wait patient and potent, for here shall They reign again.*

Beyond Papers #12 (p. 158)

ANOTHER VANISHED PERSON IN THE TENDERLOIN

CONTROVERSIAL RESTAURANTEUR PARKER BIGGS STILL MISSING

Mr. Parker Biggs, owner and manager of La Petit Prince, a "French" restaurant in the Tenderloin District, has been missing for several days, and police now suspect foul play. Mr. Biggs, who has a colorful past consisting of numerous misdemeanors, has not been seen for some time. He has many known enemies, and police are now working under the assumption that he may be the victim of a revenge killing.

A day before Mr. Biggs' disappearance, he reportedly complained of headaches, poor vision and tingling skin, which police are presuming were signs that he was either drugged or poisoned. Mr. Biggs was last seen walking away from his restaurant late at night after what is believe to have been an unrelated yet confrontational incident involving several irregular guests.

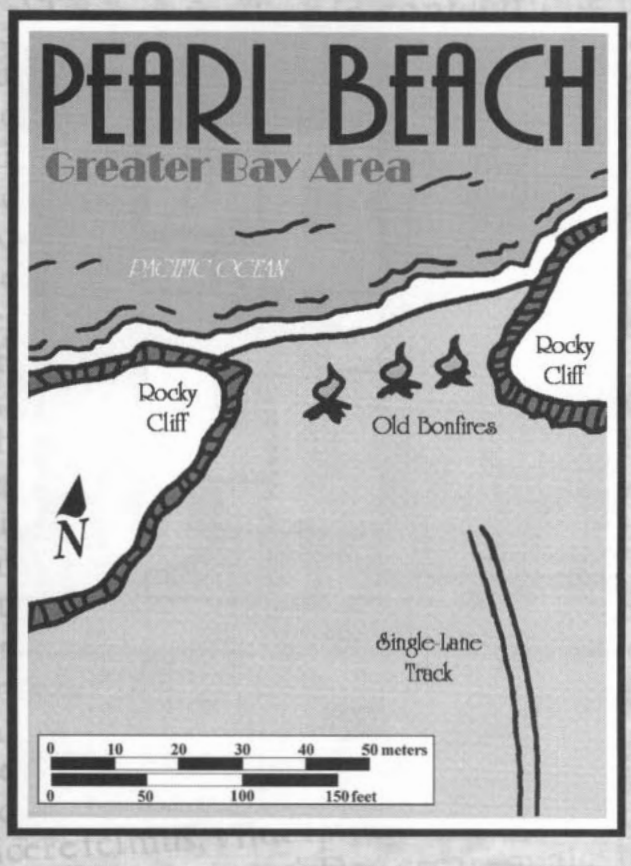
Anyone with information pertaining to Mr. Biggs whereabouts is urged to contact the San Francisco Police Department immediately.

Beyond Papers #13 (p. 159)

Beyond Papers: The Vanished House (p. 165)

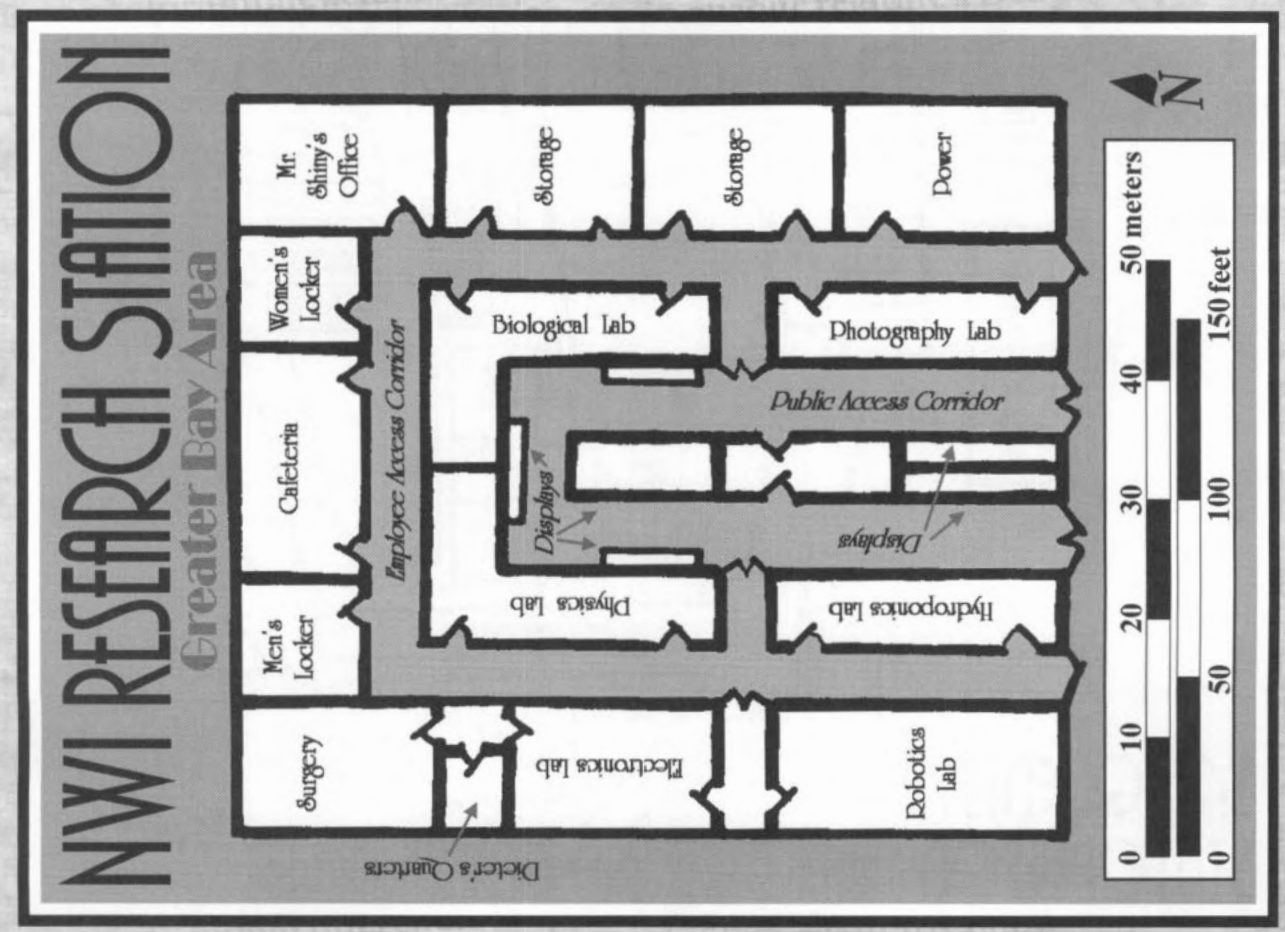
Beyond Papers #14 (p. 164)

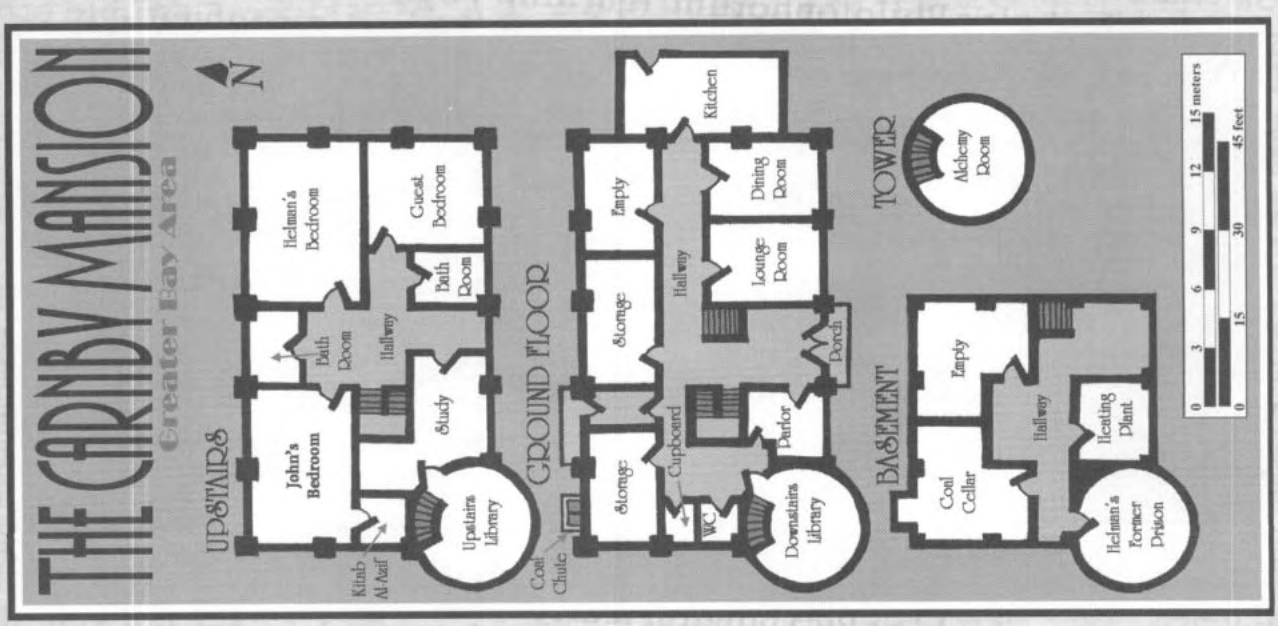
From the main entrance,
straight ahead 345 paces
Left, 213 paces
Right, 905 paces
Right, 34 paces
Left, 120 paces
Down, 400 paces
Stop, turn to your left,
and see



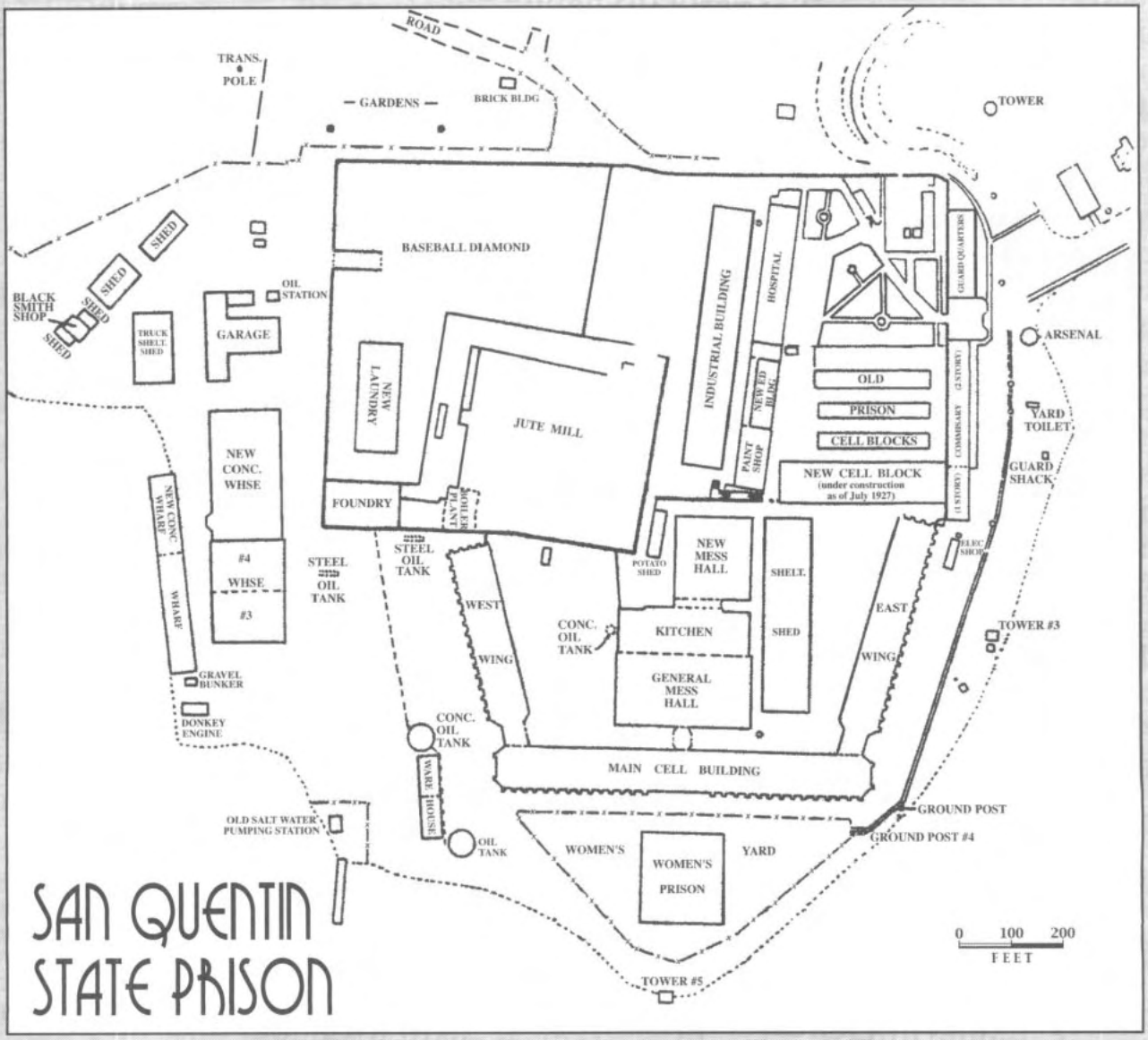
PEARL BEACH, the NWI RESEARCH STATION, and the diagrams on the remaining pages are not specifically used in the scenarios, but are provided for enterprising keepers.

Greater Bay Area Location: NWI Research Station (p. 68)

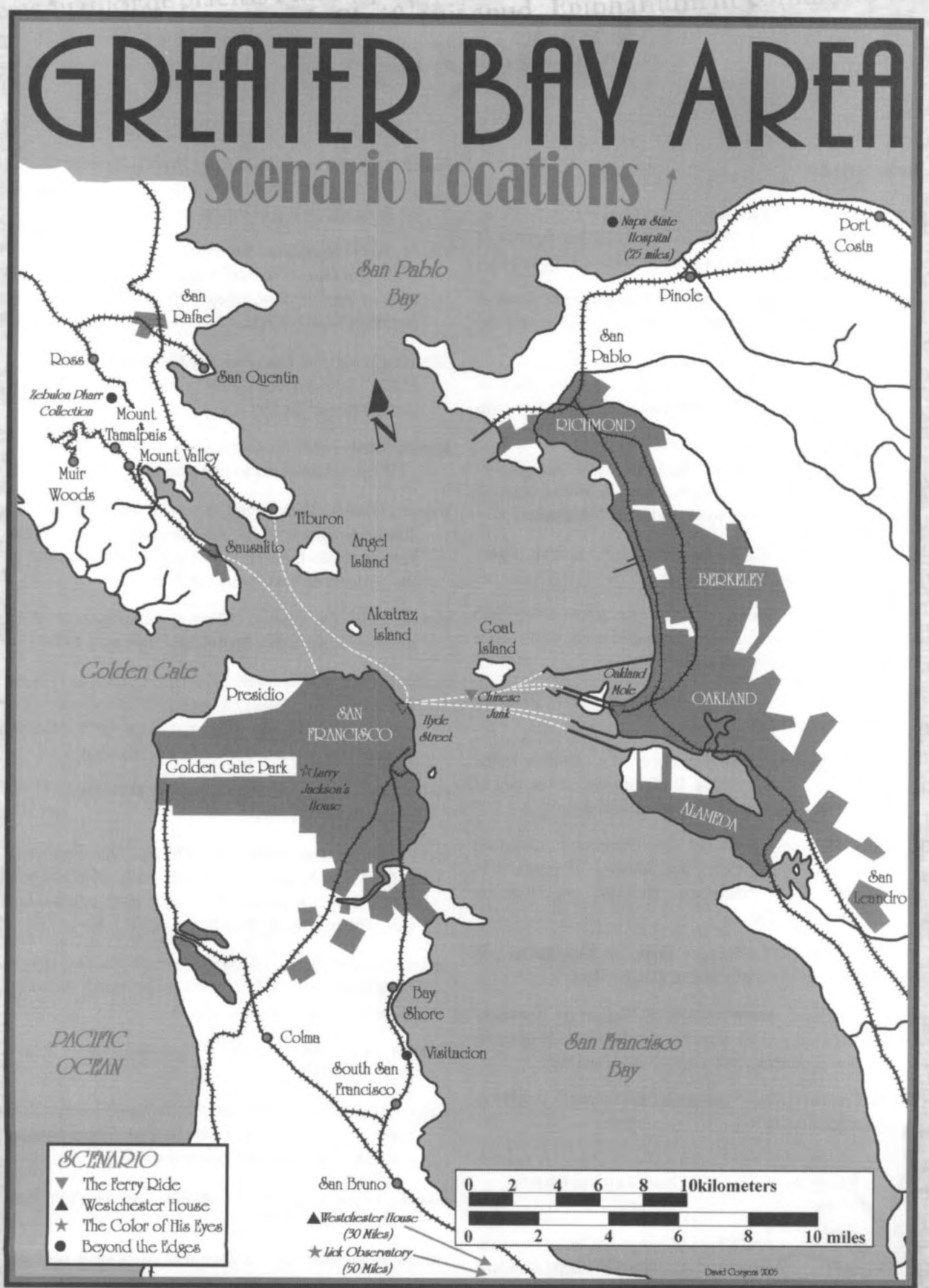




Greater Bay Area Location: Carnby Mansion (p. 71)



Greater Bay Area Location: San Quentin State Prison (p. 77)


GREATER BAY AREA
Scenario Locations
Napa State Hospital (25 miles)
Port Costa
Pinole
San Pablo Bay
San Rafael
San Pablo
Ross
San Quentin
Zebulon Dharr Collection
Mount Tamalpais
Mount Valley
Muir Woods
N
RICHMOND
Tiburon
Sausalito
Angel Island
BERKELEY
Alcatraz Island
Goat Island
Golden Gate
Presidio
Oakland Mole
Chinese Junk
OAKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
Hyde Street
Golden Gate Park
Larry Jackson's House
ALAMEDA
San Leandro
Bay Shore
PACIFIC OCEAN
Colma
Visitacion
San Francisco Bay
South San Francisco
SCENARIO
The Ferry Ride
Westchester House
The Color of His Eyes
Beyond the Edges
San Bruno
0 2 4 6 8 10kilometers
Westchester House (30 Miles)
0 2 4 6 8 10 miles
Lick Observatory (50 Miles)
David Conyers 2005

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Dobie, Charles C. *San Francisco: A Pageant* (D. Appleton-Century Co., 1933). History mixed with vivid observations and sketches only slightly out of period.

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Gilliam, Harold. *San Francisco Bay* (Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1957). Light on facts, but packed with natural and commercial lore of the bay.

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Further Reading

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Kroeber, Theodora. *Ishi, Last of His Tribe*. Written by Dr. Kroeber's wife, an intimate treatment of a primitive anachronism cast into the modern world.

London, Jack. *The Sea Wolf*. Although San Francisco never figures in the story, shows the savagery that lingered in many of those who lived close by it even into the twentieth century.

London, Jack. *The Star Rover*. London's last and least characteristic book, a semi-nonfictional account of a prisoner at San Quentin who escapes hardship and torture through astral projection.

Miller, John and Tim Smith, eds. *San Francisco Thrillers*. True and fictional crimes of San Francisco, from Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce to Jim Thompson and Alfred Hitchcock.

Norris, Frank. *The Octopus*. Monumental muckraking novel explores the railroad monopoly of the Central Pacific Big Four; vivid, unflattering portrait of 1900's San Francisco.

Taine, John (Eric Temple Bell). *The Greatest Adventure*. Describes the exploits of Dr. Eric Lane as he searches in Antarctica for the key to the beginnings of life on this planet.

Suggested Movies

Barbary Coast (1935). Howard Hawks directed this loose adaptation of Herbert Asbury's history of the Barbary Coast. Edward G. Robinson.

Big Trouble in Little China (1987). Addlebrained but inspired adventure set in the never-never-land of Chinatown's demon-infested catacombs. Kurt Russell, James Hong.

Escape from Alcatraz (1978). Clint Eastwood vehicle follows the most famous escape from the Rock, in 1962.

Maltese Falcon, The (1941). The best of three versions of Hammett's novel (and the only memorable one). Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre.

Murder in the First (1994). Facts are needlessly confused in this otherwise authentic tale of Alcatraz's second most infamous event, the 1938 Rufus McCain stabbing.

Vertigo (1958). Alfred Hitchcock's suspense tale is well out of period but makes clever use of a San Francisco legend reaching out of the past to twist the fabric of modern events. Jimmy Stewart, Kim Novak.

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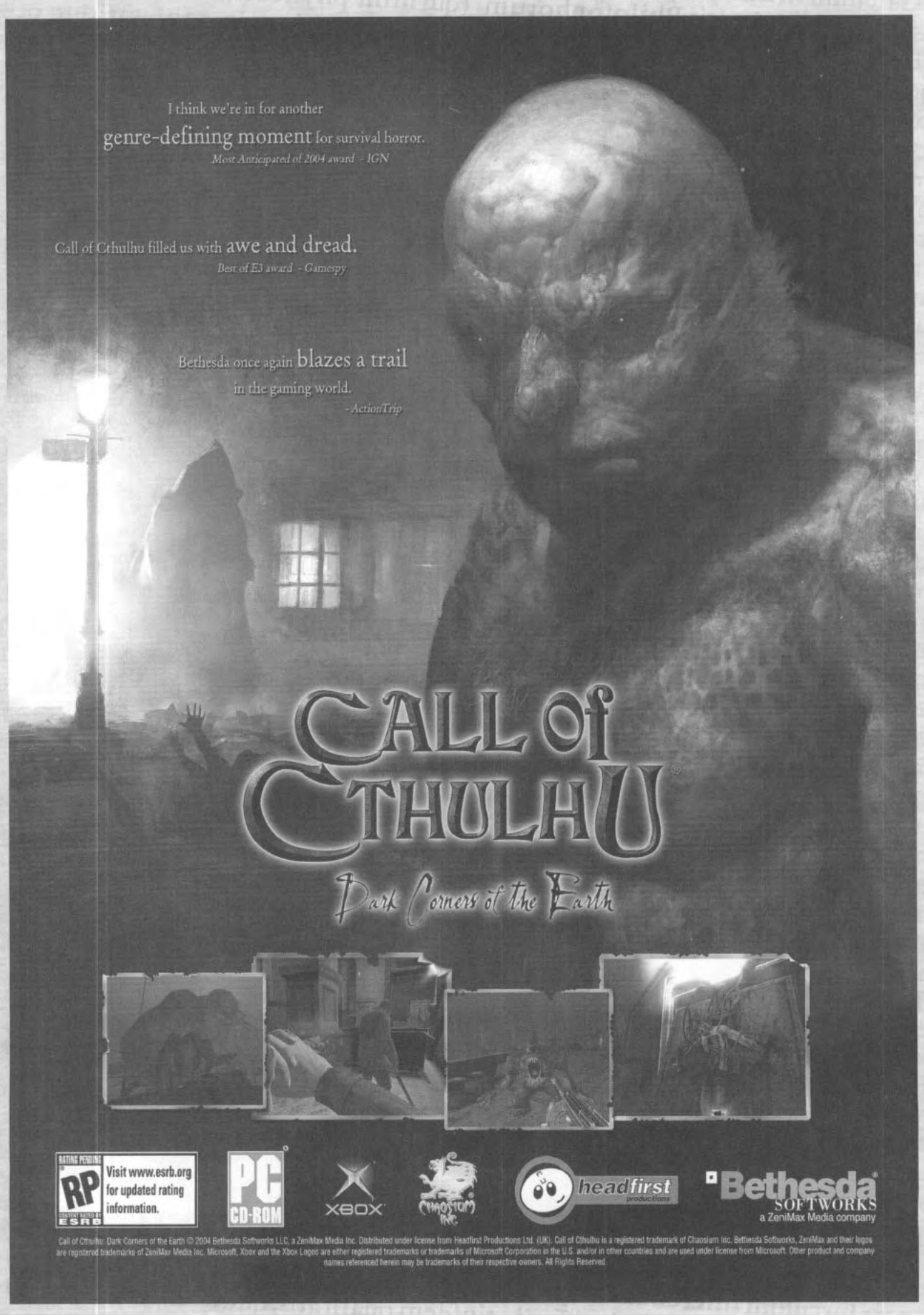
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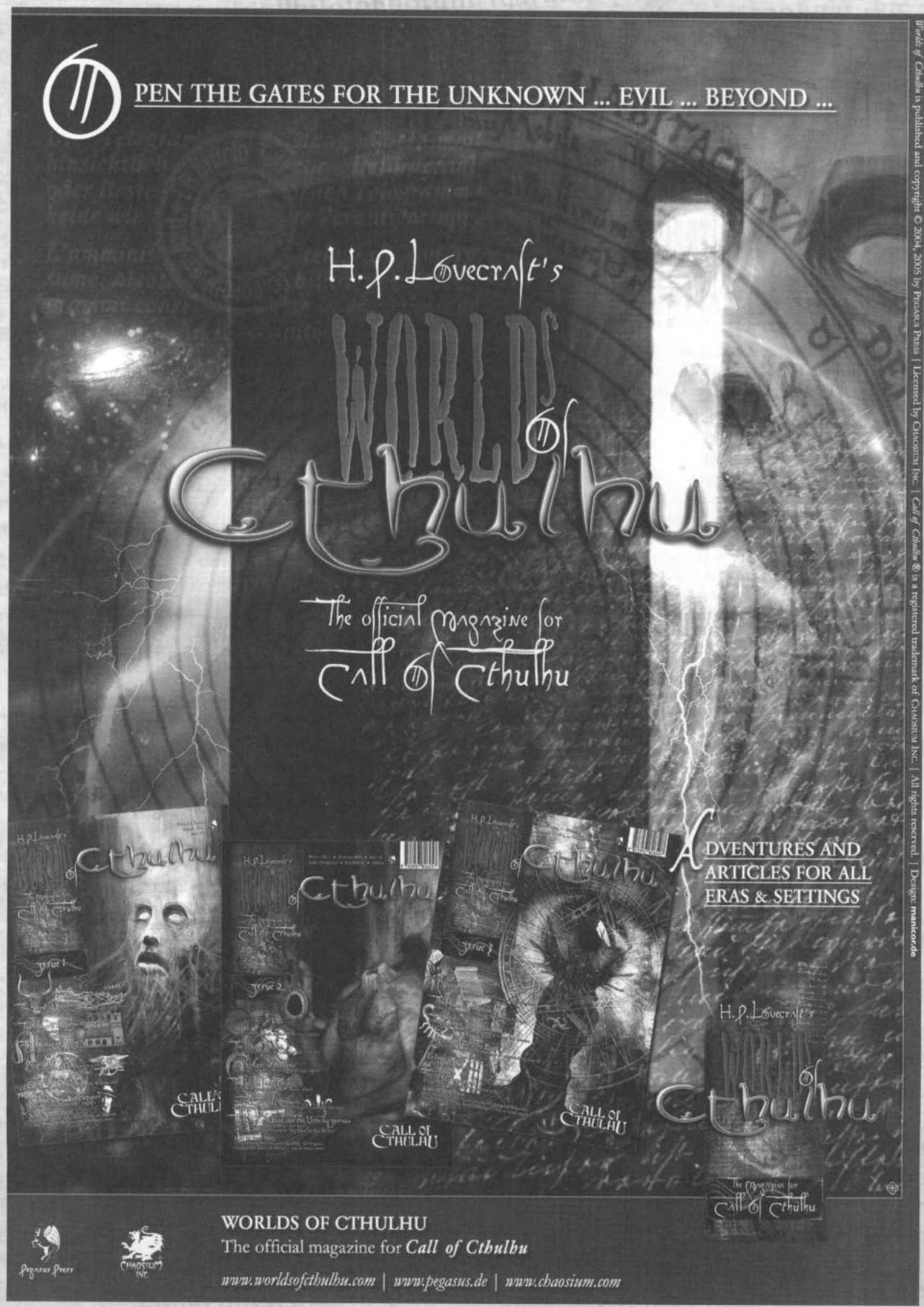
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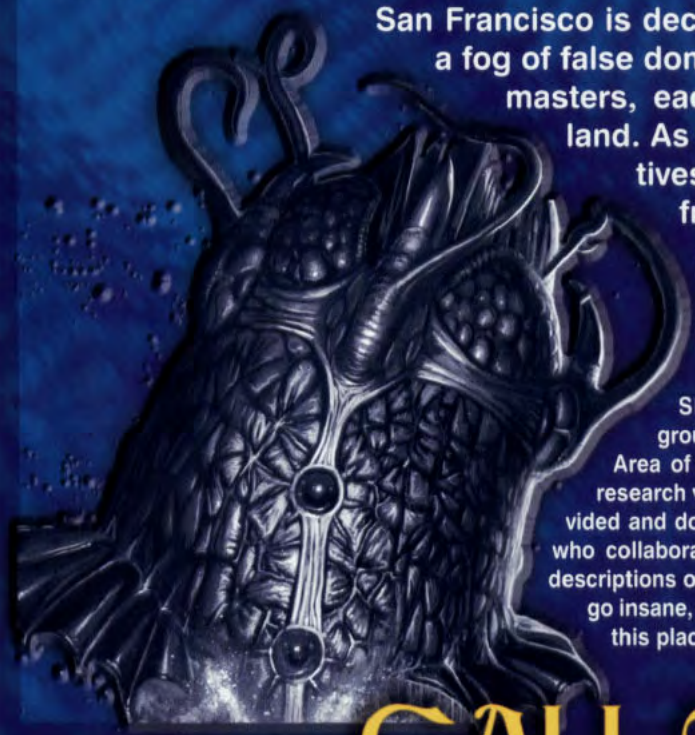

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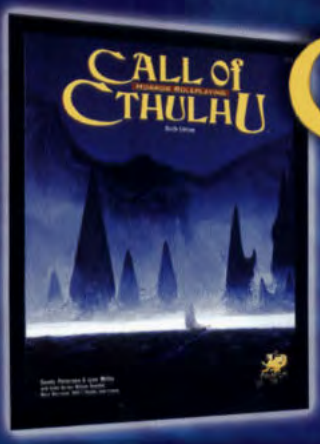

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